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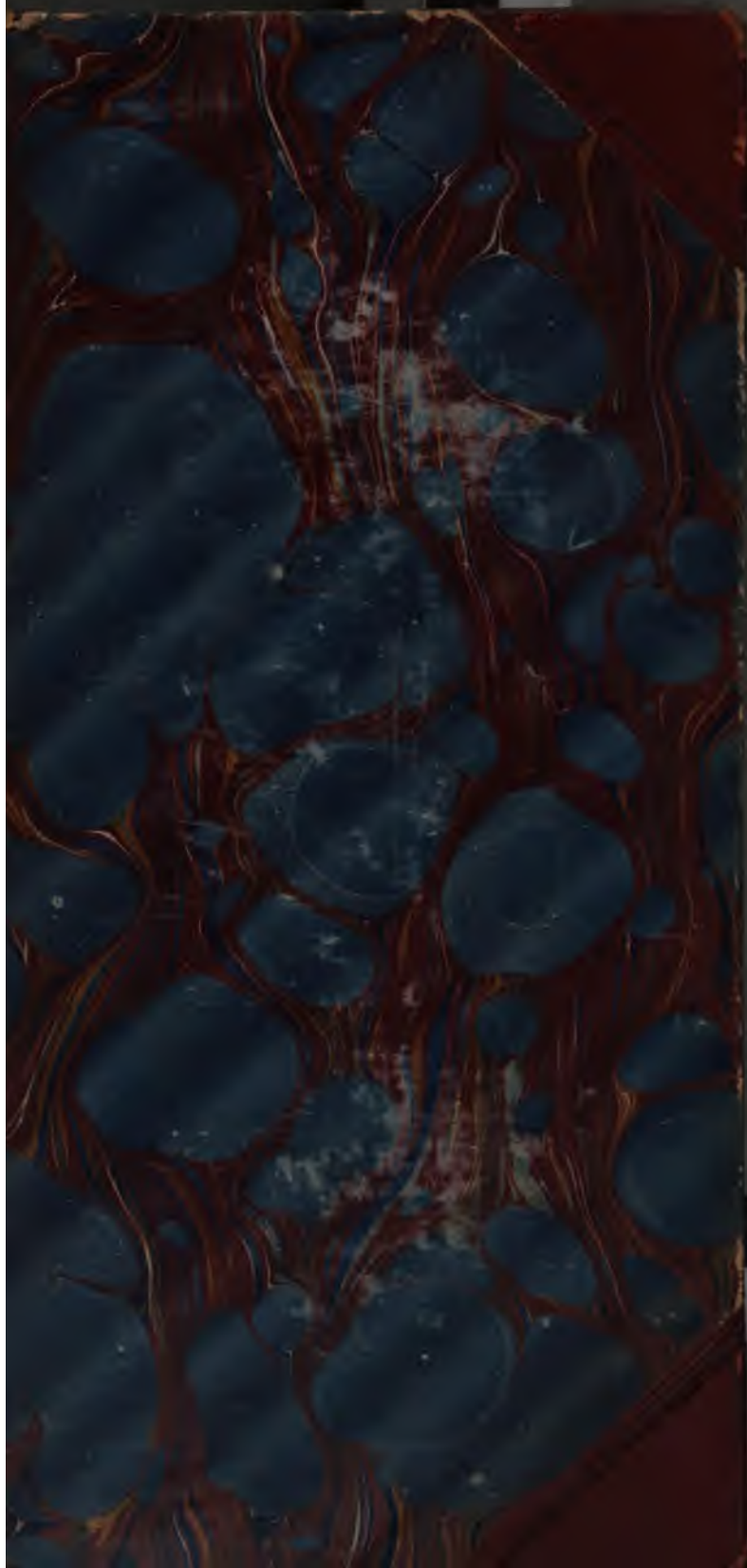
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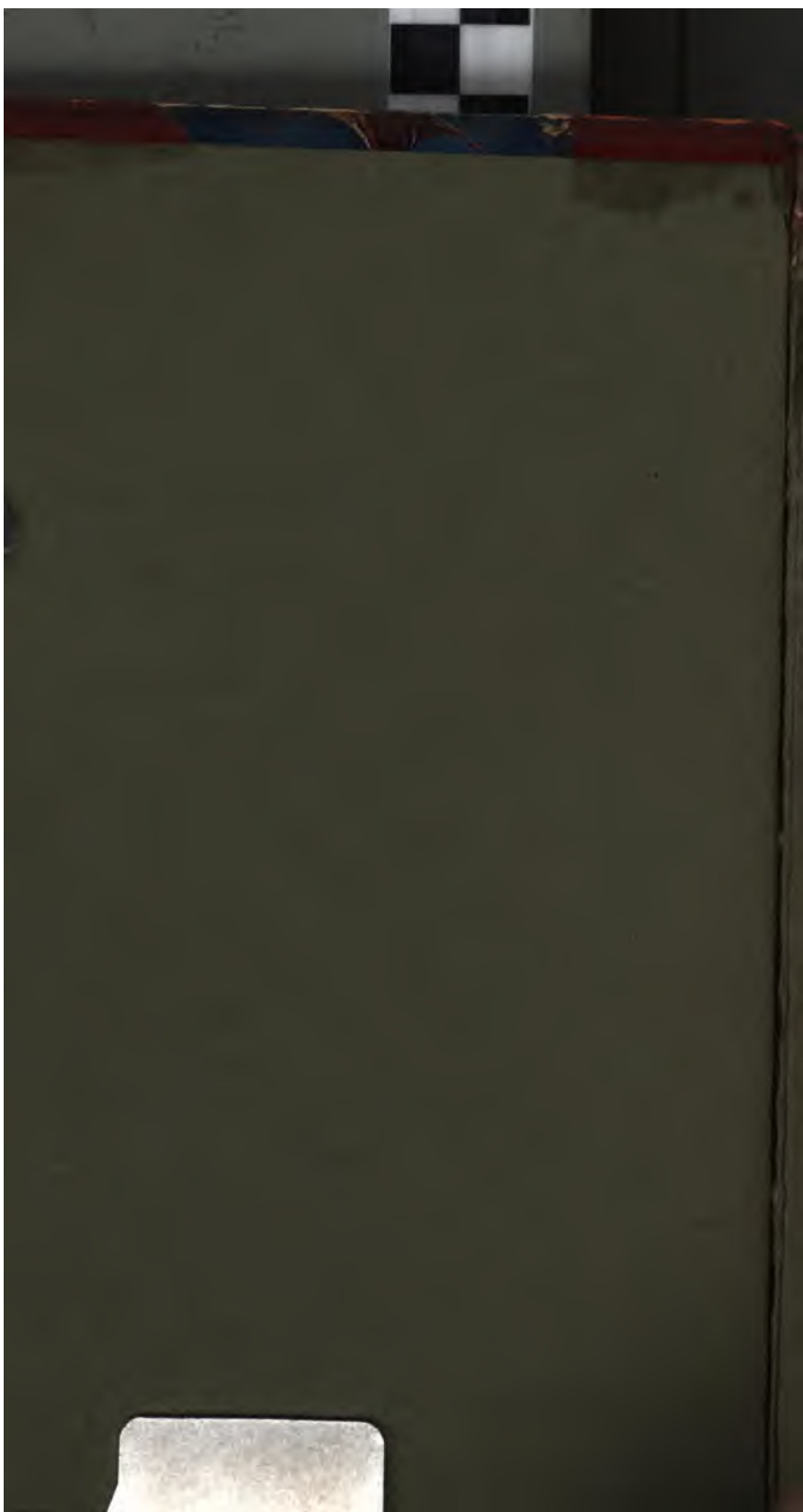
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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1884.

PHILISTIA.

BY CECIL POWER.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

IT was Sunday evening, and on Sundays Max Schurz, the chief of the London Socialists, always held his weekly receptions. That night his cosmopolitan refugee friends were all at liberty; his French disciples could pour in from the little lanes and courts in Soho, where, since the Commune, they had plied their peaceful trades as engravers, picture-framers, artists'-colourmen, models, pointers, and so forth—for most of them were hangers-on in one way or another of the artistic world; his German adherents could stroll round, pipe in mouth, from their printing-houses, their ham-and-beef shops, or their naturalists' chambers, where they stuffed birds or set up exotic butterflies in little cabinets—for most of them were more or less literary or scientific in their pursuits; and his few English sympathisers, chiefly dissatisfied philosophical Radicals of the upper classes, could drop in casually for a chat and a smoke, on their way home from the churches to which they had been dutifully escorting their unemancipated wives and sisters. Max Schurz kept open house for all on Sunday evenings, and there was not a drawing-room in London better filled than his with the very advanced and not undistinguished set who alone had the much-prized *entrée* of his exclusive *salon*.

The *salon* itself did not form any component part of Max Schurz's own private residence in any way. The great Socialist, the man whose mandates shook the thrones of Russia and Austria, whose movements spread terror in Paris and Berlin, whose dictates were even obeyed in Kerry and in Chicago, occupied for his own use two small rooms at the top of a shabby composite tenement in a doubtful

district of Marylebone. The little parlour where he carried on his trade of a microscope-lens grinder would not have sufficed to hold one-tenth of the eager half-washed crowd that pressed itself enthusiastically upon him every Sunday. But a large room on the ground floor of the tenement, opening towards the main street, was used during the week by one of his French refugee friends as a dancing-saloon; and in this room on every Sunday evening the uncrowned king of the proletariat Socialists was permitted to hold his royal levees. Thither all that was best and truest in the socially rebellious classes domiciled in London used to make its way; and there men calmly talked over the ultimate chances of social revolutions which would have made the hair of respectable Philistine Marylebone stand stiffly on end, had it only known the rank political heresies that were quietly hatching in its unconscious midst.

While Max Schurz's hall was rapidly filling with the polyglot crowd of democratic solidarists, Ernest Le Breton and his brother were waiting in the chilly little drawing-room at Epsilon Terrace, Bayswater, for the expected arrival of Harry Oswald. Ernest had promised to introduce Oswald to Max Schurz's reception; and it was now past eight o'clock, getting rather a late hour for those simple-minded, early-rising Communists. "I'm afraid, Herbert," said Ernest to his brother, "he forgets that Max is a working-man who has to be at his trade again punctually by seven o'clock to-morrow. He thinks he's going out to a regular society At Home, where ten o'clock's considered just the beginning of the evening. Max won't at all like his turning up so late; it smells of non-productivity."

"If Herr Schurz wants to convert the world," Herbert answered chillily, rolling himself a tiny cigarette, "he must convince the unproductive as well as the proletariat before he can set things fairly on the roll for better arrangement. The proletariat's all very well in its way, no doubt, but the unproductive happen to hold the key of the situation. One convert like you or me is worth a thousand ignorant East-end labourers, with nothing but their hands and their votes to count upon."

"But you are not a convert, Herbert."

"I didn't say I was. I'm a critic. There's no necessity to throw oneself open-armed into the embrace of either party. The wise man can wait and watch the progress of the game, backing the winner for the time being at all the critical moments, and hedging if necessary when the chances turn momentarily against the favourite. There's a ring at the bell; that's Oswald: let's go down to the door to meet him."

Ernest ran down the stairs rapidly, as was his wont ; Herbert followed in a more leisurely fashion, still rolling the cigarette between his delicate finger and thumb. "Goodness gracious, Oswald!" Ernest exclaimed as his friend stepped in, "why, you've actually come in evening dress! A white tie and all! What on earth will Max say? He'll be perfectly scandalised at such a shocking and unprecedented outrage. This will never do; you must dissemble somehow or other."

Oswald laughed. "I had no idea," he said, "Herr Schurz was such a truculent *sans-culotte* as that comes to. As it was an evening reception I thought, of course, one ought to turn up in evening clothes."

"Evening clothes! My dear fellow, how on earth do you suppose a set of poor Leicester Square outlaws are going to get themselves correctly set up in black broadcloth coats and trousers? They might wash their white ties themselves, to be sure; they mostly do their own washing, I believe, in their own basins." ("And not much at that either," put in Herbert, parenthetically.) "But as to evening clothes, why, they'd as soon think of arraying themselves for dinner in full court dress as of putting on an obscurantist swallow-tail. It's the badge of a class, a distinct aristocratic outrage; we must alter it at once, I assure you, Oswald."

"At any rate," said Oswald, laughing, "I've had the pleasure of finding myself accused for the first time in the course of my existence of being aristocratic. It's quite worth while going to Max Schurz's once in one's life, if it were only for the sake of that single new sensation."

"Well, my dear fellow, we must rectify you, anyhow, before you go. Let me see; luckily you've got your dust-coat on, and you needn't take that off; it'll do splendidly to hide your coat and waist-coat. I'll lend you a blue tie, which will at once transform your upper man entirely. But you show the cloven hoof below; the trousers will surely betray you. They're absolutely inadmissible under any circumstances whatsoever, as the *Court Circular* says, and you must positively wear a coloured pair of Herbert's instead of them. Run upstairs quickly, there's a good fellow, and get rid of the mark of the Beast as fast as you can."

Oswald did as he was told without demur, and in about a minute more presented himself again, with the mark of the Beast certainly most effectually obliterated, at least so far as outer appearance went. His blue tie, light dust-coat, and borrowed grey trousers, made up an *ensemble* much more like an omnibus conductor out for a holiday than a gentleman of the period in correct evening dress.

"Now mind," Ernest said seriously, as he opened the door, "whatever you do, Oswald, if you stew to death for it—and Schurz's rooms are often very close and hot, I can assure you—don't for heaven's sake go and unbutton your dust-coat. If you do they'll see at once you're a wolf in sheep's clothing, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if they were to turn and rend you. At least, I'm sure Max would be very much annoyed with me for unsocially introducing a plutocratic traitor into the bosom of the fold."

They walked along briskly in the direction of Marylebone, and stopped at last at a dull, yellow-washed house, which bore on its door a very dingy brass plate, inscribed in red letters, "M. et Mdle. Tirard. Salon de Danse." Ernest opened the door without ringing, and turned down the passage towards the *salon*. "Remember," he said, turning to Harry Oswald by way of a last warning, with his hand on the inner door-handle, "*coûte que coûte*, my dear fellow, don't on any account open your dust-coat. No anti-social opinions; and please bear in mind that Max is, in his own way, a potentate."

The big hall, badly lighted by a few contribution candles (for the whole colony subscribed to the best of its ability for the support of the weekly entertainment), was all alive with eager figures and the mingled busy hum of earnest conversation. A few chairs ranged round the wall were mostly occupied by Mdle. Tirard and the other ladies of the Socialist party; but the mass of the guests were men, and they were almost all smoking, in utter indifference to the scanty presence of the fair sex. Not that they were intentionally rude or boorish; that they never were; except where an emperor or an aristocrat is concerned, there is no being on earth more courteous, kindly, and considerate for the feelings of others than your exiled Socialist. He has suffered much himself in his own time, and so *miseris succurrere discit*. Emperors he mentally classes with cobras, tarantulas, and scorpions, as outside the pale of humanitarian sympathies altogether; but, with this slight political exception, he is the broadest and tenderest and most catholic in his feelings of all living breathing creatures. However, the ladies of his party have all been brought up from their childhood onward in a mingled atmosphere of smoke and democracy; so that he no more thinks of abstaining from tobacco in their presence than he thinks of commiserating the poor fish for being so dreadfully wet, or the unfortunate mole for his unpleasantly slimy diet of live earth-worms.

"Herr Schurz," said Ernest, singling out the great leader in the gloom immediately, "I've brought my brother Herbert here, whom

you know already, to see you, as well as another Oxford friend of mine, Mr. Harry Oswald, Fellow and Lecturer of Oriel. He's almost one of us at heart, I'm happy to say, and at any rate I'm sure you'll be glad to make his acquaintance."

The little spare wizened-up grey man, in the threadbare brown velveteen jacket, who stood in the middle of the hall, caught Ernest's hand warmly, and held it for a moment fettered in his iron grip. There was an honesty in that grip and in those hazy blue spectacled eyes that nobody could for a second misunderstand. If an emperor had been introduced to Max Schurz he might have felt a little abashed one minute at the old Socialist's royal disdain, but he could not have failed to say to himself as he looked at him from head to foot, "Here, at least, is a true man." So Harry Oswald felt, as the spare grey thinker took his hand in his, and grasped it firmly with a kindly pressure, but less friendly than that with which he had greeted his known admirer, Ernest Le Breton. As for Herbert, he merely bowed to him politely from a little distance; and Herbert, who had picked up at once with a Polish exile in a corner, returned the bow frigidly without coming up to the host himself at all for a moment's welcome.

"I'm always pleased to meet friends of the cause from Oxford," Herr Schurz said, in almost perfect English. "We want recruits most of all among the thinking classes. If we are ever to make headway against the banded monopolies—against the place-holders, the land-grabbers, the labour-taxers, the robbers of the poor—we must first secure the perfect undivided confidence of the brain-workers, the thinkers, and the writers. At present everything is against us; we are but a little leaven, trying vainly in our helpless fashion to leaven the whole lump. The capitalist journals carry off all the writing talent in the world; they are timid, as capital must always be; they tremble for their tens of thousands a year, and their vast circulations among the propertied classes. We cannot get at the heart of the people, save by the Archimedean lever of the thinking world. For that reason, my dear Le Breton, I am always glad to muster here your Oxford neophytes."

"And yet, Herr Schurz," said Ernest gently, "you know we must not after all despair. Look at the history of your own people! When the cause of Jehovah seemed most hopeless, there were still seven thousand left in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal. We are gaining strength every day, while they are losing it."

"Ah yes, my friend, I know that too," the old man answered, with a solemn shake of the head; "but the wheels move slowly,

they move slowly—very surely, but oh, so slowly. You are young, friend Ernest, and I am growing old. You look forward to the future with hope; I look back to the past with regret: so many years gone, so little, so very little done. It will come, it will come as surely as the next glacial period, but I shall not live to see it. I stand like Moses on Pisgah; I see the promised land before me; I look down upon the equally allotted vineyards, and the glebe flowing with milk and honey in the distance; but I shall not lead you into it; I shall not even lead you against the Canaanites; another than I must lead you in. But I am an old man, Mr. Oswald, an old man now, and I am talking all about myself—an anti-social trick we have inherited from our fathers. What is your friend's special line at Oxford, did you say, Ernest?"

"Oswald is a mathematician, sir," said Ernest, "perhaps the greatest mathematician among the younger men in the whole University."

"Ah! that is well. We want exact science. We want clear and definite thinking. Biologists and physicists and mathematicians, those are our best recruits, you may depend upon it. We need logic, not mere gas. Our French friends and our Irish friends—I have nothing in the world to say against them; they are useful men, ardent men, full of fire, full of enthusiasm, ready to do and dare anything—but they lack ballast. You can't take the kingdom of heaven by storm. The social revolution is not to be accomplished by violence, it is not even to be carried by the most vivid eloquence; the victory will be in the end to the clearest brain and the subtlest intellect. The orthodox political economists are clever sophists; they mask and confuse the truth very speciously; we must have keen eyes and sharp noses to spy out and scent out their tortuous fallacies. I'm glad you're a mathematician, Mr. Oswald. And so you have thought on social problems?"

"I have read 'Gold and the Proletariate,'" Oswald answered modestly, "and I learned much from it, and thought more. I won't say you have quite converted me, Herr Schurz, but you have given me plenty of food for future reflection."

"That is well," said the old man, passing one skinny brown hand gently up and down over the other. "That is well. There's no hurry. Don't make up your mind too fast. Don't jump at conclusions. It's intellectual dishonesty to do that. Wait till you have convinced yourself. Spell out your problems slowly; they are not easy ones; try to see how the present complex system works; try to probe its inequalities and injustices; try to compare it with

the ideal commonwealth : and you'll find the light in the end, you'll find the light."

As he spoke, Herbert Le Breton lounged up quietly from his farther corner towards the little group. "Ah, your brother, Ernest!" said Max Schurz, drawing himself up a little more stiffly; "he has found the light already, I believe, but he neglects it; still he is not with us, and he that is not with us is against us. You hold aloof always, Mr. Herbert, is it not so?"

"Well, not quite aloof, Herr Schurz, I'm certain, but not on your side exactly either. I like to look on and hold the balance evenly, not to throw my own weight too lightly into either scale. The objective attitude of the mere spectator is after all the right one for an impartial philosopher to take up."

"Ah, Mr. Herbert, this philosophy of you Oxford contemplative Radicals is only another name for a kind of social selfishness, I fancy," said the old man solemnly. "It seems to me your head is with us, but your heart, your heart is elsewhere."

Herbert Le Breton played a moment quietly with the Roman aureus of Domitian on his watch-chain; then he said slowly in his clear cold voice, "There may be something in that, no doubt, Herr Schurz, for each of us has his own game to play, and while the world remains unreformed, he must play it on his own gambit to a great extent, without reference to the independent game of others. We all agree that the board is too full of counters, and as each counter is not responsible for its own presence and position on the board, having been put there without previous consultation by the players, we must each do the best we can for ourselves in our own fashion. My sympathies, as you say, are on your side, but perhaps my interests lie the other way, and after all, till you start your millennium, we must all rattle along as well as we can in the box together, jarring against one another in our old ugly round of competition, and supply and demand, and survival of the fittest, and mutual accommodation, and all the rest of it, to the end of the chapter. Every man for himself and God for us all, you know. You have the logic, to be sure, Herr Schurz, but the monopolists have the law and the money."

"Ah, yes," said the old Socialist grimly; "Demas, Demas; he and his silver-mine; you remember your Bunyan, don't you? Well, all faiths and systems have their Demases. The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches. He's bursar of his college, isn't he, Ernest? I thought so. 'He had the bag, and bare what was put therein.' A dangerous office, isn't it, Mr. Oswald? A very

dangerous office. You can't touch pitch or property without being defiled."

"You at least, sir," said Ernest, reverentially, "have kept yourself unspotted from the world."

The old man sighed, and turned for a moment to speak in French to a tall, big-bearded new-comer who advanced to meet him. "Impossible!" he said quickly; "I am truly distressed to hear it. It is very imprudent, very unnecessary."

"What is the news?" asked Ernest, also in French.

The new-comer answered him with a marked South Russian accent. "There has been another attempt on the life of Alexander Nicolaiovitch."

"You don't mean to say so!" cried Ernest in surprise.

"Yes, I do," replied the Russian, "and it has nearly succeeded too."

"An attempt on whom?" asked Oswald, who was new to the peculiar vocabulary of the Socialists, and not particularly accustomed to following spoken French.

"On Alexander Nicolaiovitch," answered the red-bearded stranger.

"Not the Czar?" Oswald inquired of Ernest.

"Yes, the one whom you call Czar," said the stranger, quickly, in tolerable English. The confusion of tongues seemed to be treated as a small matter at Max Schurz's receptions, for everybody appeared to speak all languages at once, in the true spirit of solidarity, as though Babel had never been.

Oswald did not attempt to conceal a slight gesture of horror. The tall Russian looked down upon him commiseratingly. "He is of the Few?" he asked of Ernest, that being the slang of the initiated for a member of the aristocratic and capitalist oligarchy.

"Not exactly," Ernest answered with a smile; "but he has not entirely learned the way we here regard these penal measures. His sympathies are one-sided as to Alexander, no doubt. He thinks merely of the hunted, wretched life the man bears about with him, and he forgets poor bleeding, groaning, down-trodden, long-suffering Russia. It is the common way of Englishmen. They do not realise Siberia and Poland and the Third Section, and all the rest of it; they think only of Alexander as of the benevolent despot who freed the serf and befriended the Bulgarian. They never remember that they have all the freedom and privileges themselves which you poor Russians ask for in vain; they do not bear in mind that he has only to sign his name to a constitution, a very little constitution, and

he might walk abroad as light-hearted in St. Petersburg to-morrow as you and I walk in Regent Street to-day. We are mostly lop-sided, we English, but you must bear with us in our obliquity ; we have had freedom ourselves so long that we hardly know how to make due allowance for those unfortunate folks who are still in search of it."

"If you had an Alexander yourselves for half a day," the Russian said fiercely, turning to Oswald, "you would soon see the difference. You would forget your virtuous indignation against Nihilist assassins in the white heat of your anger against unendurable tyranny. You had a King Charles in England once—the mere shadow of a Russian Czar—and you were not so very ceremonious with him, you order-loving English, after all."

"It is a foolish thing, Borodinsky," said Max Schurz, looking up from the long telegram the other had handed him ; "and I told Toroloff as much a fortnight ago, when he spoke to me about the matter. You can do no good by these constant attacks, and you only rouse the minds of the oligarchy against you by your importunity. Bloodshed will avail us nothing ; the world cannot be regenerated by a baptism like that. Every peasant won over, every student enrolled, every mother engaged to feed her little ones on the gospel of Socialism together with her own milk, is worth a thousand times more to us and to the people than a dead Czar. If your friends had really blown him up, what then ? You would have had another Czar, and another Third Section, and another reign of terror, and another raid and massacre ; and we should have lost twenty good men from our poor little side for ever. We must not waste the salt of the earth in that reckless fashion. Besides, I don't like this dynamite. It's a bad argument, it smacks too much of the old royal and repressive method. You know the motto Louis Quatorze used to cast on his bronze cannon—' *Ultima ratio regum.*' Well, we Socialists ought to be able to find better logic for our opponents than that, oughtn't we ?"

"But in Russia," cried the bearded man hotly, "in poor stricken-down groaning Russia, what other argument have they left us ? Are we to be hunted to death without real law or trial, tortured into sham confessions, deluded with mock pardons, arraigned before hypocritical tribunals, ensnared by all the chicanery, and lying, and treachery, and ferreting of the false bureaucracy, with its spies, and its bloodhounds, and its knout-bearing police-agents ; and then are we not to make war the only way we can—open war, mind you, with fair declaration, and due formalities, and proper warning beforehand—against the irresponsible autocrat and his wire-pulled

office-puppets who kill us off mercilessly? You are too hard upon us, Herr Schurz; even you yourself have no sympathy at all for unhappy Russia."

The old man looked up at him tenderly and regretfully. "My poor Borodinsky," he said in a gentle tremulous voice, "I have indeed sympathy and pity in abundance for you. I do not blame you; you will have enough and to spare to do that, even here in free England; I would not say a harsh word against you or your terrible methods for all the world. You have been hard-driven, and you stand at bay like tigers. But I think you are going to work the wrong way, not using your energies to the best possible advantage for the proletariat. What we have really got to do is to gain over every man, woman, and child of the working classes individually, and to array on our side all the learning and intellect and economical science of the thinking classes individually; and then we can present such a grand united front to the banded monopolists that for very shame they will not dare to gainsay us. Indeed, if it comes to that, we can leave them quietly alone, till for pure hunger they will come and beg our assistance. When we have enticed away all the workmen from the masters to our co-operative factories, the masters may keep their rusty empty mills and looms and engines to themselves as long as they like, but they must come to us in the end, and ask us to give them the bread they used to refuse us. For my part, I would kill no man and rob no man; but I would let no man kill or rob another either."

"And how about Alexander Nicolaiovitch, then?" persisted the Russian, eagerly. "Has he killed none in his loathsome prisons and in his Siberian quicksilver mines? Has he robbed none of their own hardly got earnings by his poisoned vodki and his autocratically imposed taxes and imposts? Who gave him an absolute hereditary right to put us to death, to throw us in prison, to take our money from us against our will and without our leave, to treat us as if we existed, body and soul, and wives and children, only as chattels for the greater glory of his own orthodox imperial majesty? If we may justly slay the highway robber who meets us, arms in hand, in the outskirts of the city, and demands of us our money or our life, may we not justly slay Alexander Nicolaiovitch, who comes to our homes in the person of his tax-gatherers to take the bread out of our children's mouths and to help himself to whatever he chooses by the divine right of his Romanoff heirship? I tell you, Herr Max, we may blamelessly lie in wait for him wherever we find him, and whoso says us nay is siding with the wolf against the lambs, with the robber

and the slayer against the honest representative of right and justice."

"I never met a Nihilist before," said Oswald to Ernest, in a half-undertone, "and it never struck me to think what they might have to say for themselves from their own side of the question."

"That's one of the uses of coming here to Herr Schurz's," Ernest answered quickly. "You may not agree with all you hear, but at least you learn to see others as they see themselves; whereas if you mix always in English society, and read only English papers, you will see them only as we English see them."

"But just fancy," Oswald went on, as they both stood back a little to make way for others who wished for interviews with the great man, "just fancy that this Borodinsky, or whatever his name may be, has himself very likely helped in dynamite plots, or manufactured nitro-glycerine cartridges to blow up the Czar; and yet we stand here talking with him as coolly as if he were an ordinary respectable innocent Englishman."

"What of that?" Ernest answered, smiling. "Didn't we meet Prince Strelinoffsky at Oriel last term, and didn't we talk with him too, as if he was an honest, hard-working, bread-earning Christian? and yet we knew he was a member of the St. Petersburg office clique, and at the bottom of half the trouble in Poland for the last ten years or so. Grant even that Borodinsky is quite wrong in his way of dealing with noxious autocrats, and yet which do you think is the worse criminal of the two—he with his little honest glazier's shop in a back slum of Paddington, or Strelinoffsky with his jewelled fingers calmly signing accursed warrants to send childing Polish women to die of cold and hunger and ill-treatment on the way to Siberia?"

"Well, really, Le Breton, you know I'm a passably good Radical, but you're positively just one stage too Radical even for me."

"Come here oftener," answered Ernest; "and perhaps you'll begin to think a little differently about some things."

An hour later in the evening Max Schurz found Ernest alone in a quiet corner. "One moment, my dear Le Breton," he said: "you know I always like to find out all about people's political antecedents; it helps one to fathom the potentialities of their characters. From what social stratum, now, do we get your clever friend Mr. Oswald?"

"His father's a petty tradesman in a country town in Devonshire, I believe," Ernest answered; "and he himself is a good general democrat, without any very pronounced socialistic colouring."

"A petty tradesman! Hum, I thought so. He has rather the

mental bearing and equipment of a man from the *petite bourgeoisie*. I have been talking to him, and drawing him out. Clever, very, and with good instincts, but not wholly and entirely sound. A fibre wrong somewhere, socially speaking, a false note suspected in his ideas of life; too much acquiescence in the thing that is, and too little faith or enthusiasm for the thing that ought to be. But we shall make something of him yet. He has read 'Gold' and understands it. That is already a beginning. Bring him again. I shall always be glad to see him here."

"I will," said Ernest, "and I believe the more you know him, Herr Max, the better you will like him."

"And what did you think of the sons of the prophets?" asked Herbert Le Breton of Oswald as they left the *salon* at the close of the reception.

"Frankly speaking," answered Oswald, looking half aside at Ernest, "I didn't quite care for all of them—the Nihilists and Communards took my breath away at first; but as to Max Schurz himself I think there can be only one opinion possible about him."

"And that is—?"

"That he's a magnificent old man, with a genuine apostolic inspiration. I don't care twopence whether he's right or wrong, but he's a perfectly splendid old fellow, as honest and transparent as the day's long. He believes in it all, and would give his life for it reely, if he thought he could forward the cause a single inch by doing it."

"You're quite right," said Herbert calmly. "He's an Elijah thrown blankly upon these prosaic latter days; and what's more, his gospel's all true; but it doesn't matter a sou to you or me, for it will never come about in our time, no, nor for a century after. 'Post nos millennium.' So what on earth's the good of our troubling our poor overworked heads about it?"

"He's the only really great man I ever knew," said Ernest enthusiastically, "and I consider that his friendship's the one thing in my life that has been really and truly worth living for. If a pessimist were to ask me what was the use of human existence, I should give him a card of introduction to go to Max Schurz's."

"Excuse my interrupting your rhapsody, Ernest," Herbert put in blandly, "but will you have your own trousers to-night, Oswald, or will you wear mine back to your lodgings now, and I'll send one of the servants round with yours for them in the morning?"

"Thanks," said Harry Oswald, slapping the sides of the unopened dust-coat; "I think I'll go home as I am at present, and

I'll recover the marks of the Beast again to-morrow. You see, I didn't betray my evening waistcoat after all, now did I?"

And they parted at the corner, each of them going his own way in his own mood and manner.

CHAPTER II.

THE COASTS OF THE GENTILES.

THE decayed and disfranchised borough of Calcombe Pomeroy, or Calcombe-on-the-Sea, is one of the prettiest and quietest little out-of-the-way watering-places in the whole smiling southern slope of the county of Devon. Thank heaven, the Great Western Railway, when planning its organised devastations along the beautiful rural region of the South Hams, left poor little Calcombe out in the cold; and the consequence is that those few people who still love to linger in the uncontaminated rustic England of our wiser forefathers can here find a beach unspoiled by goat-carriages or black-faced minstrels, a tiny parade uninvaded by stucco terraces or German brass bands, and an ancient stone pier off which swimmers may take a header direct, in the early morning, before the sumptuary edicts of his worship the Mayor compel them to resort to the use of bathing-machines and the decent covering of an approved costume, between the hours of eight and eight. A board beside the mouth of the harbour, signed by a Secretary of State to his late Majesty King William the Fourth, still announces to a heedless world the tolls to be paid for entry by the ships that never arrive; and a superannuated official in a wooden leg and a gold cap-band retains the honourable sinecure of a harbour-mastership, with a hypothetical salary nominally payable from the non-existent fees and port dues. The little river Cale, at the bottom of whose combe the wee town nestles snugly, has cut itself a deep valley in the soft sandstone hills; and the gap in the cliffs formed by its mouth gives room for the few hundred yards of level on which the antiquated little parade is warmly ensconced. On either hand tall bluffs of brilliant red marl raise their honeycombed faces fronting the sea; and in the distance the sheeny grey rocks of the harder Devonian promontories gleam like watered satin in the slant rays of the afternoon sun. Altogether a very sleepy little old-world place is Calcombe Pomeroy, specially reserved by the overruling chance of the universe to be a summer retreat for quiet, peace-loving, old-world people.

The Londoner who escapes for a while from the great teeming human ant-hill, with its dark foggy lanes and solid firmament of hanging smoke, to draw in a little unadulterated atmosphere at Calcombe Pomeroy, finds himself landed by the Plymouth slow train at Calcombe Road Station, twelve miles by cross-country highway from his final destination. The little grey box, described in the timetables as a commodious omnibus, which takes him on for the rest of his journey, crawls slowly up the first six miles to the summit of the intervening range at the Cross Foxes Inn, and jolts swiftly down the other six miles, with red-hot drag creaking and groaning lugubriously, till it seems to topple over sheer into the sea at the clambering High Street of the old borough. As you turn to descend the seaward slope at the Cross Foxes, you appear to leave modern industrial England and the nineteenth century well behind you on the north, and you go down into a little isolated primæval dale, cut off from all the outer world by the high ridge that girds it round on every side, and turned only on the southern front towards the open Channel and the basking sun. Half-way down the steep cobble-paved High Street, just after you pass the big dull russet church, a small shop on the left-hand side bears a signboard with the painted legend, "Oswald, Family Grocer and Provision Dealer." In the front bay window of that red-brick house, built out just over the shop, Harry Oswald, Fellow and Lecturer of Oriel College, Oxford, kept his big oak writing-desk; and at that desk he might be seen reading or writing on most mornings during the long vacation, after the end of his three weeks' stay at a London West-end lodging-house, from which he had paid his first visit to Max Schurz's Sunday evening receptions.

"Two pounds of best black tea, good quality—yours is generally atrocious, Mrs. Oswald—that's the next thing on the list," said poor trembling, shaky Miss Luttrell, the Squire's sister, a palsied old lady with a quavering, querulous, rasping voice. "Two pounds of best black tea, and mind you don't send it all dust, as you usually do. No good tea to be got nowadays, since they took the duties off and ruined the country. And I see a tall young man lounging about the place sometimes, and never touching his hat to me as he ought to do. Young people have no manners in these times, Mrs. Oswald, as they used to have when you and I were young. Your son, I suppose, come home from sea or something? He's in the fish-curing line, isn't he, I think I've heard you say?"

"I don't rightly know who 'ee may mean, Miss Luttrell," replied the mother proudly, "by a young man lounging about the place;

but my son's at home from Oxford at present for his vacations, and he isn't in the fish-curing line at all, ma'am, but he's a Fellow of his college, as I've told 'ee more than once already; but you're getting old, I see, Miss Luttrell, and your memory isn't just what it had used to be, dost know."

"Oh, at Oxford, is he?" Miss Luttrell chimed on vacantly, wagging her wrinkled old head in solemn deprecation of the evil omen. She knew it as well as Mrs. Oswald herself did, having heard the fact at least a thousand times before; but she made it a matter of principle never to encourage these upstart pretensions on the part of the lower orders, and just to keep them rigorously at their proper level she always made a feint of forgetting any steps in advance which they might have been bold enough to take, without humbly obtaining her previous permission, out of their original and natural obscurity. "Fellow of his college is he, really? Fellow of a college! Dear me, how completely Oxford is going to the dogs. Admitting all kinds of odd people into the University, I understand. Why, my second brother—the Archdeacon, you know—was a Fellow of Magdalen for some time in his younger days. You surprise me, quite. Fellow of a college! You're perfectly sure he isn't a National schoolmaster at Oxford instead, and that you and his father haven't got the two things mixed up together in your heads, Mrs. Oswald?"

"No, ma'am, we'm perfectly sure of it, and we haven't got the things mixed up in our heads at all, no more nor you have, Miss Luttrell. He was a scholar of Trinity first, and now he's got a fellowship at Oriel. You must mind hearing all about it at the time, only you're getting so forgetful like now, with years and such like." Mrs. Oswald knew there was nothing that annoyed the old lady so much as any allusion to her increasing age or infirmities, and she took her revenge out of her in that simple retributive fashion.

"A scholar of Trinity, was he? Ah, yes, patronage will do a great deal in these days, for certain. The Rector took a wonderful interest in your boy, I think, Mrs. Oswald. He went to Plymouth Grammar School, I remember now, with a nomination no doubt; and there, I dare say, he attracted some attention, being a decent, hard-working lad, and got sent to Oxford with a sizarship, or something of the sort; there are all kinds of arrangements like that at the Universities, I believe, to encourage poor young men of respectable character. They become missionaries or ushers in the end, and often get very good salaries, considering everything, I'm told."

"There you're wrong again, ma'am," put in Mrs. Oswald, stoutly.

"My husband, he sent Harry to Plymouth School at our own expense ; and after that he got an exhibition from the school, and an open scholarship, I think they call it, at the college ; and he's been no more beholden to patronage, ma'am, than your brother the Archdeacon was, nor for the matter o' that not so much neither ; for I've always understood the old Squire sent him first to the Charterhouse, and afterwards he got a living through Lord Modbury's influence, as the Squire voted regular with the Modbury people for the borough and county. But George was always independent, Miss Luttrell, and beholden to neither Luttrells nor Modburys, and that I tell 'ee to your face, ma'am, and no shame of it either."

"Well, well, Mrs. Oswald," said the old lady, shaking her head more violently than ever at this direct discomfiture, "I don't want to argue with you about the matter. I dare say your son's a very worthy young man, and has worked his way up into a position he wasn't intended for by Providence. But it's no business of mine, thank heaven, it's no business of mine, for I'm not responsible for all the vagaries of all the tradespeople on my brother's estate, nor don't want to be. There's Mrs. Figgins, now, the baker's wife ; her daughter has just chosen to get married to a bank clerk in London ; and I said to her this morning, 'Well, Mrs. Figgins, so you've let your Polly go and pick up with some young fellow from town that you've never seen before, haven't you ? And that's the way of all you people. You marry your girls to bank clerks without a reference, for the sake of getting 'em off your hands, and what's the consequence ? They rob their employers to keep up a pretty household for their wives, as if they were fine ladies ; and then at last the thing's discovered, there comes a smash, they run away to America, and you have your daughters and their children thrown back again penniless upon your hands.' That's what I said to her, Mrs. Oswald. And how's *your* daughter, by the way—Jemima I think you call her ; how's she, eh, tell me ?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Luttrell, but her name's not Jemima ; it's Edith."

"Oh, Edith, is it ? Well to be sure ! The grand names girls have dangling about with them nowadays ! My name's plain Catherine, and it's good enough for me, thank goodness. But these young ladies of the new style must be Ediths and Eleanors and Ophelias, and all that heathenish kind of thing, as if they were princesses of the blood or play-actresses, instead of being good Christian Susans and Janes and Betties, like their grandmothers were before them. And Miss Edith, now, what is *she* doing ?"

"She's doing nothing in particular at this moment, Miss Luttrell, leastways not so far as I know of; but she's going up to Oxford part of this term on a visit to her brother."

"Going up to Oxford, my good woman! Why, heaven bless the girl, she'd much better stop at home and learn her catechism. She should try to do her duty in that station of life to which it has pleased Providence to call her, instead of running after young gentlemen above her own rank and place in society at Oxford. Tell her so from me, Mrs. Oswald, and mind you don't send the tea dusty. Two pounds of your best, if you please, as soon as you can send it. Good-morning." And Miss Luttrell, having discovered the absolute truth of the shocking rumour which had reached her about Edith's projected visit, the confirmation of which was the sole object of her colloquy, wagged her way out of the shop again successfully, and was duly assisted by the page-boy into her shambling little palsied donkey-chair.

"That was all the old cat came about, you warr'nt you," muttered Mr. Oswald himself from behind his biscuit-boxes. "Must have heard it from the Rector's wife, and wanted to find out if it was true, to go and tell Mrs. Walters o' such a bit o' turble presumptuousness."

Meanwhile, in the little study with the bow-window over the shop, Harry and Edie Oswald were busily discussing the necessary preparations for Edie's long-promised visit to the University.

"I hope you've got everything nice in the way of dress, you know, Edie," said Harry. "You'll want a decent dinner dress, of course, for you'll be asked out to dine at least once or twice; and I want you to have everything exceedingly proper and pretty."

"I think I've got all I need in that way, Harry; I've my dark poplin, cut square in the bodice, for one dinner dress, and my high black silk to fall back upon for another. Worn open in front, with a lace handkerchief and a locket, it does really very nicely. Then I've got three afternoon dresses, the grey you gave me, the sage-greeny æsthetic one, and the peacock-blue with the satin box-pleats. It's a charming dress, the peacock-blue; it looks as if it might have stepped straight out of a genuine Titian. It came home from Miss Wells's this morning. Wait five minutes, like a dear boy, and I'll run and put it on and let you see me in it."

"That's a good girl, do. I'm so anxious you should have all your clothes the exact pink of perfection, Popsy. Though I'm afraid I'm a very poor critic in that matter—if you were only a problem in space of four dimensions, now! Yet, after all, every man or woman is more

of a problem than anything in x square plus y square you can possibly set yourself."

Eddie ran lightly up into her own room, and soon reappeared clad resplendent in the new peacock-blue dress, with hat and parasol to match, and a little creamy lamb's-wool scarf thrown with artful carelessness around her pretty neck and shoulders. Harry looked at her with unfeigned admiration. Indeed, you would not easily find many lighter or more fairy-like little girls than Eddie Oswald, even in the beautiful half-Celtic South Hams of Devon. In figure she was rather small than short, for though she was but a wee thing, her form was so exactly and delicately modelled that she might have looked tall if she stood alone at a little distance. She never walked, but seemed to dance about from place to place, so buoyant and light that Harry doubted whether in her case gravitation could really vary as the square of the distance—it seemed, in fact, to be almost diminished in the proportions of the cube. Her hair and eyes—such big bright eyes!—were dark; but her complexion was scarcely brunette, and the colour in her cheeks was rich and peach-like, after the true Devonian type. She was dimpled whenever she smiled, and she smiled often; her full lips giving a peculiar ripe look to her laughing mouth that suited admirably with her light and delicate style of beauty. Perhaps some people might have thought them too full; certainly they irresistibly suggested to a critical eye the distinct notion of kissability. As she stood there, faintly blushing, waiting to be admired by her brother, in her neatly fitting dainty blue dress, her lips half parted, and her arms held carelessly at her side, she looked about as much like a fairy picture as it is given to mere human flesh and blood to look.

"It's delicious, Eddie," said Harry, surveying her from head to foot with a smile of satisfaction which made her blush deepen; "it's simply delicious. Where on earth did you get the idea of it?"

"Well, it's partly the present style," said Eddie; "but I took the notion of the bodice partly too from that Vandyck, you know, in the Palazzo Rossi at Genoa."

"I remember, I remember," Harry answered, contemplating her with an admiring eye. "Now just turn round and show me how it sits behind, Eddie. You recollect Théophile Gautier says the one great advantage which a beautiful woman possesses over a beautiful statue is this, that while a man has to walk round the beautiful statue in order to see it from every side, he can ask the beautiful woman to turn herself round and let him see her, without requiring to take that trouble."

"Théophile Gautier was a horrid man, and if anybody but my

brother quoted such a thing as that to me I should be very angry with him indeed."

"Théophile Gautier was quite as horrid as you consider him to be, and if you were anybody but my sister it isn't probable I should have quoted him to you. But if there is any statue on earth prettier or more graceful than you are in that dress at this moment, Edie, then the Venus of Milo ought immediately to be pulverised to ultimate atoms for a rank artistic impostor."

"Thank you, Harry, for the compliment. What pretty things you must be capable of saying to somebody else's sister, when you're so polite and courtly to your own."

"On the contrary, Popsy, when it comes to somebody else's sister I'm much too nervous and funky to say anything of the kind. But you must at least do Gautier the justice to observe that if I had described a circle round you, instead of allowing you to revolve once on your own axis, I shouldn't have been able to get the gloss on the satin in the sunlight as I do now that you turn the panniers toward the window. That, you must admit, is a very important æsthetic consideration."

"Oh, of course it's essentially a sunshiny dress," said Edie, smiling. "It's meant to be worn out of doors, on a fine afternoon, when the light is falling slantwise, you know, just as it does now through the low window. That's the light painters always choose for doing satin in."

"It's certainly very pretty," Harry went on, musing; "but I'm afraid Le Breton would say it was a serious piece of economic *hubris*."

"Piece of what?" asked Edie quickly.

"Piece of *hubris*—an economical outrage, don't you see; a gross anti-social and individualist demonstration. *Hubris*, you know, is Greek for insolence; at least, not quite insolence, but a sort of pride and overweening rebelliousness against the gods, the kind of arrogance that brings Nemesis after it, you understand. It was *hubris* in Agamemnon and Xerxes to go swelling about and ruffling themselves like turkey-cocks, because they were great conquerors and all that sort of thing; and it was their Nemesis to get murdered by Clytemnestra, or jolly well beaten by the Athenians at Salamis. Well, Le Breton always uses the word for anything that he thinks socially wrong—and he thinks a good many things socially wrong, I can tell you—anything that partakes of the nature of a class distinction, or a mere vulgar ostentation of wealth, or a useless waste of good, serviceable, labour-gotten material. He would call it *hubris* to have

silver spoons when electroplate would do just as well ; or to keep a valet for your own personal attendant, making one man into the mere bodily appanage of another ; or to buy anything you didn't really need, causing somebody else to do work for you which might otherwise have been avoided."

"Which Mr. Le Breton—the elder or the younger one?"

"Oh, the younger—Ernest. As for Herbert, the Fellow of St. Aldate's, he's not troubled with any such scruples ; he takes the world as he finds it."

"They've both gone in for their degrees, haven't they?"

"Yes, Herbert has got a fellowship ; Ernest's up in residence still looking about for one."

"And it's Ernest that would think my dress a piece of what-you-may-call-it?"

"Yes, Ernest."

"Then I'm sure I shan't like him. I should insist upon every woman's natural right to wear the dress or hat or bonnet that suits her complexion best."

"You can't tell, Edie, till you've met him. He's a very good fellow ; and of one thing I'm certain, whatever he thinks right he does, and sticks to it."

"But do *you* think, Harry, I oughtn't to wear a new peacock-blue camel-hair dress on my first visit up to Oxford?"

"Well, Edie, dear, I don't quite know what my own opinions are exactly upon that matter. I'm not an economist, you see, I'm a man of science. When I look at you, standing there so pretty in that pretty dress, I feel inclined to say to myself, 'Every woman ought to do her best to make herself look as beautiful as she can for the common delectation of all humanity.' Your beauty, a Greek would have said, is a gift from the gods to us all, and we ought all gratefully to make the most of it. I'm sure *I* do."

"Thank you, Harry, again. You're in your politest humour this afternoon."

"But then, on the other hand, I know if Le Breton were here he'd soon argue me over to the other side. He has the enthusiasm of humanity so strong upon him that you can't help agreeing with him as long as he's talking to you."

"Then if he were here you'd probably make me put away the peacock-blue, for fear of *hubris* and *Nemesis* and so forth, and go up to Oxford a perfect fright in my shabby old Indian tussore!"

"I don't know that I should do that, even then, Edie. In the first place, nothing on earth could make you look a perfect fright, or

anything like one, Popsy dear ; and in the second place, I don't know that I'm Socialist enough myself ever to have the courage of my opinions as Le Breton has. Certainly, I should never attempt to force them unwillingly upon others. You must remember, Edie, it's one thing for Le Breton to be so communistic as all that comes to, and quite another thing for you and me. Le Breton's father was a general and a knight, you see ; and people will never forget that his mother's Lady Le Breton still, whatever he does. He may do what he likes in the way of social eccentricities, and the world will only say he's such a very strange advanced young fellow. But if I were to take you up to Oxford badly dressed, or out of the fashion, or looking peculiar in any way, the world wouldn't put it down to our political beliefs, but would say we were mere country tradespeople by birth, and didn't know any better. That makes a lot of difference, you know."

"You're quite right, Harry ; and yet, do you know, I think there must be something, too, in sticking to one's own opinions, like Mr. Le Breton. I should stick to mine, I'm sure, and wear whatever dress I liked, in spite of anybody. It's a sweet thing, really, isn't it?" And she turned herself round, craning over her shoulder to look at the effect, in a vain attempt to assume an objective attitude towards her own back.

"I'm glad I'm going to Oxford at last, Harry," she said, after a short pause. "I *have* so longed to go all these years while you were an undergraduate ; and I'm dying to have got there, now the chance has really come at last, after all. I shall glory in the place, I'm certain ; and it'll be so nice to make the acquaintance of all your clever friends."

"Well, Edie," said her brother, smiling gently at the light, joyous, tremulous little figure, "I think I've done right in putting it off till now. It's just as well you haven't gone up to Oxford till after your trip on the Continent with me. That three months in Paris, and Switzerland, and Venice, and Florence, did you a lot of good, you see ; improved you, and gave you tone, and supplied you with things to talk about."

"Why, you oughtn't to think I needed any improvement at all, sir," Edie answered, pouting ; "and as to talking, I'm not aware I had ever any dearth of subjects for conversation even before I went on the Continent. There are things enough to be said about heaven and earth in England, surely, without one having to hurry through France and Italy, like Cook's excursionists, just to hunt up something fresh to chatter about. It's my belief that a person who

can't find anything new to say about the every-day world around her won't discover much suggestive matter for conversation in a Continental Bradshaw. It's like that feeble watery lady I met at the table d'hôte at Geneva. From something she said I gathered she'd been in India, and I asked her how she liked it. 'Oh,' she said, 'it's very hot.' I told her I had heard so before. Presently she said something casually about having been in Brazil. I asked her what sort of place Brazil was. 'Oh,' she said, 'it's dreadfully hot.' I told her I'd heard that too. By-and-by she began to talk again about Barbadoes. 'What did you think of the West Indies?' I said. 'Oh,' said she, 'they're terribly hot, really.' I told her I had gathered as much from previous travellers. And that was positively all in the end I ever got out of her, for all her travels."

"My dear Edie, I've always admitted that you were simply perfect," Harry said, glancing at her with visible admiration, "and I don't think anything on earth could possibly improve you—except perhaps a judicious course of differential and integral calculus, which might possibly serve to tone down slightly your exuberant and excessive vitality. Still, you know, from the point of view of society, which is a force we have always to reckon with—a constant, in fact, that we may call Pi—there can be no doubt in the world that to have been on the Continent is a differentiating factor in one's social position. It doesn't matter in the least what your own private evaluation of Pi may be; if you don't happen to know the particular things and places that Pi knows, Pi's evaluation of you will be approximately a minimum, of that you may be certain."

"Well, for my part, I don't care twopence about Pi as you call it," said Edie, tossing her pretty little head contemptuously; "but I'm very glad indeed to have been on the Continent for my own sake, because of the pictures, and palaces, and mountains, and waterfalls we've seen, and not because of Pi's opinion of me for having seen them. I would have been the same person really whether I'd seen them or not; but I'm so much the richer myself for that view from the top of the Col de Balme, and for that Murillo—oh, do you remember the flood of light on that Murillo?—in the far corner of that delicious gallery at Bologna. Why, mother darling, what on earth has been vexing you?"

"Nothing at all, Edie dear; leastways, that is, nothing to speak of," said her mother, coming up from the shop hot and flurried from her desperate encounter with the redoubtable Miss Luttrell.

"Oh, I know just what it is, darling," cried the girl, putting her arm around her mother's waist caressingly, and drawing her down to

kiss her face half a dozen times over in her outburst of sympathy. "That horrid old Miss Catherine has been here again, I'm sure, for I saw her going out of the shop just now, and she's been saying something or other spiteful, as she always does, to vex my dearie. What did she say to you to-day, now do tell us, duckie mother?"

"Well, there," said Mrs. Oswald, half laughing and half crying; "I can't tell 'ee exactly what she did say, but it was just the kind of thing that she mostly does, impudent like, just to hurt a body's feelings. She said you'd better not go to Oxford, Edie, but stop at home and learn your catechism."

"You might have pointed out to her, mother dear," said the young man, smoothing her hair softly with his hand, and kissing her forehead, "that in the most advanced intellectual centres the Church catechism is perhaps no longer regarded as the absolute ultimatum of the highest and deepest economical wisdom."

"Bless your heart, Harry, what'd be the good of talking that way to the likes of she? She wouldn't understand a single word of what you were driving at. It must be all plain sailing with her, without it's in the way of spite, and then she sees her chance to tack round the hardest corner with half a wind in her sails only, as soon as look at it. Her sharpness goes all off toward ill-nature, that it do. Why, she said you'd got on at Oxford by good patronage!"

"There, you see, Edie," cried Harry demonstratively, "that's an infinitesimal fraction of Pi; that's a minute decimal of this great, sneering, ugly aggregate 'society' that we have to deal with whether we will or no, and that rends us and grinds us to powder if only it can once get in the thin end of a chance. Take shaky bitter old Miss Catherine for your unit, multiply her to the n^{th} , and there you see the irreducible power we have to fight against. All one's political economy is very well in its way; but the practical master of the situation is Pi, sitting autocratically in many-headed judgment on our poor solitary little individualities, and crushing us irretrievably with the dead weight of its inexorable cumulative nothingness. And to think that that quivering old mass of perambulating jealousy—that living incarnation of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness—should be able to make you uncomfortable for a single moment, mother darling, with her petty, dribbling, doddering venom, why, it's simply unendurable."

"There now, Harry," said Mrs. Oswald, relenting, "you mustn't be too hard, neither, on poor old Miss Catherine. She's a bit soured, you see, by disappointments and one thing and another.

She doesn't mean it, really, but it's just her nature. Folks can't be blamed for their nature, now, can they?"

"It occurs to me," said Harry quietly, "that vipers only sting because it's their nature; and Dr. Watts has made a similar observation with regard to the growling and fighting of bears and lions. But I'm not aware that anybody has yet proposed to get up a Society for the protection of those much-misunderstood creatures, on the ground that they are not really responsible for their own inherited dispositions. Mr. William Sikes had a nature (no doubt congenital) which impelled him to beat his wife—I'm not sure that she was even his wife at all, now I come to think of it, but that's a mere detail—and to kick his familiar acquaintances casually about the head. We, on the other hand, have natures which impel us, when we catch Mr. William Sikes indulging in these innate idiosyncrasies by way of recreation, to clap him promptly into prison, and even, under certain aggravating conditions, to cause him to be hanged by the neck till he be dead. This may be a regrettable incident of our own peculiar dispositions, mother dear, but it has at least the same justification as Mr. Sikes's or the bears' and lions', that 'tis our nature to. And I feel pretty much the same way about old Miss Luttrell."

"Well, there," said his mother, kissing him gently, "you're a bad rebellious boy to be calling names, like a chatter-mag, and I won't listen to you any longer. How pretty Edie do look in her new dress, to be sure, Harry. I'll warr'nt there won't be a prettier girl in Oxford next week than what she is; no, nor a better one and a sweeter one neither."

Harry put his arms round both their waists at once, with an affectionate pressure; and they went down to their old-fashioned tea together in the little parlour behind the shop, looking out over the garden, and the beach, and the great cliffs beyond on either hand, to the very farthest edge of the distant clear-cut blue horizon.

(To be continued.)

THE GARDEN SNAIL.

AMONG the whole roll-call of British animals there is probably none so universally and unjustly slighted as the common large brown garden snail. Every possible or conceivable insult and injury is heaped upon that unhappy mollusc's unoffending head. He is accused of eating all the young vegetables, from spring to autumn ; he is held responsible for half the horticultural damages and shortcomings really due to caterpillars, slugs, grubs, or wire-worms ; he is boiled alive in his shell, and then presented as an acceptable dainty to the attention of domestic ducks and poultry ; at the very best, he is carefully removed from the too tempting purlieus of the cabbages or cauliflowers, and thrown with studied if not impartial humanity over the wall into the neighbour's lettuce-bed. Indeed, the great brown banded snail is the very *caput lupinum* of the entire British molluscan fraternity. The pretty belted pink and yellow snails of the fields and hedgerows are redeemed from general obloquy by their really graceful and beautiful colouring : the big edible snail of Southern Europe, found in a few warm sheltered nooks of England and Wales, may console himself for his culinary troubles with the thought that he derives a poetic interest from the legend of his introduction to our shores by the Roman legionaries : but the poor defenceless common garden snail is as ugly and unattractive to the æsthetic vision as he is unwelcome and distressful to the strictly utilitarian bucolic mind. And yet there are curious points enough about the life-history even of this despised and objurgated slimy creature to endow him with a wonderful amount of interest for the more sympathetic and kindly eye of the wandering evolutionary naturalist. Let us look briefly at the short and simple annals of the poor snail from his babyhood upward, and try for a moment to judge his life and times with a more lenient critical gaze than that of his all too numerous and often prejudiced human enemies.

The brown garden snail first emerges to the light of day from the thin shell* of a small dusky egg, buried sedulously in the ground of the garden by his unknown but affectionate mother. When first born, he is covered with a very slight and filmy spiral shell, shaped after

the same pattern as that of his maturer years, but far more delicate and pretty in colour and texture. This shell, which is common to almost all the molluscan tribes, is in fact the hardened outer coat of the mantle or body, and each layer of it actually begins by being a sort of membranous skin outside the mantle, afterwards hardened by the deposition of carbonate of lime from the snail's veins, and then thrown off to join the previous layers already solidified into a firm buckler. It is absurd, therefore, to talk of the snail's making his own shell, or to describe it as his house : like the poet, *nascitur, non fit* : it really grows just as our own skin grows, and the animal only lives in it in the same sense that a lobster or a crab lives in his own armoured outer covering. The origin of all shells, indeed, molluscan or otherwise, is easy enough to understand. They have been developed to meet "a felt want." The molluscs are a group of animals with exceedingly soft and tender bodies, and they are therefore peculiarly exposed to hungry attacks from external enemies. Accordingly, those ancestral molluscs which showed any tendency to produce hard outer layers of skin upon their bodies would be less likely to get eaten up than those that possessed very soft and delicate outer integuments. Thus, generation after generation, the skins of many molluscs grew harder and harder by constant natural selection of the toughest, till at last they assumed the familiar form of what we now call distinctively shells. The young garden snail almost recapitulates in its own person these progressive ancestral stages, for it is hatched from the egg with a very filmy spire indeed upon its coiled-up back, of little use to it except as a protection to its vital organs against accidental injury while it crawls along the ground : but as it grows, fresh layers of hardened skin are constantly being added to this primitive film, until it finally becomes hard enough to resist the crushing beaks of many aggressive and snail-devouring birds.

The thickness of shells, indeed, differs very much according to the sort of dangers to which the particular animal is habitually exposed. In the sea, where many fish exist with powerful jaws capable of crushing and crunching very thick and hard shells, only the very thickest and hardest of all can hope to escape in certain exposed situations, and so we get such solid strong coverings as those of the oyster, the whelk, and the periwinkle. In tropical waters, even stronger shells like those of the cowries are needed to withstand the violent attacks of the strong-jawed fish which live among the coral reefs and lagoons ; and some molluscs under these circumstances have acquired a still further protection in the shape of prickly spines, But in fresh water, the fish are far less powerful in their bite, and so

most fresh-water snails (at least in Europe) have comparatively thin shells : this is particularly the case with those kinds which inhabit ponds and stagnant waters, where the enemies are few and unimportant. On land, the great foes of the snail tribe are the birds, and a very moderate shell is sufficient protection against these horny-billed and small-mouthed aggressors. The small snails that lurk under stones and among grass (we have some thirty or forty distinct species even in England which adopt these tactics) have usually thin and delicate shells ; the big garden snail, living a much more open life, and exposed to constant danger from thrushes and blackbirds, has acquired a considerably harder and more protective covering. Slugs are merely snails which have taken to lurking during the daytime in extremely remote and inaccessible recesses, under piles of stones, in cellars, or among the dead leaves of hedge-rows ; and thus they have almost ceased to feel the want of a protecting shell. Still, even in the slugs and their allies, we can trace a gradual disappearance of the shell in proportion as habits of concealment render its existence less and less important to the preservation of the animal. For example, in the pretty little English glass-snails, which lurk a great deal in the daytime under stones or in the earth, the shell is very thin, the whorls are wide open, and the body is too big to be completely withdrawn within the protection of its mouth. In various other intermediate kinds, the shell grows smaller and smaller, and the body bigger and bigger in proportion, till at last we reach that rare English animal, the testacella, in which the shell is reduced to a sort of flattened shield, covering only the heart and other most important vital organs. Our common brown slugs have no visible and external shell at all ; but if you cut open the top of the body, you will find embedded in it a still flatter and smaller shield, answering exactly to the tiny external shell of testacella, only covered all round by the overlapping soft mantle. Finally, the great fat black slugs which one sees so constantly crawling over paths and meadows in the evening, have either no relic of a shell at all, or else recall its existence in their remote ancestors only by a few scattered calcareous lumps, irregularly dispersed through the flesh of the mantle. To the very end, however, the embryo slug still possesses a shell like his cousins the snails ; it is only as he grows older that he loses this ancestral trait, either by wrapping his mantle round the unnecessary organ, or by absorbing it altogether.

Our young garden snail is hatched out of his egg by the first warm rays of spring, and emerges at once to feed upon the fresh lush foliage of the sprouting plants. He grows rapidly for the first two months,

while the showers last ; but as soon as the dry weather sets in (a very problematical date in England) he comes to a standstill for a while, and rests upon his oars again till autumn. By the beginning of winter, he has reached half his full growth ; and then he hibernates (about which, as the melodramas say, more anon) till next spring. In his second year he reaches full maturity, when he finally puts a mouth to his shell—that is to say, instead of leaving the edge thin and papery, he finishes it off with a hardened and thickened outer rim, which serves as the mark of the adult condition. In his earlier stages, he had shown his immature state at once by the thinness of his outer edge, which was then readily broken off by a slight injury. If so broken, he did not “mend it again,” as most people assert, any more than we ourselves mend our skins or muscles after a bruise ; but a new layer of shell grew in its place from the secretions of the mantle, as unconsciously to the snail himself as the growth of skin proceeds to the human being.

The snail who has thus arrived at the adult condition must have done so, of course, by eating food ; and the way he performs this necessary operation is really very curious and remarkable. Everybody who has seen a cabbage leaf off which a snail has been making his simple and inexpensive breakfast must have noticed that its edges are quite cleanly and neatly cut, as if by a knife or pair of scissors. That suggests to one at once the idea that the snail must be possessed of a sharp and effective cutting instrument. And so indeed he is, for he has a keen, horny upper jaw, which closes upon a very remarkable saw-like organ below, commonly called the tongue or dental ribbon. This tongue is a long, muscular, and cartilaginous strip, like a piece of narrow tape, armed all over with an immense number of little teeth or curved hooks, for tearing and masticating the food. It is coiled up inside the mouth, and only a small portion of it is brought into use at any given time : as fast as the hooks on one part are worn out, another part is unrolled from behind and made to take its place in front for purposes of feeding. The little teeth, of which there are several thousands—the great slug, for example, has 160 rows, with 180 teeth in each row—are formed entirely of silica or flint, and cannot be dissolved, even in acid. They are coloured like amber under the microscope, and form most beautiful glossy translucent objects when properly prepared and mounted on a slide. This lingual ribbon acts in practical use exactly like a very hard and sharp file ; it is with this rasping instrument that the limpet slowly bores its way into the solid limestone or granite rock, and that the whelk eats a hole through the nacreous material of the hardest peri-

winkle's or oyster's shell. The back of the tongue has its edges rolled together into a tube, and is the growing part of the organ, where the new teeth are from time to time developed : and as fast as the front rows get blunted or broken by use, the tube opens gradually forward, and brings the fresh sharp teeth from behind into play to replace them. The shape and arrangement of the lingual hooks is very characteristic of the different groups of snails ; one generic form prevails amongst the members of the genus *helix*, another among the pupas, a third in the *clausilias*, and a fourth in the true slugs. Doubtless each variation in this respect has been definitely developed with reference to the peculiar food and habits of the different genera.

In a native state, snails generally live about two years, though they often go on living for much longer periods. Every autumn, as the cold weather comes on, they grow torpid, and retire to a hole in the ground or in the rocks, where they hibernate just like bears or dormice. In the hibernating condition they sleep very profoundly, only breathing to a very slight extent, while the action of the heart is all but entirely suspended. The common brown garden snail closes the mouth of his shell during the winter sleep with a sort of lid or film called an epiphragm, composed of hardened slime. This epiphragm both keeps out intrusive insects, and protects the snail from cold and from the access of too much fresh air. At the same time, in order to allow the slow respiration to go on, the animal leaves a small hole somewhere in the film, which acts as a ventilator to the inner chamber. The big edible snail goes a step further, for he strengthens his gummy film with a thin deposit of lime ; and in the spring he sheds the lid, which has gained for him his scientific name of *Helix pomatia*. Snails will sleep away whole years together without dying when in their torpid condition. I have myself seen a case in which two garden snails remained alive, fastened by their own mucus to a wall, with no food or drink, for thirty-two months at a stretch ; and an instance has been recorded where a desert snail from Egypt passed four years under similar circumstances, gummed to a card in the British Museum.

Even during their most wakeful periods snails breathe in a very slow and leisurely fashion. If you watch a garden snail for a few minutes, as he walks deliberately along the top of a brick wall, you will see him every now and then lazily open and shut a sort of hole or gap on his right side, which gives him a queer yawning appearance. This hole is really the mouth of his lung or pulmonary chamber—about as simple a form of breathing apparatus as any to

be found in the whole circuit of the animal kingdom. It consists merely of a sac or hollow in his body, with a mouth that can be irregularly opened and closed at pleasure, but without any mechanism for respiration, that is to say, for inhaling fresh air and expelling the superfluous carbonic acid. The veins are merely disposed around the walls of the pulmonary chamber, and whenever the animal opens the little gaping mouth a fresh stock of the pure outer atmosphere is taken in, exactly in the same way as when we air a room by opening a window. The snail then keeps this air enclosed in his simple lung till his blood has absorbed all the available oxygen, and replaced it by carbonic acid, after which he once more opens the mouth, and allows the air a second time to renew itself by mere atmospheric diffusion. The effect is just the same as if we ourselves were merely to open our mouths every three minutes or so, and let the air get in of itself, without breathing in any way. Of course, such a rudimentary type of respiration is only possible in a very inactive and sluggish animal. Active creatures require much more oxygen to keep the internal fires burning brightly, and the engine working up to full vital speed.

Garden snails crawl by means of successive expansions and contractions in the broad muscular under-surface of the body, technically described as the foot. If one watches a snail climbing up a pane of glass, it will be seen that the contractions follow one another like waves, with very great rapidity, though they produce in the end such a singularly inadequate result. Yet some slugs, such as testacella, can move quite rapidly along the burrows of earth-worms, which they pursue and devour much as the ferret does with rabbits, only in a still more deadly and bloodthirsty fashion.

As the snail walks, he keeps pushing out in front of him four curious retractile feelers or tentacles, commonly called his horns. Two of these horns are long, and two short, the longer pair being the upper ones. Both can be withdrawn by being turned inside out, like the finger of a glove that is pulled off backward. At the end of the long pair of tentacles are two small black spots, the eyes, which are very rudimentary in the garden snail, and apparently only possess the power of distinguishing light from darkness, without any distinct vision for shapes or colours. This is a very interesting fact from the evolutionary point of view, as the highest marine shell-fish belonging to this same group, such as the strombs or wing-whelks, have in the same position well-developed eyes, as perfect as those of many fishes, with a full complement of retina, crystalline lens, aqueous humour, and vitreous humour, exactly as in the human eye. The

regular gradation and similarity of position shows that these marine carnivorous snails have developed a true and highly evolved organ of sight out of the tiny black pigment specks of the common creeping univalves, and the process is no doubt largely connected with their extremely active habits, and their singular power of jumping through the water by successive bounds or leaps. It has long been noticed that the eye is always most highly developed in the most locomotive animals, and almost or completely wanting in the most sedentary. The converse side of this principle is well exemplified in the oyster, the young fry of which, during their early locomotive stage, have a pair of distinct black eyes to guide them in choosing their future home; but as soon as they settle down for life on some ledge or bank in complete laziness, the eyes die away, and the animal passes the rest of its existence in complete and contented blindness.

The eye-stalks and eyes of snails possess the faculty of reproduction after accidental injury, so common amongst the lower animals. If the tentacles are cut off with a pair of scissors, they will grow again in about a fortnight. This habit of reproduction seems to depend, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out, on the same principle as that which governs growth and development. The entire animal shape is the one which satisfies the natural polarities of the units which compose it; like a broken crystal, the animal tends to restore its own original and normal form by the inherent physical attributes of the parts which go to make it up.

As the snail walks about, he keeps pushing forward and withdrawing his horns, in proportion as he finds his way clear before him or otherwise. The manner in which he does so shows at once that he depends almost as much on touch as on sight to guide his slow and tentative movements. He can, however, hear a little, for he has a sort of rude ear, with a tiny calcareous pebble or otolithe suspended in it, near the base of the tentacles. He can smell, too, and there is no doubt that by smell mainly he is attracted towards the particular food-stuffs that please his vegetarian palate. Slugs are certainly drawn by high scents, and particularly by the odour of mushrooms and other fungi, for which they display a decided weakness. As a whole the senses of the snail are not well-developed, and his brain is in a comparatively rudimentary condition. It is a significant fact that it lies in a sort of ring surrounding his throat—feeding is the most intellectual operation with which he is acquainted. Still, the intelligence and affection of snails is rather higher than many people would be inclined to imagine. Mr. Lonsdale has recorded one case where a Roman snail imprisoned in a garden found a means of escape

for himself, and afterwards returned to point it out to his mate, who was similarly confined.

All snails are hermaphrodite, that is to say, each individual is at once male and female, but they pair together like ordinary sexual animals. Their courtship is long and affectionate, being accompanied by many grotesque endearments; and they seem not incapable of strong attachment for one another. Some snails have also a reputation for being pugnacious, though their battles, owing to the slowness of the attack, are not of a thrilling interest to the unsympathetic lookers-on. The eggs are separate in the land-snails, and covered by a distinct shell; though in the fresh-water kinds they are soft and transparent, and glued together in those glutinous masses which we commonly describe as spawn. One tropical Brazilian snail lays an egg as big as a pigeon's, covered externally with a hard calcareous shell.

The great needs in the life of the garden snail are two only—plenty of fresh vegetables, and a soil containing a sufficiency of lime. In the matter of food, snails are particularly fond of the pea tribe in almost all its forms, and also of the cabbages. Nevertheless, there is one member of the last-named family which they studiously avoid—white mustard; and wherever that crop is grown not a snail is to be found in the neighbourhood. This is an interesting case of that interaction between plants and animals which we so often observe in the workings of nature. Clearly, white-mustard is a cabbage-wort which, being specially exposed to the ravages of snails, has found means to defend itself against them by the secretion of some juice or flavouring matter which they do not like. Apparently, this flavouring matter is just that very pungent principle in the mustard plant which gives it its sole value in human eyes; for I find that a very small quantity of ground mustard laid upon the earth several inches in front of a snail suffices to make it withdraw its horns in evident discomfort, and retreat into its shell for protection against the disagreeable odour or smarting sense of touch. It often happens thus that the very tactics adopted by a plant under its native circumstances to repel one animal have made it all the more attractive under different conditions to some other kind. As to the lime, the snail of course needs that material for the secretion of his shell and the covering of his eggs. Now, lime is a mineral largely dispersed through the tissues of plants, which suck it up from the ground through their roots; and it is from the plants off which he feeds that the snail naturally obtains this needful material for building up his solid outer skeleton. But in some districts lime is entirely wanting in the soil—as, for example,

on certain volcanic or serpentine regions—and there snails are seldom or never found, their place being taken either by slugs or by local caterpillars. On the other hand, where chalk forms the subjacent stratum, snails are very abundant, and their shells are composed almost entirely of lime alone, which gives them a very white and brittle look. In England, the pastures on the chalk downs are covered with immense numbers of two small banded snails—one a helix and the other a bulimus—which in most places abound so thickly that one might pick up a basketful without moving from a single spot. The sheep eat them with the grass by thousands, and they are said to be very fattening; indeed, some observers will have it that Southdown mutton owes to these innumerable little molluscs its well-known superiority in size and flavour.

The garden snail, in his younger days, is mostly devoured by thrushes and blackbirds. He has comparatively few other enemies, except toads, who eat him freely, and hedgehogs, who are not averse to him while his shell is still soft and easily crushed by the small teeth of his nocturnal aggressor. The smaller kinds of snails are less protected, and are much more largely eaten both by birds and by the lesser quadrupeds. Even the glow-worm is a great snail-eater, living as a rule off this kind of food alone. The big Roman snail, on the other hand, has too stout a shell in his adult state for almost any British bird or mammal to masticate readily. Still, even he falls a victim, in Southern Europe at least, to the culinary tastes of man himself: for the *escargot* is a favourite dish with French *chefs*, and in the market-place at Toulouse large basketfuls are exposed for sale every day. They are dressed with melted butter in the Paris restaurants, and should be tasted by every amateur of novelties in cookery. The Roman snail has even, in Southern Europe, a medicinal value: French doctors prescribe *sirap d'escargots* largely for pulmonary complaints, and the mucus is supposed to be an excellent substitute for cod liver oil, which is, after all, really quite as nasty as any snail-juice. This edible snail is found in some parts of England—notably Gloucestershire and Surrey—but is usually supposed not to be indigenous. The story goes that it was introduced as an Italian delicacy by the Roman soldiers, and that it is never found except in the neighbourhood of Roman villas and Roman stations. As a matter of fact, it really lives, I believe, wherever the climate and vegetation suit it best, irrespective of any historical or antiquarian predilections. The edible snail is the largest British species being nearly half as big again as the brown garden snail; but it is a mere pigmy compared with some of the gigantic land-shells of the tropics.

The Brazilian bulimus, eaten as a delicacy at Rio, is six inches long, and a huge African achatina is as big as this page, and lays an egg like a good-sized bantam's.

As regards their origin, there can be very little or no doubt that our land-snails are originally descended from fresh-water creatures like the pond-snails, and still more remotely from marine molluscs. There are some links in the progress still left to us of considerable evolutionary interest. For example, there are certain river snails which also inhabit the sea or brackish water; and it is easy enough to understand how marine animals like the periwinkles might readily spread up the mouths of broad tidal rivers, such as the Thames or Severn, until they gradually acclimatized themselves to ever fresher and fresher water. This sort of acclimatization has evidently taken place independently several times over in the molluscan history, for members of many distinct marine groups and families of molluscs are found in the shape of estuarine, fluviatile, and lacustrine snails. From air-breathing water-snails to true land-snails, again, the step is a very slight one; and here we have still preserved for us an immense number of intermediate types, such as the common but very beautiful English amber snails, which inhabit marshy places, though they seldom or never actually live in the water itself. From these half-terrestrial forms we advance slowly through the so-called glass-snails and cellar-snails, which love damp and dark places, till we come to the true land-snails, many of which can endure an amount of dryness and aridity that are quite surprising. Even in the African deserts a few specially adapted snails manage to sustain life during the hot dry season by retiring into the recesses of their shells, and closing up the mouth with a lid of mucus. Indeed, there is no part of the animal kingdom where the evolutionary line remains more unbroken for us throughout to the present day than in this large and widely varied group of terrestrial molluscs. From the marine whelks and cones up to the naked and shell-less terrestrial slugs, there is hardly a single link wanting in the continuous developmental history of the ubiquitous molluscan race. If one were to arrange all the remarkable existing intermediate forms in a single row, one after another, they would almost recapitulate in their own series, without a single break, the original evolution of the air-breathing slugs and snails from a remote marine and water-breathing ancestor.

GRANT ALLEN.

DREAM-SPACE.

PROFESSOR CAYLEY'S address at the opening of the recent meeting of the British Association produced a somewhat singular impression. That not one in a hundred of those who heard or read it could form any opinion as to its value was generally admitted; yet hundreds expressed very strong opinions respecting its extreme value, its unusual profundity. The newspaper science writers of the average class (men like him who spoke of the great sea wave after the Javan earthquake as a tidal wave, or like that writer in the *Times* of September 22 who volunteered the amazing statement that our distance from the earth is greatest when the earth is on the major axis of her elliptic orbit, least when she is on the minor axis) were deeply impressed by ideas, new doubtless to them, about non-Euclidean geometry, imaginary points in space, and space of four dimensions or more. The *Globe* was moved to unusual solemnity by these mysteries, and recognising in the meetings of the British Association, with their *soirées, conversaciones, excursions*, and so forth, efforts at the advancement rather than the popularisation of science, commended the opening address as more suitable than such mere wonder-moving discourses as Tyndall, Huxley, and others have addressed to rapt and delighted audiences. The *Times* talked equal nonsense. Even the *Spectator*, though its editor is a man of learning and acumen, spoke of Professor Cayley's address as affording evidence that progress in science involves hard thinking, instead of proving, as it really did, that there may be much hard thinking without a trace of progress. "If Professor Cayley," says the writer in the *Spectator* (surely not Mr. R. H. Hutton himself), "so excites or so illumines the mind of one mathematician that he is induced to redouble exertion, and to carry the torch still further onward, more is done for mathematics, and therefore for science generally, than would be done by years of lectures productive only of mental titillation, or of those 'discussions' which are, for the most part, only mellifluous expressions of gratified wonder."

To the true science worker, whether in the fields of mathematical inquiry as directed to the advance of science, or in physical

researches, the fault to be found with those parts of Professor Cayley's address which attracted most attention as being most mysterious, lies not in their profundity, still less in their solidity, but in their relations to considerations utterly and necessarily valueless. There is no more difficulty in conceiving non-Euclidean geometry, for instance, or in working out a system of such geometry, than in conceiving the geometry based on ideas which are axiomatic to us, and in working out that system of geometry which is actually in vogue: but work of one kind is useless; work of the other kind tends directly to the advancement of knowledge. There is more difficulty in conceiving imaginary intersections of lines and curves which according to experience do not intersect at all, and again in conceiving a fourth dimension in space; but each difficulty is as great for a Helmholtz or a Clifford, a Spottiswoode or a Cayley, as it is for a college lad of mathematical turn of mind who has clear conceptions of the meaning of mathematical definitions and axioms.

Before commenting on the preposterous (and worse) waste of time and mental power in the discussion of relations either non-existent or inconceivable, I will briefly touch on the notions themselves which have been advanced as if they were worth considering. What these notions are can be made as clear to any reader of ordinary intelligence as they ever can be to the profoundest mathematician, *though it is true enough that only the profoundest mathematician can elaborate systems of mathematics based on the imagined truth of these untrue and inconceivable fancies.* This is where the newspaper writers referred to above mistake. They are told, truly, that only mathematicians can work out systems of non-Euclidean geometry, or of multidimensional space; and they therefore imagine that only mathematicians can know what are the ideas on which such systems are based. But as a matter of fact the nature of these ideas is quite easily to be understood, though no one that has ever lived can work out or even conceive the working out of all which would follow from the truth of ideas intrinsically inconceivable.

The simplest perhaps of all the imaginary mathematical ideas is one relating to numbers. In our actual world two and two make four. But there comes along one of those mathematical metaphysicians who are not content to labour in advancing knowledge, but prefer to speculate about the impossible or inconceivable, who asks, "What would happen with our arithmetic in a world where two and two made three, or, it may be, five? In one case processes of numeration would differ by defect, in the other by excess. Let us see what sort of arithmetic we should require to deal (in one case and in

the other) with the altered state of things." Now for this easily understood idea the mathematician or arithmetician of the kind we are considering can adduce reasons as valid as (we shall presently see) he can advance when inviting men to consider systems of non-Euclidean geometry or of multidimensional space. It is practically axiomatic, no doubt, that in this world, so far as our experience goes, two and two always make four. We are even so far lost to all sense of caution in such matters as to imagine that as two things of any sort whatever, existing anywhere whatever, may be represented for purposes of enumeration by two marks, and two other things by two more marks, and as we get in this way (as we can prove experimentally if necessary) four marks, and not three, it is certain that two and two always make four. But we should rouse our souls to conceive the possibility that elsewhere than in this limited little infinite universe of *ours*, the addition of two things to two things of the same sort may always result in giving three things of that sort, and therefore we must learn to picture the possibility that in that other kind of universe the conception that two and two make four would appear as *bizarre* and fanciful as the notion seems to us that two and two should make three. As for experiment, however often repeated, proving that two and two make four, that is a delusion and a snare. The proposition that two and two make four "*seems*"¹ only to have the character of universality and necessity," but "because a proposition is observed to hold good for a long series of generations, 1,000 numbers, 2,000 numbers, as the case may be, this is not only no proof, it is absolutely no evidence, that the proposition is a true proposition holding good for all numbers whatever; there are in the Theory of Numbers very remarkable instances of propositions observed to hold good for very long series of numbers which are nevertheless untrue."

Now when we have *talked* about such a conception, as, that in some imaginary universe two and two make three, when we have started a number of metaphysical "may be"s and "might be"s and "what-then-would-be"s, and so forth, in what way have we advanced science? Is the bewilderment which such talk may produce in the minds of those too full of faith in the men who profess to teach them, to imagine that they may be merely talking and talking naught, a feeling which is likely to encourage them to the further study of science? Would the dignity of science have suffered much

¹ The quotation is from Professor Cayley's address. He does not apply the word *seems* to the proposition that two and two make four, but he does apply it to a proposition of the same character, namely, that even and odd numbers succeed each other alternately *ad infinitum*.

if, instead of such bewilderment, interest had been excited in the minds of fairly intelligent readers by some clear non-technical explanation of a matter within their scope? Ah, but, says the brilliant young buccaneer of the press, it is well to show the ignorant crowd that gathers to hear a presidential address, how high the minds of mathematicians soar above not only their knowledge but even their power of conceiving things knowable. Is it so? But how if the crowd is not so ignorant as we pretend? How if nine-tenths of those present are intelligent and well-educated persons, capable of taking interest, and wanting to take interest, in scientific truths? And so far as the dignity of science is concerned, how if instead of revering the mathematics which comes before them in such questionable shape, they see in the supposed advance only such advance as there is from the strength of mid-life to the dotage of second childhood? Mathematics in its prime, the mathematics of Newton and Lagrange and Laplace, advanced our knowledge like the mental work of a man in his prime; mathematics dealing with imaginary nonentities is like the unintelligible fancies of a dreaming dotard who *has been* learned and profound, but in his old age lets idle imaginations take possession of him.

Now let us turn to the geometry called non-Euclidean, and see in what sense or degree it differs from the imaginary arithmetic I have just touched on; a subject which would probably have received more attention from mathematicians than it has yet had, were not its absurdity and uselessness rather too obvious.

We are to start by imagining that a plane is a surface of a perfectly smooth sphere of great size, so that any part of the surface which could be examined would seem to have no curvature at all, but to be what in Euclidean geometry is called a plane. A straight line would of course be only an apparently straight line drawn on this apparently plane but really spherical surface. Then, the investigation of the properties of lines and curves on this surface would at first lead to Euclidean geometry. Thus two straight lines, as the poor deluded inquirers would deem them, intersecting each other, would seem to draw farther and farther apart the farther they were drawn from the point of intersection. Parallel lines would be drawn which, produced ever so far (that is, so far as ever seemed necessary) both ways, would not meet or seem to approach each other. The inhabitants of the perfectly smooth sphere "might very well conceive," as Professor Cayley puts it, "that they had by experience established the axiom that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, and the axiom" on which the theory of parallel lines is based. But "a more extended

experience and more accurate measurements would teach them that the axioms were each of them false ; and that any two lines, if produced far enough each way, would meet in two points ; they would in fact arrive at a spherical geometry, accurately representing the properties of the space "in which they lived." Be it noted, Professor Cayley here supposes the inhabitants of the spherical surface to be limited to the surface. They are not to be regarded as creatures standing on that surface. Their universe is the surface itself, with its apparent properties of length and breadth only, which really are curved length and curved breadth, and therefore involve thickness also. What kind of brains we are to attribute to these creatures does not appear ; but if the recognition that on a sufficiently extended survey their supposed straight lines met, did not suggest the idea of thickness, we must imagine a certain degree of mental density in them. Professor Cayley says, "their original Euclidean geometry would be a true system ; but it would apply to an ideal space, not the space of their experience" ; in other words, these curved-surface creatures would have conceived the idea of a true plane, and would by experience have been taught that their surface-home was not a true plane ; capable of these things, they must of necessity be capable of recognising the distinction between a plane and a spherical surface ; but a sphere has diametral as well as surface dimensions. With the recognition of this would necessarily have come the recognition of a third dimension—thickness as well as the length and breadth they had before recognised.

The next idea suggested by the mathematicians of impossible and imaginary relations is, if possible, still more *outré*. "Let us modify our notion of distance," says the geometrician of the imaginary. (In other words, let us modify our notion of the fundamental conception of measurement, in order to see what we may conceive if we begin by imagining the inconceivable.) We measure distances by some very short measure—*i.e.* a measure very short indeed compared with the distances to be measured—a foot, for instance, to measure hundreds of miles, or a yard to measure millions. Then we imagine that the rule or measure we take about with us, instead of behaving like a respectable footrule, changes in length in different parts of the universe we live in. The only rule the rule obeys is, we are to suppose, that in any the same part of our universe the rule's length is always the same, so that if we only knew where we were we should know what the rule's length was, but otherwise not. Moreover we are supposed not to know, but to imagine in the innocence of our hearts, that our rule is the same in length wherever we may be.

Of course, thus far, no supposition has been made which is inconsistent with possibilities. A footrule of a given substance does change in length when taken to places of different temperature, and if we imagine (which is quite conceivable) that the temperature is constant at particular points in the universe, the rule would be always of the same length when brought to any given place, though of a different (but also known) length when brought to some other place.

Now in such a state of things as this, we might measure a given distance as confidently with a varying footrule as with an unvarying one, for we should never find out any mistakes we might make, seeing that at every remeasurement the same variations in the rule's length would take place, so that the result would always be the same, and we should never detect our error. Distances so determined would not be the real distances, as (in our simplicity) we estimate distances—that is, by the number of times they contain a measure of given and unvarying length. Or, as Professor Cayley remarks, we may arrive at a similar result through a rather different conception. If the rate of progress from a given point in a given direction be conceived as depending only on the configuration of the ground, and the distance along a given path, between any two points on the path, be measured by the time required for traversing it, then the distance would in this case, as in the last, have a determinate value. But it would not be the actual distance, but the distance estimated in a way quite unlike our ordinary conception of distance.

So far all is reasonable enough. The conceptions about the measurement of distance are no more inconsistent with reason than the supposition that if we had a rule really only 11 inches long which we supposed to be a true one-foot rule, we should find all our measurements made with it consistent and congruous, though in reality all our estimated distances would be incorrect. What follows, however, is as inconsistent with reason as it would be to imagine that we could at the same time know the short rule to be one inch less than a foot and conceive measurements made with it as a one-foot rule to be exact, as well as congruous *inter se*.

For the professor of imaginary geometry goes on to conceive the possibility that in a universe where actual footrules varied systematically in length, or the actual measurements of distance were for other reasons systematically incorrect (though congruous), the ideas of beings inhabiting such space would be as inexact as those ever-varying footrules. He imagines the inhabitants of such space conceiving of their space as we conceive of the space we live in, which is of course right enough; and also quite rightly he points out that as to

portions or parts of their space they would have erroneous notions ; but he treats these erroneous views as though they actually changed the distances, as well as the estimate of such distances. To conceive that a man who has found 12 rule lengths in a given distance would suppose the distance to be 12 feet if he thought his rule a foot-rule is manifestly right ; to assert also that if the rule was but 11 inches long the distance would in reality be but 11 feet is also right ; but to speak of this erroneously measured distance as though its character as a distance differed in some way from that of any correctly measured distance, is to suggest a sheer absurdity. Yet this is precisely the sort of mistake into which the followers of imaginary geometries insist on falling.

Suppose, they say, that as the rule moves away from a fixed central point of the plane it becomes shorter and shorter, and that this shortening takes place with sufficient rapidity to make distances which are really finite seem infinite, because the rule becomes infinitely shortened, and seems therefore to be contained an infinite number of times in distances really finite. If this happens within a finite distance from the centre, then around that centre there will be a finite space such that, as distances are assumed to be measured, the boundary will seem to be at an infinite distance from the centre. It will be impossible by any number of applications of the rule to get beyond that boundary. Or if you take the time method of measuring distances, then you are to suppose that as the distance from the centre increases the time occupied in traversing a given real distance becomes greater and greater until at a certain finite distance from the centre it becomes infinite. Then, in like manner, it becomes impossible, by any application of your time measure, or in other words in any amount of time, to get beyond that finite distance from the centre. The region around will in either case be an unknown region to which you cannot attain, for in one case as you near the boundary you seem to be traversing infinite distances when, in reality, only traversing finite ones ; and in the other you seem to be an infinite time traversing certain distances when, as a matter of fact, the distances seeming to require infinite times for passing them are finite.

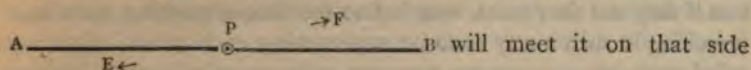
When we either apply such fancies as these, or others not less inconsistent with our innate conceptions, to space relations, we are naturally led to a geometry unlike that dealt with by common-sense geometers. We may call the geometry to which we are thus led non-Euclidean, and it may please the fanciful to find in the cumbrous term something suggestive of scientific profundity. If we called

these imaginary relations "dream-geometry," we should be somewhat nearer the truth, for it is only in dreams that men can fancy things are and are not, at one and the same time.

The particular axiom of Euclid's geometry by which believers in the imaginary find entrance into their dream region is the twelfth, which really implies that if two straight lines are found to be diverging when we examine them at any point along the length of each, they diverge in that direction let them be extended as far as we please. The axiom, indeed, really seems to relate to convergence, for it states in effect that if two lines are found by the application of a particular test to be converging in one direction they will continue to converge till they meet. But as an earlier axiom has already stated that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, it is clear the recognition of a point of intersection in one direction compels us to believe that there is no point of intersection in the other. In both axioms the idea underlying what is held to be obvious in the axiom is that of direction. It has often been suggested that each axiom, is open to improvement. The earlier might be replaced by the axiom that if two straight lines coincide in two points they coincide throughout their length, only it might be objected that there is a sort of "bull" here, for there is in this case but one straight line. Yet in reality *this* is the axiom which Euclid assumes throughout his geometrical reasoning, many of his propositions being open to exception if it be admitted that two points are insufficient to determine the position of a line. Indeed his first two postulates practically involve this axiom. Let it be granted, he says, that a straight line can be drawn from any one point to any other point, and that a straight line so drawn can be produced to any distance in the *same straight line*. Here manifestly both Euclid's own axiom that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, and the more general axiom above suggested, are assumed as self-evident and necessary truths with regard to the straight line.

As for the unfortunate twelfth axiom, it is quite true that it is a proposition requiring proof, not really an axiom. But, in like manner, the definition of parallel lines involves a theorem, namely, that there can be such lines as being produced indefinitely both ways will never meet. Here, however, it cannot be doubted that our fundamental conception of the straight line enables us to accept the idea of parallel lines as axiomatic, and also *this*, which is the essence of the whole matter: If two straight lines are parallel, and we draw through a point in one of them *any straight line whatever*

not coinciding] with it, this straight line will meet the other, and



C ————— D where the crossing line falls between the parallels. Thus let *AB*, *CD* be parallel straight lines, and through *P* in *AB* let any straight line be drawn, say in the direction indicated by the arrows *E*, *F*. Then that this thwart line must meet *CD* produced towards *c*, and cannot possibly meet *CD* produced towards *D*, is certainly as axiomatic as the statement that two straight lines cannot enclose a space.

But dream-geometry starts with the assumption that this is not axiomatic or necessarily obvious—that within certain limits many straight lines might be drawn through *P* (besides *AB*), which would not meet *CD* produced in either direction ; or else that a line through *P* meeting *CD* produced towards *c* might also meet *CD* produced towards *D*, or two straight lines enclose a space, which in dream-geometry (but in dream-geometry only) is not impossible.

The idea underlying all this nonsense is that within the distance over which we extend our survey straight lines may preserve the qualities which we associate with straightness, and so our geometry be true within the regions for which it has been constructed, but that at greater distances than we deal with straight lines without losing their straightness may converge after diverging, may return into themselves, and may, in fine, play numberless pranks not recognised as possible in common-sense geometry. The late Professor Clifford, whose splendid mathematical powers were far too often wasted, as have been those of Helmholtz, Cayley, and other powerful mathematicians, over mere dream-geometry, went so far as to say that two points diverging from where he stood before his audience at the Royal Institution, though seeming within the distances we deal with to increase indefinitely their distance apart, might eventually meet again, either at a point very far from that whence they set out, or at that very point itself. Now here is a conception which a common-sense, clear mind can deal with as effectively as the best mathematical mind the world has yet produced. What is our idea of two lines diverging in a straight line from a point? Certainly this, that throughout their movement, whether continued for a few seconds or for a million years, or for infinity of time, each is moving directly from the other, never inclining by the least conceivable angle from the direction which takes it exactly from the position occupied at the moment by the other. This being so, is it or is it not absurd to

speak of the possibility that these two points can ever meet? seeing that if they met they must, long before the time of meeting, have been travelling in such a way as to be approaching each other. Can any mind conceive, nay, can we ever conceive any mind out of Bedlam conceiving, the approach and final meeting of two points as resulting from their continual divergence, guided throughout by their momentary positions, let them be where they may?

But it may be answered that the new geometry would in this case regard the two points as diverging along certain tracks possessing the quality of straightness for non-Euclidean space but really re-entering into each other, or converging so as to intersect somewhere or other. But this is to admit the idea of a straight line and to give up the idea of a straight line at one and the same moment. We define a straight line as that which lies evenly between its extreme points: and as the straight line can be produced to any distance in the same straight line, the extreme points may be any whatever. Can one at the same time accept the idea of a straight line as lying evenly between its extreme points, and also as re-entering into or intersecting itself?

We find just the same absurdity (as well as mere inconceivability) in the idea of a fourth dimension in space. It is idle to talk of creatures having only length and what such inconceivable creatures would think of breadth: idle to talk of creatures having only length and breadth and what such unimaginable creatures would think of our comfortably triple dimensions of length, breadth, and thickness. No one can imagine such creatures as actually existing beings. No one can imagine a "body" having fewer dimensions than three. But if one for a moment could imagine such beings, one might very readily admit that their ideas about geometry would be as infinitely thin and shallow as they themselves were infinitely flat and tenuous. But turning to the three dimensions which we recognise, and cannot but recognise, in every definite *portion* of space, whether occupied by material body or not, it is as impossible to conceive of a fourth or higher dimension as it is to conceive of a body having but one or two dimensions. Take any straight line whatever in which or parallel to which to measure length, and intersecting it take any straight line square to it along which to measure breadth; then you have a plane in which or parallel to which you measure length and breadth. Conceive this plane extended indefinitely, preserving its perfect planeness. Now is it possible to conceive of a point *anywhere whatever* which shall not be either in this plane or on one side or the other of it? The distance of any point from the plane, which may be any

whatever between infinity and nothing, corresponds to the third dimension which completes our conception of space. If a point can be conceived which is not perfectly determinable by its distance from a definite point in that infinitely extended plane, then there may be a fourth dimension in space. But to conceive the existence of such a point we must imagine a point to be somewhere neither in the plane nor on either side of it. One might as reasonably speak of a number which was neither equal to some given number nor greater than it nor less than it.

Professor Cayley is good enough to explain that the first step is the only difficulty, and that granting a fourth dimension we may assume as many dimensions as we please. It is so, and consequently outside dream-geometry we can assume no more than three dimensions in space. The only argument that has ever been adduced in favour of the geometrical existence of fourth, fifth, and higher dimensions still, is that equations with one unknown may be conveniently regarded as relating to lengths, equations with two unknowns as relating to surfaces, and equations with three unknowns as relating to volumes; so that if, without departing from space as actually known and conceivable, we might similarly interpret equations with four, five, or more unknowns, it would be convenient and pleasant. But it would be as reasonable to argue that as a distance traversed may be conveniently measured by the time taken in traversing it, it would be convenient to find—in one and the same series of equations—a corresponding way of representing a surface or a volume by time intervals. Thus, if in a certain problem relating to the uniform motion of a heavenly body we conveniently represent miles by minutes, might we not conveniently in the same investigation represent square miles by square minutes; and if common-sense folk say that we cannot conceive square minutes, why should we not reply that though they cannot, yet they show their want of mathematical adaptiveness in failing to see that as minutes conveniently represent miles, square miles which certainly exist must have their correlatives in square minutes, which one of these days we may learn to understand?

Nay, may we not in this way fairly parody Professor Clifford's remark that in non-infinite space of four dimensions, reëntering into itself and otherwise inconceivably comporting itself, he could find relief from the oppressive vastness of limitless space? Time also is presented to common minds as infinite. But may it not be infinite because we with our finite ways of thinking know at present only of time progressing in one direction? May we not conceive of time as having more dimensions than one; not mere length but breadth

also, and mayhap even thickness, and, added to that, density also? The difficulty is only in the first step. If once we admit the idea of time going on in more directions than one, extending sideways as well as forwards, we have at once the conception of time of two dimensions, we may compare squared time to surfaces, we can picture time when extended indefinitely in what we suppose to be the same direction reentering into itself and so find relief from the oppressive vastness of endless time. All this, I grant, is nonsense, sheer utter time-wasting absurdity. It all the better symbolises the nonsense which mathematicians of masculine mind reject, the non-Euclidean geometry, quadri-dimensional space, and like absurdities, by which a false idea of profundity is suggested, but which are in reality vain, idle, time-wasting dreams.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

HISTORY IN LITTLE.

PART I.

THE thriving Piedmontese town of Biella, for all that it is called the Manchester of Italy, is very little known by the English. It is out of the highway to any of the favourite passes and summer camping-grounds—and we all know with what sheep-like fidelity each traveller follows on the tracks of his predecessors; it has neither famous pictures nor ancient monuments to attract artists and virtuosi; and the country round about is only beautiful, without being wildly exciting for savage grandeur or dreamily poetic for luscious beauty. Its mountains fall below the line of eternal snow, and are therefore not equal to those of Switzerland and the Tyrol; its vegetation has no tropical suggestions in its flush of bloom, its breadth of growth, and thus is not comparable to that of Sicily and the South. Yet for all its want of special claims—its artistic lack and architectural insignificance, as well as the more home-like quality of its scenery—Biella deserves to be better known than it is; and though its prosaic industry and unromantic manufactures form its chief claim to present consideration, its past history is as stirring as that of more celebrated places. That history indeed, is a sample in little—a page in “pica” where others were printed in capitals—of what went on everywhere in Italy during those dark days when the Roman civilization had died out and the Renaissance had yet to come; when the rival tyrannies of Pope and Emperor fought over the prostrate bodies of the people, and trampled law and freedom, together with humanity, into the dust; when the rude, rough races of the North poured over the hills to sack the cities and devastate the plains; when the crowned Church of Christ systematically violated every Christian virtue, and was but another name for rapine, murder, lust, and greed; while those who, like Arnold of Brescia, sought by independent means to bring men to holier living and higher faith were treated as criminals and burnt at the stake as heretics; when freedom of thought was the unforgiven sin, and the first dawning of scientific truth was as the red light thrown from the mouth of hell. If we read a record of life as transacted at Biella and the country round about, before

society was settled or law had become strong enough to control despotism and ensure freedom, we can better realise the sufferings which men had to endure in those days, when the strong fought together and the weak were the victims whichever side might win, and when the rights of man were far less respected than are now the rights of animals.

At the head of the wide plain which stretches away to infinity like the sea, where Milan, Turin, Vercelli, Novara are the anchored ships, and the faint outlines of the Apennines rising between Genoa and Bologna are the curves of distant waves, rises the bold range of the Italian Alps. And close under their shadow stands the town of which so few among us know the name and fewer still the merit. Yet the date of Biella is so old as to be lost in the vague obscurity of myth. For what is it but myth to say that it was originally built by Tarquin Priscus 155 years only after Romulus and Remus had founded Rome? Tradition has long arms, and surely they have overreached the truth in this! This same long-armed tradition also makes St. Peter to have preached in Vercelli, and St. Eusebius to have been the first Bishop of Biella, as well as the importer of that famous statue of the Black Madonna, carved by St. Luke, which for fourteen centuries and over has wrought miracles at and drawn worshippers to the Santuario of Oropa. An ancient Christian inscription however, which was found in 1872 under the foundations of the old Church of San Stefano, is placed by the learned in the second half of the sixth century. It shows that a priest named Albinus died and was buried there—proving by implication that in those early days Biella both existed and possessed a church and government of her own.

Charlemagne was said to have received here both the Persian and African ambassadors; but this again is a fond fancy of the more patriotic historians, and is denied by the exacter sort. The most ancient written document whereby begins the authentic history of Biella is one dated July 10, 826, and still preserved among the State archives of Parma. In this deed the Emperors Louis le Debonnaire (called by the Italian historian Ludovico Pio) and his son Lothair give to Count Bosone a certain *manso*, or property, which they possess in the *corte* (manor?) of Biella; that is to say, a manor with a town-house and a country-house, with fields, woods, cottages, men and maid-servants, vineyards, meadows, waters and watercourses, mills, movable and immovable goods, and all the active and passive service connected therewith. This gift was in return for a like donation made to them by the Count of all the rights and privileges connected with eight *mansi* belonging to a certain

Villa Becchi, of which no one knows more now than the name as given in the deed. One thing only is sure—that the men and maid-servants (*servi, anelle*) went with the fields and the woods like the cattle in the one, and the birds in the other.

In 882, Ludwig, of Germany, who had been consecrated Bishop of Vercelli by Pope John VIII., became possessed, by Papal decree, of all the fair property belonging to the Church at Biella; which assignment seems to have been the beginning of the long years of tyrannous domination established by the larger city over the smaller. This Bishop lost the favour of the Emperor because of certain familiarities said to have taken place between him and the Empress Richilde. But he managed to prove his innocence and to be reinstated in his old place, when Berengario, Duke of Friuli, attacked him in his palace for reasons of private vengeance, and carried off a goodly spoil of ecclesiastical treasure as well as much private property belonging to unoffending citizens. In 887, the Hungarians came in force over the mountains; invaded the country; took Vercelli; slaughtered clergy and laity alike; and were altogether so ferocious as to make people believe that the end of the world was at hand, and that these fierce, bearded barbarians were the Scriptural Gog and Magog who were sent to exterminate all before them. The Bishop, flying with such treasure as Berengario had left and the faithful had replaced, fell into the hands of these invaders, who first took all that he had and then put him to a cruel death.

In 945, the then Emperors, Ugo and Lothair, at the instance of Berengario made a donation to the Church of Vercelli of the rivers Cervo, Elva, and Sesia, from Biella to the Chapel of San Colombano; and river rights were then as important as those over the land. Whether the people through whose lands these rivers ran liked the transfer or not was out of the account. In those days men and women were bought and sold like grain or wool, and they had no more right of remonstrance than had the negroes of the Southern States. The Lord of the Manor was lord of all else; and absolute submission was not only the chief Christian virtue, but was also the prime political necessity for those who would live out their appointed time.

In the stirring action of the next two turbulent centuries Biella seems to have had but little share. She had nothing to say to the quarrels between Hildebrand and Henry IV.; and among the foes and friends who witnessed that disastrous humiliation of the Crown to the Tiara in the snowy court at Canossa, she sent none to watch and grieve with the one, to exult in insolent triumph with the other. "*Hæreticorum caput*," as Henry was called in the Papal Bull,

which excommunicated him in 1102, Biella would naturally have taken the side against him; for she was a notoriously faithful adherent of the Church which oppressed her—licking the hand that struck her with lamentable docility. Nor in the Wars of Investitures has she any record of help given either to the Crown or the Church; nor, again, when every city in Northern Italy had a *carroccio* after the pattern of Heribert's of Milan—a kind of political ark which was the symbol of liberty and citizenship—do we find one among the treasures of her freemen. In those days she eschewed all political action when not forced to the front by her superiors—specially by that tyrannical Vercelli under whose yoke she suffered. But it was a strange bit of contradiction that Biella, oppressed by the Church party as she was, should have been Guelf to the backbone, while Vercelli, whose supremacy was based on her ecclesiastical domination, was notably Ghibelline.

But Vercelli seems to have been one of those lucky ones who are able to make the best of two worlds at a time, and to have a safe seat on a couple of stools. Endowed by the Church, she was also protected by the Crown. Frederic Barbarossa, to show his gratitude to Uguccione, Bishop of Vercelli, for having voted for him in the Diet of Frankfort, when the question was of his succession to the Crown of Italy, by a deed dated October 17, 1152, confirmed to the Church of St. Eusebius in Vercelli all the possessions already held, including "Biella, with its appurtenances." What a state of things it was when each turn in the political kaleidoscope endangered present possessions and necessitated fresh settlements everywhere!

Bishop Uguccione seems to have been a good friend to this pretty and reluctant vassal. "Wishing to make the delightful site of Biella in every way more worthy, he caused houses and palaces to be built; and to the end that the inhabitants should be increased, he granted certain privileges and rights of exemption to those who built their own dwellings." Though in the tenth century the Biellese had built their own castle close to the Church of San Stefano—for a castle or stronghold was as necessary in those days, as protection against continual violence, as is now a street door against burglars—he, the Bishop, built another on the Piazza. And again, eight years after, he once more invited the Biellese to build their own houses here on the Piano, the most ancient part of the town standing at a considerable elevation; giving them possession by placing in their hands the staff he held in his own as his symbol of power and authority, provided they would swear fidelity to him as his vassals, and also swear to live here on the height. They might,

however, dispose of their houses and the land annexed, on condition that their successors, by purchase or inheritance, should also live on the Piano and be faithful vassals of the Bishop. Again, they were to defend not only the Bishop himself in his day of need, but also his friends, and they were to make war against his enemies. In return he promised not to appoint a castellan against their consent. It was not only for the sake of Biella herself that Bishop Ugucione did so much to make her prosperous, but also for the sake of the "Sacred Mountain of Oropa, most celebrated for its miraculous image of the Most Blessed Virgin, so that she should be visited and honoured by a greater concourse of people." Ugucione died in 1170, just fifteen years after one of the noblest men of Italian history, Arnold of Brescia, was burnt alive before the gate of St. Angelo in Rome, by the order of Pope Adrian IV., our own Nicholas Breakspere, the first and last Englishman who has ever worn the tiara. Before Ugucione died, he had ample cause to ask himself the question whether his vote which helped to give Barbarossa the crown had been for the good of the country or not. When Tortona was burnt, and Milan was razed to the ground, even a bishop might be supposed to have so much patriotism as would make him feel more for his own people who were slain than for the army of foreigners which slew them.

At one moment (1208) Biella seems to have broken away from Vercelli in one of those spasmodic struggles after autonomy, which were rather to have the right of oppression than to gain and give true freedom. But her chains were re-riveted, and she was the temporal as well as the ecclesiastical fief of her old padrona until 1225. Then, profiting by the absence of Frederic II.—who had just married Yolande de Lusignan, before sailing, two years later, from our old friend Otranto, to fight for the Holy Land, that he might be absolved by Pope Gregory IX., whom he had offended by so many acts of high-handed disobedience—Biella defied the Vercellese Bishop; appointed her own municipal council; consolidated her own laws; and faced her own private foes. For in this "history in little"—this Peter-Pindar-like scale *ad infinitum*—her own natural vassals had revolted against her; as, for example, that small hamlet of Salussola, against which she made a decree that it was unlawful for any Biellese to have dealings with a Salussolese.

In 1230 Frederic, by Manfredo Lancio, his Vicar Imperial in Lombardy, twice summoned the men of Biella, Andorno, Chiavazza, Pollone, and Pettinengo—these four last even now such mere villages!—to join his army lying before Alessandria under pain of a

fine of a hundred silver marks. But Biella, Papal and Guelf, as we have seen, for all that her padrona was Imperialist and Ghibelline, sent neither men nor money, and put herself under the protection of the Pope, who had declared himself the head of the Lega Lombardia—not for sympathy with the civil liberties of which the League contained the germ as the acorn contains the future oak, but because it was a league against the Emperor. This Pope who had excommunicated Frederic as “impious and miscreant, promoter of rebellion against the Holy See, enemy of the clergy, persecutor of the mendicant orders, usurper of episcopal rights, and occupier of lands and States belonging to the Church,” released the Biellese from their allegiance; upheld them in their resistance; and laid under ban every place where Frederic might find himself, and every one with whom he might have dealings. All the same, Biella had her walls and stronghold dismantled by the Imperialists, who did not much care for the Papal Bull, “*vox et præterea nihil*,” as it was when unbacked by material force. But she chose rather to suffer this damage than to join the party which was abhorrent to her; and in any case she would have suffered. If she had joined with Frederic she would have come in for her share of those curses which the Pope rolled out on Maundy Thursday, immediately after he had made an end of blessing the people—those curses which forbade any one to kiss, feed, talk to, succour, join with while living, or pray for when dead, those miserable ones against whom they were hurled. Delivered with such awful pomp and circumstance—the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops, dressed in their grandest vestments, surrounding the Pope and holding lighted tapers in their hands, which tapers they flung on the ground, stamping out the light with their feet, as the light of grace and forgiveness was quenched for those doomed souls—the bells ringing strangely, “their tolling a thing of great terror,” as they pealed “inordinately and in detestationem” of the accursed—how can we wonder if the simple and believing ignorant people shrank from that which both foreshadowed and ensured eternal doom, and chose rather temporal disaster than everlasting torments? And how could Biella, pious and ecclesiastical, take the side of one whose repute for unsoundness was so terribly strong as was Frederic’s? For was he not said to have written a book, “*De Tribus Impostoribus: Moses, Jesus, Mahomet*”?—which book, though no one had ever seen it, was none the less an undoubted fact that no one dreamed of denying. All this, then, was reason enough why Biella should not join the party of one who, infidel and accursed in his own person, governed the land by the hands of one of the most cruel, tyrannous,

and bloodthirsty of men—that all too famous Ezzelino, who “knew neither pity, virtue, nor remorse.” In any way it was loss; but it was better to have loss with a good conscience than with a bad one. Vercelli, on the contrary, sided with the Emperor; and in 1237 Pope Gregory IX. excommunicated the commune because it had entered the territory of the Bishop, had occupied the Towers of Andorno and Chiavazza, had besieged the castle of Biella, made prisoners of not a few subjects of the Church, and forced them to swear fidelity to it rather than to the Bishop. Other high-handed things did the recalcitrant commune of Vercelli; as when it took possession of the vineyards, fields, woods, chestnut groves, &c., belonging to certain citizens deceased—things with which it had nothing to do. But it was only for its defiance of the Church that it was excommunicated, not for its wrong-doing to these unconsidered citizens, the natural heirs of those deceased proprietors.

Sometimes the Church turned its thunders against itself, as when, on January 12, 1245, it excommunicated with bell, book, and candle the Torinese Canons who had refused to accept as their bishop Arborio, Abbot of the monastery of San Gannaro. This was done at the hands of the Biellese Archdeacon Artaldo.

In 1243 the Church, thinking it wiser policy to conciliate and bribe, rather than fight and excommunicate, the Ghibelline commune of Vercelli, and unmindful of the gratitude owing to her faithful Biellese, sold to the former all the lands and territorial rights lying between the Po, the Cervo, the Doria, and the Sesia; on condition of a goodly sum of money paid first of all as the initial plank, and the oath of fidelity as the clincher. To this sale the Bishop Martino Avogadro di Quaregna, who as Canon of Vercelli had approved, now as Bishop opposed all his force; doing his best to prevent the assumption of civic rights by the Vercellese commune over Biella, as being so much taken from the ecclesiastical predominance. He was still more opposed, and with him the Biellese, when the commune turned back to its ancient ways, and made common cause with Frederic—to be again excommunicated. Then the commune and Biella came to open war, and the country was devastated while the two factions fought here, on the plains and in the villages, as they fought in Florence and Rome—there on a large scale, here on a small; with the family of the Avogadri for the Guelf or Neri, and that of the Tizzoni for the Ghibelline or Bianchi. But there was no story here as at Florence, when (1215) Sismondi tells us: “A Guelf noble of the upper Vale of Arno, named Buondelmonte, who had been made citizen of Florence, demanded in marriage a young person of the Ghibelline house of

Amedei, and was accepted. While the nuptials were in preparation, a noble lady of the family Donati stopped Buondelmonte as he passed the door, and bringing him into the room where her women were at work, raised the veil of her daughter, whose beauty was exquisite. 'Here,' she said, 'is the wife I reserved for thee. Like thee she is Guelf; while thou takest one from the enemies of thy Church.' Buondelmonte, dazzled and enamoured, instantly accepted the proffered hand. The Amedei looked upon his inconstancy as a deep affront. All the noble Ghibelline families of Florence, about twenty-four in number, met and agreed that he should atone with his life for the offence. Buondelmonte was attacked on the morning of Easter Sunday, just as he had passed the Ponte Vecchio on horseback, and killed at the foot of the statue of Mars which stood there. Forty-two families of the Guelf party met and swore to avenge him; and blood did indeed atone for blood. Every day some new murder, some new battle, alarmed Florence during the space of thirty-three years. These two parties stood opposed to each other within the walls of the same city; and, although often reconciled, every little accident renewed their animosity, and they again flew to arms to avenge ancient wrongs."

I am afraid this anecdote has been dragged in a little too arbitrarily; but it is so graphic and dramatic, and gives such a good sketch of the state of society of the time, that I thought it worth making room for; though I could hang it on my own slender thread only by a very far-fetched kind of hook.

The Vercellese Bishop Ajmone did his best to make peace between his local Guelfs and Ghibellines, taking part with neither, and seeking to be all things to all men on either side. But, thinking that discretion was sometimes the better form of valour, he suddenly took to flight, and sheltered himself in the castle of Biella, as Ottone Visconti, Archbishop of Milan, had sheltered himself not so long before. The Biellese received Ajmone, as they had received Ottone Visconti, with gratitude, joy, respect, hospitality; in return for which the Vercellese Bishop imposed on them the most enormous taxes to aid the Guelf party which he was gathering in from all sides. Good Guelf as she was, Biella kicked against this very sharp and painful prick, and appealed to her old guest Ottone, the fugitive Archbishop whom she had received with respect, entertained with hospitality, and kept in safety during his time of trial. And on this appeal, Ottone had gratitude enough to absolve the Biellese from their allegiance to the Bishop in the matter of paying these new and heavy imports. Whereupon Ajmone removed them, and Biella

ely.

Meanwhile Beatrice of Anjou led thirty thousand men into Lombardy (1265, the year of Dante's birth), and the next year her husband Charles defeated Manfred at Benevento, receiving as the price of his victory the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, for which he had come. The power of the Guelfs was now established throughout Italy, and every effort was made to destroy, to the last vestige, both national independence and political freedom. A check was given to this terrible power however, when, twelve years later, the stout Archbishop Ottone defeated Napoleone della Torre, that chief of the Republic of Milan, who was as contemptuous of his Guelf supporters as he was of his Ghibelline adversaries; and cruelly confined him and five of his kinsmen in three iron cages as a practical commentary on the difference there was between the Church which slew and the Court who slaughtered—the Christianity of priests and the philanthropy of knights. Still more was done when brave Palermo (1282) reconquered for herself and the whole island the freedom which had been trafficked away between the high contracting authorities, by that supreme blow struck at the invader known in history as the Sicilian Vespers.

In 1304 Biella is once more mixed up with the current life of the time; for in this year Fra Dolcino appeared on the mountains above Valsesia. This arch-heretic to some, to others a second Arnold of Brescia, was a man at once to pity, to admire, to condemn. There is no doubt of his ferocities up there among the mountains, whether on the Rock of the Bare Wall of the Valnera range, or in the Ca' or Tana del Diavolo on Monte Zerbino (now Monte San Bernardo), above Mosso; but also there is as little doubt of his sincerity and zeal. He took up and continued the work of Gherardo Sagarelli, that half-witted preacher of religious liberty and practical holiness who for his logical Christianity was burnt alive in Parma in 1300, and who, they said, twice extinguished the flames by crying out: "Help, Asmodeus!" There would have been no end to the farce had not the Inquisitor bethought him of bringing the "body of Jesus Christ" under his cloak; whereby, when exhibited, the demons were reduced to impotence, and Gherardo Sagarelli and his companions were burnt comfortably and without further hindrance.

Dolcino was a native of Piedmont, coming from a small village near Novara. He was educated for a priest, but he committed a small theft when a young man, and ran away from his master and teacher either in shame or in fear, or both. Afterwards he turned up as an independent reformer, preaching holiness, without that licence of Church which was given to St. Francis of Assisi and St.

Dominic of Spain. Being thus without licence he was as one of those thieves and robbers who seek to enter the vineyard by the wall and not by the gate, and was therefore laid hold of as one to be condemned, not rewarded—repressed, not encouraged. His personal companion was the beautiful Margaret of Trent; his best and bravest adherent the nobly born Longino dei Cattenei; his disciples were the poor who suffered from the tyranny of the Church, the earnest who sought more spiritualised food than that given by the gross anthropomorphism of Catholic Christianity, and the mystical who believed, as he taught, that he, Fra Dolcino, was their living Paraclete, and that, having already lived under the reign of the Father in Judaism, the Son in Catholicism, they were now to pass under the dominion of the Holy Spirit as represented by himself, where there would be less form and more truth, less dogmatism and more freedom.

When Fra Dolcino and his followers were encamped on the mountains above Mosso, the Bishop of Vercelli was one Rainieri di Pezzana degli Avogadri, a heretic-hunter by profession, as Matthew Hopkins was afterwards a witch-finder; and the Bishop of Novara was Uguccione de' Borromei, as cruel as bishops were in those days, when spiritual domination and territorial rights went together, and a breath of free thought endangered more than the safe holding of dogma. It is impossible to give the story of Fra Dolcino in extenso. Suffice it to say that, after horrible sufferings endured, and as horrible cruelties inflicted, the poor gaunt, half-blind, half-starved Apostles had to yield to superior numbers on a certain Holy Thursday (March 23, 1307), when the Church army came up to them, captured those who had not been already burnt or cut to pieces, and finally caught, hidden in a cave, Fra Dolcino himself, with Margaret of Trent and Longino dei Cattenei. These three were reserved for the full rigours of the law as made in those days of inhumanity and revenge. Anything more terrible than the executions of these wretched creatures cannot be imagined. They were amongst the most horrible of a horrible time. On the first of the beautiful June month of flowers the fires were lighted in the Arena Cervi at Vercelli and at Biella. Fra Dolcino and Margaret were to be burnt at the former; Longino at the latter. Margaret was the first to suffer; and the fire was slack and slow. The man whom she had loved, and for whom she had sacrificed her all and was now to suffer, was placed where she could see him and he her. During all her agony, his loud clear voice exhorted her to be brave and flinch not—to look at him and to remember. And the beautiful woman of his love proved her

worthiness of that love by the constancy with which she bore her sufferings and met her death. She neither winced nor cried out. She remembered as he exhorted—remembered her faith in him and his love for her; and so passed to her doom as a heroine and a martyr.

Then Fra Dolcino was seated in a high car and paraded about Vercelli; tortured with red-hot pincers, which tore the flesh from his naked body bit by bit and member by member, till the bones were laid bare, and he was but the semblance of a man when they came back to the fire where Margaret's ashes were still burning. But he too never once flinched, never once cried out during all this time of infernal torture. The man who had taught the coming of the Holy Ghost, and who had loved Margaret of Trent, had nothing to ask of his fellow-men. Constant to the last, his spirit unbroken, his faith unshattered, he was cast contemptuously into the flames which represented to his executioners those eternal fires in which his soul was to be for ever tortured. At the same time and hour Longino was burnt alive at Biella, after suffering similar tortures. In this way Holy Mother Church purged herself of inconvenient fanatics and vindicated her claim to be considered the only recognised road to the vineyard.

In the year 1321, the year when Dante died, Holy Mother Church made herself busy over a vast conspiracy which she said she had discovered among the Jews and lepers—a strange combination, by the way—to poison all the springs and wells of the country. It did not touch the heart of the matter that the springs and wells were not poisoned, and that not a rag of evidence supported the accusation. Thousands paid the forfeit of their lives for the report; and the Esther Solomossys and Moritz Scharfs of the time were as many as there were likely pegs on which to hang an accusation and perjurers to do the hanging thereof.

The Tizzoni and Avogadri still always fighting, the Vercellese Bishop, Uberto, did his best to reconcile them and force them to give the kiss of peace. He succeeded for the moment; but it was a peace that had as little honour as it had stability, and the old quarrels broke out afresh. The Bishop, suffering the proverbial fate of those who put their hands between the bark and the tree, was beleaguered in his castle, taken prisoner, and shut up in one room. But one night he managed to make his guards drunk; when he passed through them safely and escaped to Biella. Faithful Biella, never weary of her devotion to the spiritual power, received the fugitive with honour and levied an army to defend him, keeping him in

safety till his death in 1328. The next Bishop, Leonardo della Torre, also kept himself safe at Biella—Vercelli, his natural habitat and the see to which he belonged, being less faithful than her vassal. The Tizzoni were masters of the situation, and the Avogadri, entrenched in their castles, had enough to do to hold their own without taking on themselves the extra work of defending an obnoxious prelate. Elsewhere, however, the Ghibelline party was failing. The great captain, Castruccio, had died after the taking of Pisa and Pistoja; the still greater captain and leader, Can' Grande della Scala, the splendid master of Verona, died the next year after the conquest of Treviso; Galeazzo Visconti was also dead. So that the Ghibelline cause looked pale and wan in the larger towns, though here, in these small places under the shadow of the Alps, it was predominant. Then, encouraged by the disorganisation of the party elsewhere, certain Guelf lords in the district declared war against Biella on account of the Bishop, and the Vercellese joined on account of their own rights, which his absence both endangered and lessened; After fourteen years' hostilities a truce was ordained, which enabled Biella to turn her arms against little Ronco, a hamlet about three miles off—the men of Ronco having carried the castle of Zumaglia and chased away the castellan. The wonder is where all the men came from to do so much fighting, and how they escaped the fate of the Kilkenny cats.

This outbreak quelled and Ronco brought back to due submission, Biella was flattered by the Cardinal who had to put things straight between her and her mistress Vercelli. The Biellese men were praised as dear sons of the Church, and for their many proofs of filial piety adjudged worthy of her parental mercy. All the same, they were sold by the Bishop whom they had fostered in his time of need—as indeed what else could they expect when it was his interest to make friends with Vercelli?

There died intestate in Biella one Jacopo de Bardo, leaving three sisters, Alasia, Agnesa, Gioachina. After they had buried him decently these three sisters entered into possession of their dead brother's estate; but the Vicar Papiniano put in his claim, saying that by old right and usage the Bishop (of Vercelli) should inherit where one died intestate and without heirs male. The commune intervened to protect its citizens, or rather citizenesses; but Papiniano carried the case to the Archbishop of Milan, and he ruled that the Vercellese Church, by its Bishop, had the right of inheritance. The three sisters were accordingly dispossessed, and history is silent as to their after-fate. This too is a striking example of what law and equity

meant in those days of ecclesiastical domination, and how the omnipotent Church ignored the very foundations of civil liberties.

In 1347, the year when Cola di Rienzi held the castle of St. Angelo in Rome from May 20 to December 15, the plague of which Boccaccio wrote broke out in Florence; and the year after it spread through all Italy, even touching the high-lying, healthy Alpine towns, where however it was far less terrible than down in the plains. But, worse than the plague, came a fearful famine. Snow was thick on the ground to the end of March, and in some places it was lying to the end of April. Crops were destroyed; flocks and herds were killed; men and women and children died from want in the highways and streets. But worse than either plague or famine was the election to the bishopric of Vercelli of Giovanni Fieschi in 1348. A bold, bad man; turbulent, vicious, lawless, tyrannical; "unable to vent his wrath against the Vercellese, because they were under the protection of the Visconti, who knew how to make themselves feared and their lands respected," Fieschi withdrew to Biella, where he surrounded himself with soldiers and worked his brutal will unchecked. He quarrelled with the commune on a matter of inheritance, and seized the property in dispute without waiting for the sentence of the court. He stopped the communal taxes so as to weaken the civil power; but this the Biellese would not stand, and rebelled so lustily that the Bishop withdrew to the castles of Masserano and Zumaglia, interdicting the commune and making war against it. The Archbishop of Milan, the ultimate local authority, sided with the Biellese; but Fieschi cared as little for one as for the other. He went on in his own brutal, high-handed way, now using the fleshly weapon of his soldiers, now the spiritual of curses and excommunications, but never conquering the brave little town, which withstood at times as bravely as at others she submitted tamely. After some years of this Fieschi drew off his forces from Biella, because he had come to blows with the Marchese di Monferrato and wanted all his strength against an enemy who knew how to give more than he took. After a time a treaty of peace was drawn up between the Bishop and the Biellese, and for a few years the land had rest. But the Bishop after a while broke out afresh, and encouraged the dependent townships to rebel against the little mother-city; harassing Biella in all her works and ways and rights and privileges, so that, her patience being exhausted, she one night assembled her forces suddenly, and without warning seized the castle, killed the guards, and secured the person of the Bishop, who, with many members of his family, was straightway locked up in the Great Tower. He was released by a treaty favour-

able to the Biellese, and was sent to the castle of Masserano ; those of Zumaglia, Biella, and Andorno being forbidden. But his restless spirit was never at peace. He was for ever hatching plots and concocting wars ; and when he died " Bishop of Bethlehem," the world was the gainer by the loss of one whose title was the most scathing satire on his life.

Biella, tired of all the wars waged against her, now by this bishop and now by that count—wearied with the miseries brought on her by being made the shuttlecock between the two parties which fought over Italy as wolves might fight over the fair body of a woman—finding no faith in the Church, for which she had gladly suffered so much and often, and no security in the most solemn oaths of priest or pope, put herself at last into the hands of the Green Count, Amedeo VII. of Savoy (1379), swearing a thirty years' oath of fidelity and obedience, and a yearly tribute of two hundred golden florins, on condition of his protection and exemption from further tax or impost. In this treaty the commune was to be free to manage its own concerns without let or hindrance from the suzerain, always excepting the military services it was bound to render to, and the punishment of such criminals as had offended against, Savoy. These were the property of Savoy, and could be dealt with only by her own powers. The commune might choose its own podestà or mayor, but only from among the subjects of Savoy ; and such podestà must swear to obey the statutes of the sovereign. All the towns and communes round about, hitherto the vassals of the Church of Vercelli, were to be subject to the Biellese civil government, concurring in its expenses and obligations, and conjointly submitting to the House of Savoy. Also the treaty stipulated that no Biellese debtor should be put in prison at the instance of a member of any other commune ; that no compact nor agreement should hurt the reserved rights of the Church nor those of the commune and people. All this was sworn to by Biella, speaking through her headmen ; and the little places swore to the same, like their mistress, late the recalcitrant fief of Vercelli, and now tyrant on her own account over her weaker neighbours.

Giovanni Galeazzo, however, held some lands in and about Biella, whence he fanned the flames of discord between the Biellese, who had found their account in this submission to the Green Count of Savoy, and some of the smaller places, which, on the contrary, found the conditions more onerous than profitable. Hence here in this narrow corner of the earth were perpetual murders, raids, reprisals, devastations, offences, and vendettas unending, till at last Amedeo

and Galeazzo made a pact in Biella, and so peace was kept for a while. This was the "Gian" Galeazzo who, in 1385, got the better of his uncle Barnabas in a manner highly characteristic of the time and its morality. I will give the account as I find it in Sismondi, which is better than making a paraphrase :—

"The terror in which the House of Visconti had held Florence and the other Italian republics began somewhat to subside. Barnabas, grown old, had divided the cities of his dominion amongst his numerous children. His brother Galeazzo had died on August 4, 1378, and been replaced by his son, Gian Galeazzo, called Count de Virtus, from a county in Champagne given him by Charles V., whose sister he had married. Barnabas would willingly have deprived his nephew of his paternal inheritance, to divide it among his children. Gian Galeazzo, who had already discovered several plots directed against him, uttered no complaint, but shut himself up in his castle of Pavia, where he had fixed his residence. He doubled his guard and took pains to display his belief that he was surrounded by assassins. He affected, at the same time, the highest devotion ; he was always at prayers, a rosary in his hand, and surrounded with monks ; he talked only of pilgrimages and expiatory ceremonies. His uncle regarded him as pusillanimous, and unworthy of reigning. In the beginning of May 1385, Gian Galeazzo sent to Barnabas to say that he had made a vow to Our Lady of Varese, near the Lago Maggiore, and that he should be glad to see him on his passage. Barnabas agreed to meet him at a short distance from Milan, accompanied by his two sons. Gian Galeazzo arrived, surrounded, as was his custom, by a numerous guard. He affected to be alarmed at every sudden motion made near him. On meeting his uncle, however, on May 6, he hastily dismounted, and respectfully embraced him, but while he held him in his arms he said in German to his guards, 'Strike !' The Germans, seizing Barnabas, disarmed and dragged him, with his two sons, to some distance from his nephew. Gian Galeazzo made several vain attempts to poison his uncle in the prison into which he had thrown him ; but Barnabas, suspicious of all the nourishment offered him, was on his guard, and did not sink under these repeated efforts till December 18 of the same year."

This was the ruse employed by a man "false and pitiless" against another "who had never inspired one human being with either esteem or affection."

Another of his feats was to "accuse the wife of the Lord of Mantua, daughter of Barnabas, and his own cousin and sister-in-law,

of a criminal intercourse with her husband's secretary. He forged letters, by which he made her appear guilty, concealed them in her apartment, and afterwards pointed out where they were to be found to Francesco da Gonzaga, who, in a paroxysm of rage, caused her to be beheaded, and the secretary to be tortured and afterwards put to death, in 1390. It was not till after many years that he discovered the truth. When Galeazzo was lying ill of the plague (September 3, 1402) there suddenly appeared in the sky a comet, which the astrologers said predicted his death. He himself took it to mean the same sign, and said, "I render thanks to God in that He has vouchsafed to show to the eyes of all men a sign in heaven of my being called." Considering the man he was, it seems scarcely necessary for the Great God of Heaven and Earth to put any celestial machinery in motion on the departure from the world he had so long vexed of such a double-dyed hypocrite and scoundrel!

After this worthy's death civil war again broke out in our small Piedmontese dominion. Facino Cane, a famous captain of the time—now serving the Marchese di Monferrato, now Gian Galeazzo, after him his sons, and finally captain of his own private forces—took several towns by assault and battery, and among them Vercelli. Pietro Bertodano, defending Ivrea, lost his eldest son, Lodovico; and for his courage and virtue the Duke of Savoy nominated Count Albert as his heir. For the solid pudding of his possessions the Duke gave Pietro the frothy praise of a diploma setting forth his virtues and their award. This too was a wonderful mark of the times, both for the high-handedness of power on the one side, and the submission of servility on the other. By that diploma Pietro Bertodano was fully repaid all that he had suffered; and the honour of having Count Albert for his heir was compensation enough for the wrong done to his own natural inheritors.

E. LYNN LINTON.

(To be concluded.)

A PILGRIMAGE TO MERTON ABBEY.

THANKS to the hands of wanton spoilers and ruthless time, little enough is left of the once proud Abbey of Merton, which, standing on the banks of the clear Wandle, on the Epsom road, was once the scene of a meeting of the legislators of our land, which gave birth to the Statutes of Merton, and also to the founder of one of the proud colleges in the University of Oxford—the college which bears its name. Fifty years ago some parts of the chapel and other buildings were visible, but now desolation reigns here as complete as at Chertsey or Barking. Fifty years ago, however, there were green meadows on every side of Merton, which was as pretty a village as could be found within ten miles of London and Westminster. But now for green fields we must journey on to its neighbour, Morden, which the profane hands of the modern builder and the demon of bricks and mortar have as yet scarcely invaded.

Merton—the *Merctone* and *Merctune* of the chroniclers—is “a very ancient parish and village in the ‘Mid’ division of Surrey,” some eight miles from Westminster Bridge, and five miles east from Kingston. Two early historical events have been appropriated to this place—namely, the murder of Kenulph, King of the West Saxons, which happened in the year 784, and a battle between the Danes and the Saxons in 871. Lambarde, in his “Topographical Dictionary,” however, doubts whether either of these events took place at Merton in Surrey, and Lysons, in his “Environs of London,” seems inclined to be equally incredulous on these points. The manor of Merton, before the Conquest, was the property of Earl Harold, and was afterwards held by the King in demesne.

Early in the twelfth century, Gilbert Norman, Sheriff of Surrey, founded here a convent of Augustinian canons, an institution which, in after-years, became famous as a home of learning and piety.

Like St. Peter’s at Westminster, the Abbey was a sanctuary,¹ and it will be remembered by readers of history that it was the place to which Hubert de Burgh, the Chief Justiciary of England, fled for refuge when he had incurred the displeasure of King

¹ See *Old and New London*, vol. iii, p. 483.

Henry III. Here too was held, in A.D. 1236, the Great Council of the Nation, which passed the Statutes of Merton, and in which the King and the Pope, acting for once in concert, endeavoured to introduce the provisions of the Canon Law, but were met by the famous declaration *Nolumus leges Angliae mutari*. The Abbey would seem to have been the nurse of great men. It was within its walls that Thomas à Becket appears to have received his earliest training for the Church. The same was the case with Walter de Merton, afterwards Bishop of Rochester and Chancellor of England, who was a native of the village from which he derived his name, and who founded, as stated above, the college which still bears his name at Oxford.

Little is known—at all events little stands recorded—about the history of the Abbey when it was in its glory. No engraving of it is known to exist. Its broad lands in Merton were about sixty acres, more or less, which were surrounded by a wall of flint and stone; nor is much told us about the facts which accompanied its surrender to the rapacious Tudor sovereign who “suppressed” it in 1538, and quietly appropriated its revenues, which then a little exceeded £1,000 a year.

Concerning Merton Abbey the following account is condensed from Brayley's “History of Surrey.” The original Abbey, erected in 1115 by Gilbert Norman, was a wooden building, and is said to have been at the west end of the village, near the parish church; but its exact position is not now known. It was granted by the founder to Robert Bayle, a subprior of Austin canons. Two years later, at the latter's suggestion, the establishment was removed to a second house, whither the prior and his fifteen brethren went in procession, singing the hymn “Salve Dies.” In 1121 King Henry I. granted the entire manor of Merton, with all its appurtenances, to the canons in return for £100 in silver and six marks of gold. Here, in 1130, the first stone priory was built; the foundation stone being laid with great solemnity by Gilbert Norman, who died the same year.

Hither, as already stated, fled for sanctuary Hubert de Burgh, when he had lost the favour of his fickle master Henry III., and divers accusations pursued the fallen Minister. The King at first wished to drag him forth with an armed force, but yielded to the remonstrances of the Earl of Chester and the Bishop of Chichester, and recalled his mandate. After having several times to seek the protection of the Church, de Burgh was ultimately pardoned.

In the Bodleian Library at Oxford are the “Chronicles of Merton Abbey,” which contain the ordinances of William of Wykeham,

Bishop of Winchester, for the government of the convent. These, among other restrictions, forbid the canons to hunt, or to keep dogs for that purpose, on penalty of being confined to a diet of bread and ale during six holidays. It appears, however, that this rule was not strictly observed, for we find recorded in a visitation of the Abbey by Henry de Woodlock, Bishop of Winchester, his censure on the canons for not attending mass, and for carrying bows and arrows.

Nearly all the Plantagenet and Lancastrian kings in succession granted charters to Merton, and the estates belonging to the foundation were very numerous, and yielded a net annual income of £957. 19s. 5½d. Among the possessions of the Abbey were the advowsons of many churches in different counties.

After the resumption by the Crown of the Merton estates Queen Elizabeth granted the buildings and site of the Abbey, with the Merton lands, to Gregory Lovell, Esq., Cofferer of the Royal Household, on a lease for twenty-one years, at an annual rent of £26. 13s. 4d. In 1600 the estates were granted to Nicholas Zouche and Thomas Ware, as trustees for the Earl of Nottingham, to be held by knight's service at the same rent as before; this quit-rent was afterwards settled on Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., as part of her dower. The estates subsequently passed through several private hands, and we find the abbey mentioned in 1648 as a garrison; for the Derby House Committee were ordered by Parliament "to make Farnham Castle indefensible, and to secure Merton Abbey and other places of strength in the same county." In 1680 Merton Abbey was advertised to be let, when it is described as "containing several large rooms and a very fine chapel."

In 1724 and 1752 two calico-printing works were established within the walls, and at the north-east corner a copper mill was erected, which, Lysons remarks about 1790, employed a thousand persons. These manufactories, however, have been superseded by the silk-printing works of Messrs. Littler. In the rear of these premises stands a curious old mansion known as Merton Abbey, inhabited by Mr. Littler, the head of the printing mills close by. It is built of a yellow-ochred brick, and its features are quite of the Dutch type. The new railway between Wimbledon and Tooting runs clean through the site of the ancient Abbey, which stood by the side of the Wandle, or rather on both sides of it, the chapel and refectory, if local tradition is true, having been on the eastern bank. The site, after the dissolution, was, as above stated, granted to Gregory Lovell, cofferer to Queen Elizabeth, who built here a mansion after the style of the period, working up into it the materials of the

dismantled structure. In the garden walls there are three curious pointed arches, formed with tiles which may be Roman, and which probably marked the end of a cloister or ambulatory. The house is approached through a rude Norman arch, on which has been placed an Elizabethan entablature. A window of the old chapel, and some portions of the exterior walls of the monastic buildings, were extant only a quarter of a century ago, but the former has since that date been pulled down, and the latter have been so altered that it is scarcely possible to trace their plan. About the same time nearly half of the house itself was demolished. Of the once grand and historic Abbey itself, therefore, little or nothing now remains beyond a few pieces of its outer walls of brick and stone intermixed, and two or three oblong fishponds, which communicate with the river close by, as they did doubtless in the Norman times. In such places it is often found that the water suffers less change than the land, as Tennyson sings :—

For men may come, and men may go,
But I flow on for ever.

The ponds, however, are now choked up and overgrown with weeds and nearly dry in summer.

The mansion, which fronts the road, is comparatively modern. On the lawn behind it are two large cannons, which are said to have been placed there by Lord Nelson. The house and its adjoining courtyard, barns, and outhouses are very spacious.

It is generally thought by strangers that the Abbey House is that which was the favourite residence of Sir W. and Lady Hamilton, and of Lord Nelson ; but this is not the case, though the tradition may easily have arisen from their having occupied it whilst Merton Grove was being prepared for their reception.

The grounds have in them a fine avenue of elms, and some raised terrace walks on the south and west ; but of the buildings themselves as clean a sweep has been made as in the case of the two Abbeys mentioned above. And yet the Abbey—for it was an Abbey, and not a mere Priory, as it is styled by Mr. Thorne in his " *Environs of London* "—was one of the greatest and most important religious houses in England. Its Abbot had a seat in the Upper House of Parliament along with his brethren of Reading, Glastonbury, Abingdon, and St. Alban's.

The church lies at the western end of the village, which is strangely called Lower Merton, since it stands considerably higher than the waterside parts about the Abbey. It is a long narrow structure, mostly of the Early English period ; but a Norman arch, with

zig-zag moulding, surmounts the north doorway. Its roof is tiled, and at the west end is a dwarf timber tower and shingled spire. The walls are cased in flint, and the chancel—recently restored and fairly well decorated—has a row of Early English arches on both sides, evidently showing that it was intended to add aisles. These, however, were never made, as is proved by the lancet windows inserted below them. On the south side is a Jacobean mural monument to Gregory Lovell, cofferer to Queen Elizabeth, who lived at the Abbey.

On the walls of the nave still hang several hatchments belonging to great families once connected with the parishes: among them is that of Lord Nelson. On the floor are several slabs to the Stapyltons and others. In the north aisle is a monument to the widow of Captain Cook, the navigator, who lived at Merton for many years. The old roof of the chancel has been brought to light, but whitewash of many years' standing hides that of the nave. On the north door of the nave is some fine iron scroll-work.

In the vestry is a large and handsome picture of the Descent from the Cross, probably a copy of a picture by one of the Italian school. The parishioners desire to sell it, in order to complete the restoration of the church. Within the walls of this church Lord Nelson was a frequent attendant at service. In the church is a painted window to Mr. Richard Thornton, the London millionaire, who left a large bequest for endowing schools in this parish. This benefice, a rectory in the deanery of Ewell, was appropriated to Merton Abbey in the reign of Henry I. King Edward VI., in return for £359, granted it to Thomas Lock and his heirs; from whom it passed through various holders to George Bond and his issue. In his will this estate is described as consisting of "a royalty, the church tithes, the mansion called Merton Place, and two large farms named Merton Holts and West Barnes." The living is now a vicarage in the diocese of Rochester. The Registers dating from 1559 are imperfect. In the churchyard is the tomb of Mr. William Rutlish, embroiderer to Charles II. He died in 1687, bequeathing property of the then value of £400 for apprenticing the children of poor parishioners.

Opposite the church stands a dull, heavy Elizabethan mansion, in a square garden of several acres in extent, surrounded by a wall scarcely less massive than those of the old Abbey. In front are very handsome entrance-gates of iron between two lofty pillars of brick and stone. In the rear of the house, at the other end, was another similar entrance, now blocked up, beyond which, within the memory of living persons, was a noble avenue. In front of the gates

s one of those stone steps for mounting and dismounting which once were so common. The natives avow their belief that it was placed there for the convenience of Lord Nelson when he rode on Sundays to church ; but it is clearly of much older date. Towards the end of the last or beginning of the present century the house was for a time the residence of Richard Brinsley Sheridan ; but later on, after being occupied for some years, it was utilised as a convalescent hospital. For the last five-and-thirty years it has been used as a school by a French family named de Chatelain. The interior of the house is almost all lined with panelling of oak and chestnut, and the beams of the roof are of massive timber. The garden is still laid out in the old Dutch fashion, with square paths.

It would naturally be supposed, from its position, that this old mansion was the original manor-house of Merton. But such does not appear to have been the case. At all events, near the middle of the village, not far from the spot where the roads branch off to Kingston and to Epsom respectively, is a farm long known as the Manor Farm. Possibly there were two manors in Merton.

Merton was a favourite abode of Lord Nelson, and is often mentioned in his "Life." His residence was called Merton Place, and he lived there with Sir William and Lady Hamilton from 1801 till 1803, and indeed afterwards occasionally visited it down to the time he left England for Trafalgar.

There is still (November 1883) living at Merton, in possession of all his faculties, a hale and hearty man named Hudson, over ninety years old, who well remembers Lord Nelson as a visitor here, and who stood by the door of the post-chaise in which, early on the morning of September 13, 1805, the gallant Admiral—so soon afterwards doomed to fall at Trafalgar—drove off from Sir William Hamilton's gates. He states that, as a boy, he used often to see Nelson fishing in the Wandle, near the Abbey Mill, and sauntering with Sir William and Lady Hamilton about their pretty grounds, which extended on both sides of the high road. The Admiral would often stop and speak kindly to the boys who were at play in the street, and who regarded his weather-beaten form and features possibly with all the more reverence because of the fruit and the pence which he would bestow on the youngsters. Two cottages at the bottom of the Abbey Lane, he says, were built by Lord Nelson for his coachman and gardener—so entirely had a community of goods been carried out by this affectionate trio ; in one of these he and his wife, a daughter of Cribb, Nelson's gardener, have lived for upwards of half a century. This cottage is marked by a mulberry tree, which

Nelson desired to be planted there. Over the mantelpiece of his little dwelling is a mirror in a gilt frame, which once formed part of the ornaments of Nelson's room in Sir William Hamilton's house, and this he and his wife treasure as their only relic of the Admiral.

Merton House itself, he told me as I sat in his room and chatted, was occupied before the Hamiltons by a family named Graves, who were in business in London; he just remembered their going and the Hamiltons coming; so that their tenancy must have commenced about 1800. Nelson's association with the place, as may be seen by a reference to Southey's or Pettigrew's Life of him, did not begin till October 1801, when he had just returned to England after his magnificent exploit at the battle of Copenhagen. He continued to make Merton his headquarters down to May 1803, when he was ordered again to sea, but he again visited it from time to time, whenever he could be spared ashore. Hudson told me that when Nelson was away Lady Hamilton was always busily engaged in furnishing the house and improving the grounds, and that he well remembered the little streamlet which was made artificially to flow through the grounds, and which, in compliment to Nelson, she called "the Nile." It has long been filled up, and its site turned into gardens for the rows of cottages which have been built on all the four sides of the estate.

Sir William Hamilton, on returning home after his first interview with Nelson, told Lady Hamilton that he was about to introduce to her a little man who could not boast of being very handsome, but who would become the greatest man that ever England produced. "I know it," he said, "from the very few words of conversation I have already had with him. I pronounce that he will one day astonish the world. I have never entertained any officer at my house, but I am determined to bring him here; let him be put in the room prepared for Prince Augustus." Nelson is stated to have been equally impressed with Sir William Hamilton's merits. "You are," he said, "a man after my own heart; you do business in my own way; I am now only a captain, but, if I live, I will be at the top of the tree."

We have no space for the many stories and anecdotes that might be told concerning Nelson's life at Merton; but we may be pardoned for repeating the following:—Dr. Burney, who wrote the celebrated anagram on Lord Nelson, after his victory of the Nile, "Honor est a Nilo" (Horatio Nelson), was shortly after on a visit to his lordship, at his beautiful villa at Merton. From his usual absence of mind he forgot to put a nightcap into his portmanteau, and consequently borrowed one from

his lordship. Previously to his retiring to rest, he sat down to study, as was his common practice, and was shortly after alarmed by finding the cap in flames; he immediately collected the burnt remains, and returned them to his lordship with the following lines:—

Take your night-cap again, my good lord, I desire,
I would not detain it a minute;
What belongs to a Nelson, wherever there's fire,
Is sure to be instantly in it.

After Nelson's death, the "disconsolate Emma," as she so often styled herself, lived on at Merton in her doubly widowed condition, for her husband had died two years before. She was, however, but a bad woman of business, and this, coupled with her profuse generosity and hospitality, brought her into pecuniary difficulties, from which the ungrateful country to whose care Nelson had confided both her and her infant Horatia, did not care to extricate her, though she had helped Nelson, by her readiness of resource, when in Italy, to win one sea-fight at all events. Even his brother, who owed him a canonry in Canterbury Cathedral, an earldom, and a pension of £6,000 a year, and who had sat and dined with him at Lady Hamilton's table two short months before his death at Trafalgar, declined to assist her with even the loan of a few pounds, and found it convenient to plead in excuse all sorts of scruples on the ground of morality, which would have been more real and more to be respected had they existed in the days of Lady Hamilton's prosperity. Her pecuniary difficulties, therefore, forced her to sell Merton, which she quitted with many a pang, to die a few years later in poverty at Calais, where she was buried in a pauper's grave. Such is the gratitude of great people, and, indeed, of the world at large!

By this remark it is not intended to justify the relations of Lady Hamilton with Lord Nelson, especially whilst her husband was alive; but certainly it was cruelty and mockery of the reverend gentleman, who profited so largely by his brother's death, to disown in her poverty the lady at whose table he had been so willing to sit as a guest. To prove this fact it is necessary only to quote the following extract from a letter addressed to his wife by Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards first Earl of Minto, August 26, 1805: "I went to Merton on Saturday, and found Nelson just sitting down to dinner, surrounded by a family party of his brother the Dean, Mrs. Nelson, their children, and the children of a sister, Lady Hamilton at the head of the table and Mother Cadogan at the bottom. He looks remarkably well and full of spirits. . . . Lady Hamilton has improved and added

to the house and the place extremely well, without his knowing she was about it. He found it all ready done. She is a clever being after all."

The sort of life led by Nelson whilst he was an inmate of the house of the Hamiltons at Merton may be gathered from another letter of the same individual, under date March 22, 1802: "I went to Lord Nelson's on Saturday to dinner, and returned to-day in the forenoon. The whole establishment and way of life such as to make me angry as well as melancholy. . . . She [Lady Hamilton] and Sir William and the whole set of them are living with him at his expense. She is in high looks, but more immense than ever. She goes on cramming Nelson with towelfulls of flattery, which he goes on taking as quietly as a child does pap. The love she makes him is not only ridiculous, but disgusting; not only the rooms, but the whole house, staircase and all, are covered with nothing but pictures of her and of him, of all sizes and sorts, and representations of his naval action, coats of arms, pieces of plate in his honour, the flagstaff of 'L'Orient,' &c."

Many passages might be quoted from Nelson's letters to Lady Hamilton, all showing how fondly attached he was to Merton, where doubtless he spent many of his pleasantest hours in the company of a woman whom he so passionately adored. The following extract from one of these will serve as a specimen: "I would not have you lay out more than is necessary at Merton. The rooms and the new entrance will take a deal of money. The entrance by the corner I would have certainly done; a common white gate will do for the present, and one of the cottages which is in the barn can be put up as a temporary lodge. The road can be made to a temporary bridge, for that part of the Nile one day shall be filled up. Downing's canvas awning will do for a passage. . . . The footpath should be turned . . . and I also beg, as my dear Horatia is to be at Merton, that a strong netting, about three feet high, may be placed round the Nile, that the little thing may not tumble in, and then you may have ducks again in it."

To this may be added an extract from Nelson's diary, given by Sir Harris Nicolas:—

"Friday Night, 13th September, 1805.

"At half-past ten drove from dear, dear Merton, where I left all that I hold dear in this world, to go and serve my King and my country. May the great God whom I adore enable me to fulfil the expectations of my country!"

The house and furniture, the grounds and all their contents,

were sold about the year 1808 to Mr. Asher Goldsmid, a Jewish banker, who made the place his abode for a time. Nelson's study, as Mr. Hudson informed me, and some of the other rooms were long preserved in the same condition as when they had been left by Lady Hamilton, and the library was not sold till about sixty years ago.

The stabling, as well as one pleasure garden and grove, were situated on the opposite side of the road, access being obtained to them by an underground tunnel which passed beneath the street. In this grove there was a mound surrounded by trees, and ending in a summer-house in which the Hamiltons and Nelson would sit on the long summer evenings, returning home through a green gate which opened in the wall by a key from within. The stables, after having been made to do duty for a time as cottage residences for persons of the working class, were finally pulled down in 1882, and the site in due time will be covered by houses.

The little estate occupied by the Hamiltons covered about thirty acres ; it stood just to the south of the old Abbey walls, from which it was severed only by a narrow lane called then, as now, the Abbey Road. The house was only one story high above the ground-floor, built of plain brick, and almost surrounded by a verandah, up which the rose, clematis, woodbine, honeysuckle, and other creepers grew freely at their own sweet will. It did not face the road, but looked south, to which side the drive-way led round from the entrance-gates, by the side of which stood a lodge-gate. This lodge is now converted into a grocer's shop, close by which is an inn, "The Nelson's Arms," still perpetuating the name of the Admiral. In the bar is an original portrait of Nelson in colours, which goes as a fixture or heirloom with the house, and authenticates it. The worthy landlord values this picture greatly, and has refused very high offers for it.

"Not far from the Merton turnpike, and within a few miles of London," wrote the *Times*, August 22, 1849, "there is to be seen a field upon which stood the home of Nelson, and of his mistress. It was left, with its debts and liabilities, to Lady Hamilton. These were large enough, for extravagance accompanied the meridian of her life as it had characterised the dawn. The Government proving obdurate to the last, the owner of Merton was dismissed from the place. She went for a time to Richmond, and then took temporary lodgings in Bond Street. Here she was chased by her importunate creditors, and for a time hid herself from the world. In 1813 we find her imprisoned in the King's Bench for debt, but charitably

liberated therefrom by a City alderman. Threatened again with arrest by a coachman, the unhappy woman escaped to Calais. Here the English interpreter gave the refugee a small and wretchedly furnished house." She died at Calais, having been glad to accept the scraps of meat which were put aside for the dogs, and when she died her remains were placed in a deal box without an inscription, her pall being a black silk petticoat lent by a poor woman for the occasion. As no clergyman could be found in Calais, an Irish half-pay officer read the burial service over her ; and as the cemetery in which she was buried shortly after was turned into a timber yard, the ultimate fate of her bones is not known, and will not be known till the judgment day. Meantime, Lord Nelson's brother, a clergyman, and the successor to his title, declined to repay even the paltry expenses incurred by those who had befriended the lady who had helped Nelson to win his laurels. Alas for Christian charity !

E. WALFORD.

THE FEHMGERICHT.

THE Fehmgerichte¹ of Westphalia, in their historical reality, rank amongst the most singular phenomena of mediæval civilisation. Through the haze of popular tradition, however, they are magnified into horrible monstrosities, and appear as the instruments of barbarous revenge disguised under a semblance of wild justice. Even Goethe has given the sanction of his authority to the erroneous idea that "the Fehmgericht was a secret police, the power of which had fallen into the hands of private individuals." By the poet and the novelist the mysterious word is used to call up before the imagination the mystic ceremonies of a secret brotherhood, meeting at midnight, in the recesses of the forests, or the depths of subterraneous caverns, arrogating to itself the attributes of an avenging fate, and passing sentence of death over absent culprits, ignorant alike of their crime, of their accusers, of their judges, and of their doom. All the dramatic horrors with which the Fehmic courts have been invested, are due mainly to a false intpretation of the epithets applied to them by chroniclers. From the fact that, under certain circumstances, their sittings were open to the initiated alone, and consequently required to be distinguished from the assemblies at which the general public might appear, there originated the expression "*heimliches Gericht*," which the Latin deeds render by "*judicium secretum*." But, in both languages, the words were used in their first and simplest meaning merely, as opposed to "*offenes*" and "*publicum*," and with no trace of the pejorative sense that now usually attaches to them. The *heimliches Gericht*, therefore, was originally nothing more than its etymology indicates, a *homely* court, a court at which the brethren of the Fehme met as at a family council. The private meetings of the Westphalian tribunals had no nearer affinity to what our modern language understands under the name of "secret society" than have the deliberations of Her Majesty's *Privy Council*. This is a point on which too much stress

¹ In spelling the word differently from most English writers we have followed Wigand, Usener, Grimm, Goethe, Ersch u. Gruber, and, indeed, so far as we know, all modern German writers.

cannot be laid. It is impossible for us to come to a just understanding of the Fehmic institutions unless, at the outset, we dismiss from our minds the notion that there was in them anything akin to the terrorism exercised in modern society by the Carbonaro, the Nihilist, or the Moonlighter.

The word "Fehme" which, either alone or conjointly with "gericht," was one of the usual names of the Westphalian tribunals, has hitherto defied the efforts of philology to determine its meaning, or to connect it with any known root. The wildest conjectures have been hazarded. That which explains "Fehme," or, as it was also written, "Vehme," to be a contraction of either the Latin, "Væ mihi," or the German equivalent, "Wehe mir"—woe me!—may serve to show to what ridiculous lengths etymologists have gone. It may be assumed that the word belonged exclusively to the Westphalian dialect, for no trace of it has been found in the idiom of any other province of Germany. In several documents still extant, "Veme" is used to designate, not merely the tribunal itself, but also the place where the sentence of death pronounced by it is to be carried out. On May 28, 1449, the Freigraf Hackenberg condemned a certain Heinrich Tuber to the extreme penalty of the law. The sentence of the judge of the Fehmgericht is still preserved in the archives at Frankfurt. It requires of the Freischoeffen—one of the names given to the initiated—that "wherever they may meet the fore-written Heinrich Tuber, they shall hang him on the King's *Veme*, that is to say, on the nearest tree that may be suitable for the purpose." This use of the word has led to the belief that the Fehmgericht took its name from the exercise of the highest penal jurisdiction, from being the tribunal which sent the criminal to the "King's *Veme*." The argument, it is true, is imperfect, for it adduces nothing which can exclude the counter-assumption that the fatal tree was called after the tribunal, instead of giving it a name. In spite of this, however, we are inclined to accept it as valid, even though it be not strictly logical. It seems to us to be borne out by the only passage in which the word "Veme" occurs otherwise than with immediate reference to the Westphalian institution. In the fragment of a poem containing the history of Susannah, and written, according to the opinion of Grimm, who discovered it on the parchment cover of an old volume, before the beginning of the fourteenth century, the chaste Jewess's answer to the old men's criminal proposal is given as follows:—

Mir is bezzer herde vele,
Dat ich mich der schande scheme
Und lide âne schult de veme.

In literal translation the words mean : "It is very much better that I should be ashamed of the crime, and suffer, without guilt, the veme." It is customary to dismiss the whole expression "de veme liden," as merely equivalent to "gericht über sich ergehen lassen," to allow judgment to be passed, that is, to be sentenced and to suffer punishment, but as giving no clue to the special meaning of the word "veme." We would point out, however, that this construction overlooks the important fact that, if "veme" be synonymous with "gericht," the expression Fehmgericht resolves itself into meaningless tautology. Further, it must also be borne in mind that it was no indefinite penalty with which the Elders threatened Susannah ; that it was no uncertain sentence that she dared. It was distinctly the punishment of death. Consequently, in the total absence of contradictory evidence, it seems to us perfectly justifiable to render the words "de veme liden," by "to suffer the death penalty," and to look upon the passage as confirming the assumption that the Fehmgericht derived its name from the severity of its unwritten code, according to which every criminal whose misdeeds came under its cognizance was declared guilty of death.

In the Middle Ages it was generally accepted as an historical fact that the Fehmgerichte had been founded by Charlemagne. A Fehmic document preserved in the ducal library of Gotha is headed by a poem in which the following rhymes record the institution of these tribunals :—

Keyser Carle der hoi gelovende Man
 Alle Crystendom was ime underthan,
 Rome dat wan he mit Macht,
 Leo der Pawest he dar wider in bracht.
 Der hait dyt heymliche Recht
 In Westphalen dorch noit gelecht,
 Dem Cristen gelauwen tzo stüre :
 Ach wie wirt dyt so düre.

More circumstantially the legend was as follows : Charlemagne being unable to prevent the constant relapse into paganism of the Saxons on whom he had imposed Christianity by the right of conquest and by force of arms, sent an embassy to Pope Leo, to ask his advice as to the best means of dealing with the stiff-necked and rebellious race. The Pope, after having heard from the ambassadors the object of their mission, instead of giving them the desired advice, led them into his garden and began silently to pluck up the weeds and thistles which he found among the flower-beds, and to hang them on a gallows which he made out of twigs. He gave no explanation of his conduct, and dismissed the deputation without entrusting it with any

further instructions for the Emperor. On being informed of the Pope's strange conduct, Charlemagne probably called to mind a somewhat similar episode in Roman History. After having given the matter his anxious consideration, he followed Leo's symbolical advice by forming the Fehmgerichte. Believers in the legend found no difficulty in reconciling it with the well-known fact that the tribunals were not established throughout the whole of Saxony, but only in Westphalia. An old chronicler justifies the unenviable distinction by explaining that "in that province the people are naturally evil and inclined to unrighteous things, such as heresy, theft, and robbery."

Such is the legendary account. In reality, however, the Fehmgericht of Westphalia may be looked upon as one of those institutions, to be found amongst most nations, to which it is impossible to assign any fixed date, which, originating in the laws or customs of the parent race, have developed with the growth of the people and modified themselves according to the various phases of civilisation through which it has had to pass. It is seldom, however, that tradition is utterly false and baseless. The error of that which attributed to Charlemagne the foundation of the Fehmgericht consisted in mistaking the adaptation of an ancient for the introduction of a new institution. The foundation of truth on which it rested was the undoubted fact that, under Charlemagne's influence, new life and a new bent were given to the existing system of legislation. The germ of the mediæval Fehmgerichte is to be found in the assemblies of the Germans, of which Tacitus makes mention. At stated seasons, and on a fixed day—usually Tuesday, which, for this reason was called *Dingstag*, or court-day, and which coming after the two great weekly festivals, Sun-day and Moon-day, was in reality the first day of the week—all the members of each tribe met under the free vault of heaven, not only to discuss questions of external policy and internal administration, but also to hear complaints, to settle disputes, and to punish transgressions against both public and private rights. The meeting was under the presidency of the chief. The worthiest of the nation were gathered about him, to help him with their advice, and to support him with their influence, whilst the assembled warriors signified their approval by applause, or their dissent by murmurs. It was essentially a popular assembly at which every free man had a right to demand a hearing, and its enactments derived their power from being the direct expression of the will of the people. Though possibly changed in unimportant details, the old Saxon administration was still essentially the same at the time of the great Frankish

invasion. When, after a stubborn struggle which lasted thirty years—from 772 to 803—the great Emperor at last succeeded in subduing the fierce and warlike Saxons, he was content with their bare recognition of his sovereignty, in addition to their conversion to Christianity. His religious enthusiasm demanded the overthrow of paganism at any risk and at any price, but he was far too prudent a statesman to complicate the difficulties of the situation by attempting a sudden revolution in the civil institutions of the conquered race. The popular assemblies were, therefore, retained, though with such modifications as were rendered necessary by the new order of things. The province was parcelled out into a number of districts which bore considerable resemblance to the ancient tribes, and which, like the ancient tribes, were autonomic. The chief was represented by a count or Freigraf, appointed by the emperor. Like the chief, in the old Teutonic system, the Freigraf was assisted by councillors chosen from amongst the most influential and respected householders. The selection of these was, doubtless, made with every appearance of impartiality and of respect for ancient privileges. At the same time, care was taken to exclude men whose sympathies were still with the old religion, in whom the spirit of freedom had not been thoroughly broken, and to confer the dignity on those whose conversion, civil and political as well as religious, was above suspicion. Amongst the crimes which they were bound, in virtue of their office, to bring under the cognizance of the assemblies, apostasy, sacrilege, and other transgressions against religion, were now included. This innovation, which was, doubtless, made to appear as insignificant as possible, was in reality of the greatest importance. It marked a new phase in the development of the assemblies out of which the Fehmgericht was to spring and, as we have already mentioned, justifies to a certain extent the tradition which looked upon Charlemagne as the founder of the Fehmic tribunals.

According to the Carolingian constitution in Saxony, the popular assemblies of the several districts, under the jurisdiction of a Freigraf, were competent to administer justice; they became high courts and recognised no authority above their own, excepting that of the Emperor. In the course of time, however, that which had been an imperial province was broken up into a number of principalities, duchies, and counties, and each independent prince, duke, or count, considering himself the fount of justice, insisted on his right to establish tribunals and to appoint judges. As a natural consequence of this, the jurisdiction of the Freigraf became more and more limited, and the imperial courts seemed destined to

die out. But the same feeling of independence, acting in opposite directions, prevented their extinction. The Freigrafen were anxious to retain the supreme authority which they had hitherto possessed, and which the new tribunals of the powerful vassals were gradually circumscribing. On the other hand, it appeared humiliating and vexatious to the inhabitants of those districts which had been accustomed to consider themselves as immediately dependent on the Emperor, and as subject only to the imperial Freigraf, to submit to the petty jurisdiction of the new Gaugraf, and to be dispossessed of the personal share in the administration of justice which was their privilege under the old Carolingian system. Under these circumstances, it was not difficult for both parties, working hand in hand, and aided by the confusion and anarchy of the times, to find a means of evading the new legislation. The Freigrafen claimed for themselves, in virtue of their imperial mandate, an authority wholly independent of that vested in the representatives of the territorial sovereign, himself a vassal of the empire. The claim was willingly recognised by their former subjects, who, on their side, assumed the right of choosing between the jurisdiction of the Freigraf and that of the Gaugraf, under the pretence of remaining true to their allegiance to the Emperor. It is at this point that the imperial courts, which had themselves sprung out of the old popular assemblies, became an association, and that the "free tribunals" assume a definite and separate existence. The process was naturally a gradual one. It is impossible to follow each phase of the evolution, and to fix upon any precise date as marking the transition. But this, at least, we know, that it was not till the thirteenth century that the Fehmgerichte became the organs of an association. It is due to the members of the Fehme to recognise the fact that their object was not to defeat justice, and that, had lawlessness and immunity from punishment been their aim, they would have found these only too often and too easily, in the laxity and corruption of the inferior territorial courts. If, furthermore, it be remembered that the Fehmic confederacy did not, at its origin, attempt to extend its jurisdiction beyond its own body, and that it received imperial sanction, its position will become more intelligible. That a body of men should not be amenable to the ordinary laws of the land can scarcely be deemed a glaring anomaly in the Middle Ages, when ecclesiastics were independent of the civil power, and in a country where, even at the present day, there is one law for the civilian and another for the soldier.

It is a singular and striking feature in the history of the Fehm-

gerichte that, throughout the whole of their existence, they remained wholly and exclusively Westphalian, and never overstepped the boundary of the province in which they arose. At various periods, and in several quarters, the attempt was made to establish tribunals after the model of those of the Fehme. It always met with energetic and uncompromising opposition at the hands of the brotherhood, and invariably proved abortive. There is still extant a document containing the answers of the Freigrafen—the presidents of the Fehmlic courts, as they had been of the assemblies, in Carolingian times—to certain inquiries addressed to them by the Emperor Wenzel, as to the nature and scope of their association. Amongst other questions, he asked in what manner those whom the King of Bohemia had created Freischoeffen were to be treated. The answer was that, if the impostors were in Westphalia, they should be hanged forthwith. By what appears to be a strange inconsistency, however, though the courts of the Fehme could be held only in Westphalia, its members might be, and indeed were, recruited from the whole empire. A candidate for admission into the Fehmlic brotherhood, as Freischoeffe, was required to be a German, a freeman, and born in lawful wedlock. It was to be established not only by his own oath, but also by that of at least two and sometimes as many as eight Freischoeffen, that he was in possession of his full civil rights, that he had never been convicted of a criminal offence, and that he lived in good repute. On this point the Fehme was justly stringent. It showed no mercy to the candidates, or to the neophytes, against whom it could be proved that their object, in joining the association, was to escape from the consequences of former evil deeds. These Nothschoeffen—need-schoeffen—as they were termed, were taught at the nearest tree, that the aim of the brotherhood was to repress crime, not to secure impunity for criminals. Women, Jews, and ecclesiastics were not admissible. The rights and privileges of the Fehme could be acquired in one way only,—by a solemn initiation from which no rank or dignity was exempted. Though the Fehmgerichte boasted their imperial origin, and claimed to administer justice under the immediate mandate of the Emperor, nevertheless, the emperors themselves were obliged to become *wissende*—initiated—if they wished to retain any authority over their own tribunals. The honour of receiving them into the Holy Fehme belonged to the Erbgraf of Dortmund. The Freigrafen recognised no appeal from their decisions to such as had not complied with this condition. In order to forestall any objection that might be raised on this ground, appeals from the Fehmgerichte were

addressed, according to the usual formula, "to the Emperor or to His Majesty's initiated councillors."

The ceremony of initiation could be legally and validly performed on the "red earth of Westphalia" only. A considerable amount of ingenuity has been displayed in the various attempts to explain the singular epithet. Mr. Palgrave suggests that it originated in the ground-tincture of the ancient banner of the district. Usener inclines to the belief that the province derived the appellation from the power of life and death exercised by its tribunals, and indicated by the colour of its banner. In support of his assumption he quotes a saying common in Germany about the 15th century. Purporting to give the characteristics of the various provinces, it brands Westphalia the land of executioners: "A Bavarian, a thief; a Bohemian, a heretic; a Suabian, a chatterbox; a Westphalian, an executioner"—"ein Baier ein Dieb; ein Böhme ein Ketzer; ein Schwabe ein Schwätzer; ein Westphälinger ein Henker." That the enemies of the Fehme found an indication of its cruelty in the designation of the province subjected to the operation of its tribunals is highly probable. But we do not think it likely that the Westphalians themselves, with whom it evidently originated, and by whom it was accepted, should have wished to imply that the very soil was dyed by the blood which their boasted courts had spilt. Proof that, on the contrary, the charge of cruelty was highly displeasing to the Fehme is supplied by a document still extant, containing an indictment against a citizen of Frankfurt for making use of the derogatory saying mentioned above. According to a simpler theory, the explanation of the term is to be found in the actual colour of the soil, and the "red earth of Westphalia" has its analogy in the supposed etymology of Albion and of Argos, and in the poetical designation of Ireland as "green Erin." Those who, like ourselves, have stood, in the autumn, at the Porta Westphalica, on the Wittekin Berg, and looked out upon the ploughed fields through which the Weser winds its course, will readily admit the aptness, even though they may be unable to prove the truth, of this last hypothesis.

According to statutes and instructions preserved in various archives, the reception of candidates for admission into the Fehmic brotherhood was to take place at the ordinary diets of the courts. After having satisfied the assembled Freischoeffen as to his fitness, the postulant, bare-headed and ungirt, was required to kneel before the Freigraf, and holding between the fore and middle fingers and the thumb of his right hand the hilt of a sword, to which a halter was attached, to repeat after him a solemn oath, in which his duties as

Freischoeffe were set forth : " I swear by the Holy Law that from this day forth I will keep and hide the Fehme from sun and from moon, from water and from fire, from all creatures and from all living men, from father and mother, from sister and brother, from wife and child, from friend and kin, and from all that God ever created, excepting the man who has sworn the oath and is a Freischoeffe ; furthermore, that from this day forth, I will bring before this tribunal, or some other free tribunal, to be judged according to justice or according to mercy, whatever is cognizable by the Fehme, whether I know it of my own knowledge or learn it from a truthful man, whether it be in bye-way or highway, by night or by day, in wood or in field ; whether it be in tavern, in wine or beer-houses, or in the church, wherever it be in the whole world ; and this I shall not forbear to do for love nor for hate, for friend nor for kin, for silver nor for gold, nor for the sake of anything that God has created or made in the world ; furthermore, that from this day forth, I will neither say nor do, in word or deed, anything against the King or the Holy Empire's secret ban. All these words that have here been spoken before me, and which I have repeated, I swear to keep truthfully and stedfastly, as a true Freischoeffe should keep them ; so help me God and the saints." This oath having been administered, the Freigraf turned to the Freifrone, whose office seems to have been somewhat similar to that of the modern clerk of the court, and inquired of him what penalty was decreed against those who broke the oath. The Freifrone was to bear witness and to say : " If this man shall break his oath, or reveal any part or portion of the secrets of the Holy Ban, he shall be seized, his hands bound together, and a bandage put over his eyes ; he shall be thrown on his back, his tongue shall be torn from his throat, a three-stranded rope fastened about his neck, and he shall be hanged seven feet higher than a common thief." So binding and absolute was the oath of secrecy that it had full effect even in the confessional, and no member of the Fehme would have dared to impart the secrets of the brotherhood even to his father confessor.

The secrets entrusted to the neophyte after these solemn preliminaries, were the various signs and words by which the initiated could make themselves known and could recognise a fellow-member. These signs and words are known to us. They occur in the protocol of a diet of the chapter held in 1449. We may read them now ; for the once dreaded warning, " Let none open this, who is not a Freischoeffe," has no terrors for us. At table a Freischoeffe might be known by the position of his knife, the blade of which was towards himself, the handle towards the dish. When two Freischoeffen

met, the secret form of salutation was as follows. Each placing his right hand on his left shoulder, uttered the words :—

I give you greeting, comrade dear,
What is it you are doing here?¹

Then placing the same hand on the other's left shoulder, he was to add :—

May good luck appear
When the Scheppen are near.²

The pass-words were Strick, Stein, Gras, Grein. An additional test, a "need-word," is given as "Reinir dor Feweri," a cabalistic formula in which, we presume, each letter was significant ; the words themselves are not even German. Such were the signs and words. In the olden days, however, our knowledge of them would have been of no avail to us. The chief and essential part of the secret lay in the meaning and explanation to be given of them, and that has never yet been discovered in charter or in statute, in chronicle or private letter.

The Freischoeffen were at liberty to acknowledge their connection with the Fehme. We even have an example of one of the initiated giving warning against himself to a friend who had been cited to appear before the tribunal. "If you are banned by the Fehme," Duke William of Braunschweig is reported to have said to the Duke of Schleswig, "because I am a Freischoeffe, it will be my duty to hang you on the first tree we meet ; otherwise, the other Freischoeffen will hang me."

It is a common error to suppose that the place of meeting of the Fehmic tribunals was kept a profound secret, and that their proceedings were shrouded in mystery. The truth is, on the contrary, that, in each district, the seat of judgment was well known to initiated and uninitiated alike, as was also the Freigraf or judge of the "Free-stuhl." Both are frequently mentioned in the old chronicles, and lists of them, for given years, are still in existence. Like the ancient German assemblies and the British Gorseddau, the Fehmic courts were held "in the open air, in the eye of the light, and in the face of the sun." The legal hours were between seven and one. This is to be understood, however, merely of the opening of the court ; the sitting might be prolonged till sunset. To give legality to the proceedings, the presence of seven Freischoeffen, besides the Freigraf, was

¹ Eck grüt ju, lewe man,
Wat fange ju hi an ?

² Allet Glücke kehre in,
Wo de Fryenscheppen syn.

necessary. The law requiring this was passed in the early times, before the members of the Fehme had spread throughout Germany. In later years the meetings were attended by hundreds of Freischoeffen. The proceedings by which the court was opened were not identical, though similar, in all districts. They consisted of a dialogue between the Freigraf and the Freifrone, who represented the assembly and acted as spokesman. One of the quaintest and most ancient forms is that which was in use in the free court of Corvey, held at Horhus, near Stadtberge. Letzner has described the formalities of what he calls, in the words of the original document, "The Free Field Court of Corvey." Misled by the name, Berck has made of this a special tribunal, distinct from the Fehmgericht. That this is totally incorrect may be proved by reference to a document dated 1358, and given in extenso by Wigand, in which mention is made of the Freigrafenschaft of Horhuss, as a place where the free court was held: "dy vryen Grascap tzo Horhuss, dar men pleget tzo richtende heymeliche vryeding." Mr. Palgrave, who has translated the Old Low German doggerel in his "Proofs and Illustrations" to the "Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth," has fallen into the same mistake. He calls it a "very excusable poetical license" in the author of Anne of Geierstein, to have transferred something of these judicial rhymes from the Free Field Court of the Abbey of Corvey to the Free Fehmic Tribunals of Westphalia. The mistake was not on the side of Sir Walter Scott, but on the side of his corrector. According to this old formulary, the court being assembled in an open field in the centre of which was a space sixteen feet square, the proceedings were opened by the Freifrone with the following rhymes:—

Sir Graf, with permission,
 I beg you to say
 According to law, and without delay,
 If I, your Knave,
 Who judgment crave,
 With your good grace
 Upon the King's seat this seat may place.¹

¹ The translation is Mr. Palgrave's; the original is as follows:—

Herr Greve met orloeve,
 Und mit behage
 Eck jock frage
 Segget my vor Recht
 Eff eck yuwe Knecht
 Dussen stoel setten moge
 By de Konistoel met orloeve.

To this the judge made answer :—

While the sun shines with even light
Upon Masters and Knaves, I shall declare
The law of might, according to right.
Place the King's seat true and square,
Let even measure, for justice' sake,
Be given in sight of God and man,
That the plaintiff his complaint may make,
And the defendant answer,—if he can.¹

The Freifrone accordingly placed the judge's seat in the square and continued :—

Sir Graf, Master brave,
I remind you of your honour, here,
And, moreover, that I am your Knave ;
Tell me, therefore, for law sincere,
If these mete-wands are even and sure,
Fit for the rich and fit for the poor,
Both to measure land and condition ;
Tell me, as you would eschew perdition.²

It appears from the formulary that the "mete-wand" was actually tested by Freigraf and Schoeffen, and that they did this by placing it on the ground and stepping along it. This symbolical ceremony having been gone through, the Freifrone again spoke :—

Sir Graf, I ask by permission,
If I with your mete-wand may mete
Openly and without displeasure,
Here the King's free judgment seat.³

¹ All dewile der Sunne met Rechte,
Beschnyet Herrn und Knechte,
Unde all use Werke,
So spreck eck dat Recht so sterke,
Den stoel tho setten even,
Unde rechte mathe tho geven,
Den Klegger recht tho horen,
Dem beklageden tho antworen.

² Herr Greve, leve Here
Eck vermane yock yuwer ehre,
Eck sy juwe Knecht,
Darumb segget my vor Recht,
Eß düsse mathe sy gelicke,
Dem armen also dem ricke,
Tho meten landt und standt
By yuwer seelen pandt.

³ Herr Greve, eck frage met orloeve,
Eß eck moge meten met yuwen medewetten openbar and upverholn
Düssen fryen Kony stoel,

To this the Freigraf made answer :—

I permit right, and I forbid wrong,
Under the pains that to the old known laws belong.¹

The Freifrone having duly measured out the central square, the court was declared to be constituted, in these concluding rhymes, spoken by the presiding judge :—

On this day, with common consent,
And under the clear firmament,
A free field court is established here,
In the open eye of day :
Enter soberly, ye who may.

The seat is in the measured square,
The mete-wand, too, is right and fair ;
Declare your judgment without delay :
And let the doom be truly given,
Whilst yet the Sun shines bright in heaven.²

The Freigraf now took his place on the judgment seat. Before him lay a sword, of which the hilt “represented the cross on which Christ suffered,” while the blade indicated “the supreme jurisdiction of the tribunal,” and a halter, “which typified the punishment reserved for the wicked, whereby God’s anger may be appeased.” The assembled Freischoeffen were required to stand bare-headed, unmasked, and ungloved. They were forbidden to appear armed, in token that the duty which they were performing was one of justice and peace. None that were not sober were allowed to be present, “for drunkenness causes much evil ;” and some statutes enjoined that, in recognition of their high office, the brethren of the Fehme should attend fasting, with the same solemnity as they approached the sacrament. As soon as the judge had announced that the court was open, a solemn silence prevailed, and the “peace of the court” was proclaimed three separate times. Not only unseemly quarrels

¹ Eck erloeve Recht unde vorbede Unrecht,
By peen der olden erkandten Recht.

² All dewile an dussem dage,
Mit yuwer allem behage,
Under den hellen Himel Klar,
Ein fry feldtgericht openbar
Geheget bym lichten sunnenschin
Met nochterm Mund komen herin,
De Stoel ock isz gesettet Recht
Dat math befunden upgerecht
So sprecket Recht ane with und Wonne
Up klage unde antwort, wicl schient de sunne.

or disputes, but even unnecessary conversations, were considered a breach of this peace.

The crimes cognisable by the Fehmic tribunals were "all offences against the Christian faith, the holy Gospel, and the ten commandments of God, especially heresy, sorcery, treason, sacrilege, and theft; in short, whatever is against God, honour, and justice." Originally the jurisdiction of the Fehmgerichte comprehended criminal offences only. In later times, however, civil suits were, by an indirect process, brought within it also. When it could be shown that the defendant in a civil action had refused compliance with the decrees of an inferior tribunal—not an unusual occurrence in the Middle Ages—or even when there was a strong presumption that he would set them at nought, the complainant was at liberty to bring his case before the Fehmgericht. There the defendant's contempt of court was looked upon as an offence against law and order, and punished as a capital crime.

There can be no doubt that in early times those only who dwelt within a Friegraffschaft were subject to the jurisdiction of the Freigraf. In later years, those also who, of their own free will, had joined the Fehmic brotherhood had the right to appear as accusers before its tribunals, and were under the obligation of giving an account of their conduct to their fellow Freischoeffen, when called upon to do so. By this means, the authority of the Fehme gradually spread throughout the whole of Germany, and, strong in the immense number of its members, as well as in the high position and influence of many of them, it assumed the right of summoning even the uninitiated to appear before its courts. It was then that the difference between the heimliches and the öffentliches Gericht, between the secret and the public tribunals, arose. The so-called secret tribunals were for the Freischoeffen alone, and it was at these that, under pain of immediate execution, none but the initiated might appear. As the procedure of the Fehmic courts admitted of no proof, and as the charge was either substantiated or rebutted by oath merely, it followed as a necessary consequence that one Freischoeffe alone could not bring an accusation against another. The oath of the accused carrying the same weight with it as that of the accuser, it would have been impossible, in such a case, for the tribunal either to acquit or to condemn. It was only on a charge supported by the oath of two Freischoeffen that a Freischoeffe could be cited to appear before the Fehmgericht. The summons was drawn up by the Freigraf and entrusted either to the Freifrone or to two Freischoeffen, who promised on their oath to serve it on the accused, and were afterwards

called upon to declare, likewise on oath, that they had done so. If the accused lived outside the territory of the Freigraf, access to him was at times difficult, because of the opposition of the territorial sovereigns, and especially of the free towns, to the interference of the Fehme. In that case it was sufficient to affix the summons to the gate of the town in which he resided. The day for the hearing of the case was fixed at six weeks' date from the issuing of the writ. If at the end of that time the accused did not present himself for trial, and it was ordinarily expected that he would not, a second summons was served on him by four Freischoeffen ; if still necessary, and, in most cases, it naturally was so, at the expiration of other six weeks a third summons, entrusted, on this occasion, to eight Freischoeffen, was issued. If it happened that a Freigraf was to be cited to appear before his fellows, intimation of it was to be given in the first instance by a deputation of seven Schoeffen, then by four Freigrafen and fourteen Schoeffen, and lastly by six Freigrafen and twenty-one Freischoeffen. When the individual who had been denounced to the Freigrafen was not one of the initiated, the writ of the Fehmic court was entrusted to a Freifrone, and a delay of six weeks allowed. It was hazardous enough for the innocent to obey the mandate of the Freigraf ; for the guilty the only chance, and that was but a slight one, was to ignore the citation. It sometimes happened, however, that the culprit appeared and acknowledged his guilt. In 1531 an individual pleaded guilty, before the court of Merfeld, to the charge of having stolen fourteen florins. Thereupon the assembled Schoeffen were asked what penalty he had incurred, and they bore witness and answered : " Let him be taken and hanged on the gallows between heaven and earth." If the accused was one of the initiated, and if he felt sufficiently strong in his innocence to face his accuser and his judges, he might clear himself, not by the testimony of witnesses, for such a mode of procedure was not recognised, but by the oath of seven compurgators. Against these the accuser might produce fourteen. If, however, seven other Freischoeffen—twenty-one in all—could be found to swear to their belief in the truth of the defendant's plea of not guilty, he was acquitted, or, at least, the case was not allowed to proceed beyond this.

It was less against its own Freischoeffen than against the uninitiated that the Fehme was called upon to exercise its immense and terrible powers. It must not be supposed, however, that this was from any partiality to those who had taken the oath. It arose from the very nature of the institution. In its best days, the Fehmic Association was composed of God-fearing, law-abiding men whose first object

was to protect themselves by the strength of union from the violence of the robber-knights and pillaging soldiery, from the lawless bands which, availing themselves of the confusion and disorder consequent on the continual quarrels between the powerful vassals of the empire, spread themselves through the country, to the terror of both burgher and peasant. When the arm of the Executive was so weak that a Graf von Tekeneburg dared to appear before the judge with an armed retinue, and awe his accusers into silence, and Siegmund von Senssheim to imprison and even torture the officials who presumed to serve him with a writ, the brethren of the Fehme were fully justified in holding together for mutual safety, and in taking into their own hands the law which its proper representatives confessed themselves powerless to administer. The motto of the Freischoeffen was, "God, King, and Justice." Even their opponents bear honourable testimony to their disinterestedness. "They receive no bribe, they lay no hand on the possessions of the culprit whom they have executed, their accusations are supported by their oath, and they administer justice on their soul's salvation or perdition, without hope of temporal gain." Æneas Sylvius, Æmilius, Aventinus, and other writers of the Middle Ages style them: "Graves et recti amantes, dilectissimos, integerrimosque viros, nobiles, legales, et virtuosos, gravissimos, dilectos ac vitæ et morum probitate insignes, ex omni Germania." It is but natural, therefore, that there should be but comparatively few instances of the punishment of Freischoeffen by their brethren, and that the victims of the draconic justice of the Fehme should have been chiefly from amongst those who, not always from the best of motives, preferred their unrestrained liberty to the rigorous discipline of the brotherhood.

The formalities attending the judgment of the uninitiated were far simpler than those with which it was thought necessary to give solemnity to the impeachment of a member. Any "unwissende" might be indicted on the oath of a Freischoeffe, and that oath was practically equivalent to a death-warrant. It could be rebutted only by the oath—not of the accused himself, for that was valueless—of initiated compurgators. At one period in the history of the Fehmgerichte, even the uninitiated, as extant documents prove, were formally served with the Freigrafen's writ. It was a delicate and dangerous mission for the messenger of the court to beard a fierce and unscrupulous baron in his mountain-fastness, or to seek out the robber in his hiding-place. More than this, it was useless as well. The criminal against whom the summons had been issued was little likely, knowing the procedure of the Fehm courts, willingly and

deliberately to put his neck into the halter. The empty formality was, therefore, done away with. It was deemed sufficient to call out the name of the accused towards the four quarters of the heavens, and to publish the sentence of the court in the same manner. In course of time, however, circumstances arose which made it necessary for the Fehmic courts, not merely to avoid publicity, but actually to bring the accusation and conviction of a criminal within the secrecy to which, at his initiation, every member bound himself. This step, which brought the Fehme dangerously near to the procedure of what we now understand by secret societies and secret tribunals, was, in reality, perfectly logical, and, indeed, from the position assumed by the Freischoeffen, quite inevitable. In no other way could effect be given to the sentence of the Fehmic courts. It not seldom happened that the criminals whose deeds of violence were brought under their cognizance were powerful barons, with a large following of men-at-arms and retainers as unscrupulous as themselves. By the aid of these they might have been enabled to elude the sentence; they might even have gone further; there was nothing to prevent their attacking the Freischoeffen either as these proceeded to the judgment-place, or when, unarmed, as their statutes required, they were assembled about the Freigraf. It was to prevent the possibility of outrages, by which not only the ends of justice would have been defeated, but also the prestige of the court seriously endangered, that in the case of the uninitiated, all the proceedings, from accusation to sentence, were kept profoundly secret.

It was not always necessary, in order to justify the interference of the Fehmic courts, that the actual commission of any special crime should be brought home to the accused or even be specifically laid to his charge. Indeed, there were crimes of which there could, at most, exist only a suspicion and presumption, such as, for example, witchcraft. In such cases, evil repute, "Leumund," was as fatal as the clearest proof of guilt. It was as much the duty of the Freischoeffen to denounce manifest evil fame as open crime; sentence and execution followed as surely in the one case as in the other. It was one of the privileges of the initiated that no charge of "Leumund" could be brought against them. This, as Mr. Palgrave justly remarked, may have been one of the reasons which induced so many of those who did not tread the "red earth" to seek to be included in the Fehmic bond, not because they desired immunity from punishment, but because they were anxious to secure themselves against calumny.

When the judge had passed sentence against the absent criminal, had given his body "to the birds and animals in the air, and to the

fishes in the waves," and commended "his soul to God," intimation of it was given in writing and under secrecy to all the Freischoeffen of the district, and they were called upon to execute it without mercy. The culprit was to be hanged on the nearest tree. In order to show that he had been executed and not murdered, nothing that he had with him when seized was to be removed, and a knife was to be left sticking in the fatal tree. It was enjoined that, at an execution of this kind, at least three Freischoeffen should be present. The motive of this injunction was not so much to prevent either a mistake of identity or the gratification of private revenge as to put it beyond the doomed victim's power to offer successful resistance. For the same reason it was not deemed expedient that less than three Freischoeffen should attempt to inflict the summary punishment which the Fehme held justifiable in the case of a malefactor apprehended in the very act, or who actually acknowledged his crime.

The question of the competence of the Fehmgerichte was the cause of continual dissension between the Freigrafen and the territorial authorities. The former acknowledged no limitation or restriction. They claimed jurisdiction over even the Emperor. In the year 1470 the freecourt of Wünnenberg, in the diocese of Paderborn, cited the Emperor Frederick III., and his chancellor, Bishop Ulrich of Passau, to appear before it. It was not an uncommon occurrence for a whole township or district to be called upon to answer to the Freischoeffen, before their own tribunal, for some breach of privilege. The presumption of such ill-advised proceedings could not but be detrimental to the whole institution. As early as the beginning of the 12th century the town and district of Bremen claimed and obtained from the Emperor freedom and exemption from the action of the Fehmic courts. Frankfurt repeatedly protested against interference with its citizens and forbade these to enrol themselves in the association without the consent of its council. It carried its opposition to the length of throwing into prison and then banishing from its territory those that presumed to appeal to the Fehmgerichte, and even of forbidding entrance into the city to strangers who had brought a charge before them against a citizen of Frankfurt.

The period at which the Fehmgerichte ceased to possess authority as criminal courts is as uncertain as the date of their origin. Between the twelfth and the fifteenth centuries they reached the highest point of their development. About the year 1450, complaints of their arrogance are frequent and bitter, their reformation or abolishment openly demanded. Less than a hundred years later it is difficult

to find mention of them as contemporary institutions. The dread courts had sunk beneath notice. For the antiquary, however, it is possible to trace them through the dust of Westphalian archives, from generation to generation, even to our own times. Less than fifty years ago there were, and there may possibly still be, peasants at Gehmen, in Westphalia, claiming to be true Freischoeffen. They had taken the solemn oath of secrecy; and though they acknowledged the correctness of the signs and of the words, which the old formularies have preserved, they could not be prevailed upon to reveal their secret meaning. The official act by which all that remained of the Fehmgerichte was abolished was passed in 1811, when Westphalia was in the hands of the French. By a singular coincidence the courts of which the institution was ascribed to Charlemagne were abolished by Napoleon.

LOUIS BARBÉ.

SCIENCE NOTES.

ORIGIN OF NITROGEN COMPOUNDS.

ALTHOUGH all plants are bathed in an atmosphere of which four-fifths are nitrogen, and the plants require nitrogen as a necessary part of their food, they assimilate none of it. They can only obtain it from the soil, and before they can do this the nitrogen must have previously combined with something else, such as oxygen or hydrogen.

But the mere contact of nitrogen with oxygen or hydrogen effects no combination, nitrogen being the most inert of all the elements—the lazy element. In order to effect its combination it requires electrical stimulation, or the application of other indirect incentives.

In spite of this there is in all soils more or less of combined nitrogen, nitrous acid, or nitrates, or ammonia compounds. How do they get there, seeing that the disintegration of the rocks which formed the soil will not explain their presence? The soil must have somehow obtained them from the air.

This has long been a scientific conundrum that has provoked many guesses. The most probable solution is that which was offered long ago by Schönbein, after being curiously overlooked, and has been lately revived by Warington, viz., that the mere evaporation of water in the air is accompanied by the formation of a small quantity of nitrous acid.

Schönbein's experiment was very simple and striking. He took a piece of white blotting-paper, cut it into two parts, moistened one with water free from nitrous acid, allowed this water to evaporate, then tested both pieces of paper for nitrous acid, and found it in the paper that had been moistened, but not in the other piece.

Considering the very ready solubility of all nitrates and nitrites, they must be largely washed out of the soil into the sea whenever rain-water drains away, and therefore must be continually renewed somehow.

As plants derive their nitrogen compounds from the soil, and animals theirs from plants, and all our artificial compounds, such as

“villanous saltpetre,” &c., are derived from the soil—there must be some great natural laboratory process at work to keep up the supply. This evaporation of water from the surface of the soil is so universal and ever-working an agent, that it appears to supply the best answer to this great chemical riddle.

BISULPHIDE OF CARBON AND INSANITY.

THE newspapers state, on the authority of Californian physicians, that the vapour of the bisulphide of carbon used in Los Angeles county to prevent the spread of phylloxera has, when inhaled, a serious effect on the human brain; that several strong and healthy men that have been exposed to its fumes have become insane.

I suspect that there must be some mistake here. If the vapour of this very volatile liquid could do such mischief to men using it chiefly in the open air, its effects on those who breathe it daily in confined workshops would be dreadful.

That it is thus breathed the following will show. When lecturing on heat to a class of artisans in the Birmingham and Midland Institute I showed the experiment of freezing water by the evaporation of a volatile liquid, and chose bisulphide of carbon for the purpose. One of my pupils, employed at Elkington's, told me that in one of the shops where they were using this compound (as a solvent if I remember rightly) its evaporation made the hands of the men and the air of the shop so cold that the workmen were in the habit of holding their hands out of window to warm them.

As it is so largely used in dissolving indiarubber, &c., in factories where men are daily exposed to its confined vapour, a legion of maniacs would have been let loose upon us ere this if the Californian physicians have rightly defined the cause of the insanity prevailing around them.

What do these strong Californians drink when the phylloxera deprives them of the wine to which they have been accustomed? Do they find a substitute in potato spirit, a villanous mixture of alcohol and fusel oil, commonly sold as brandy? If so, no vapour of bisulphide of carbon is needed to explain their insanity.

THE HEATING OF SOILS BY RAIN.

EVERYBODY knows that a soil which is continually moist is what is called a “cold soil,” but the reason of this is very little understood. When our skin is wetted we feel cold because the

water evaporates at the expense of our animal heat, but this is not the case with the soil below the surface.

When rain falls upon dry soil and moistens it to some depth, this moistening actually warms both the soil and the water.

Pouillet proved long ago that the act of moistening any dry substance was attended with a disengagement of heat. He found that powdered minerals when moistened with water rose from half a degree to two degrees Fahrenheit, while in the case of some vegetable and animal substances, such as cotton, thread, hair, wool, ivory, and well dried paper, the rise of temperature varied from two to ten or eleven degrees.

A. Stellwaag has recently made similar experiments on various kinds of soils, and finds that a humous chalky soil was raised as much as 8.33 degrees, ferric hydroxide 6.60 degrees, and clay 5.57 degrees by first drying and finely pulverising them and moistening with water. These are Centigrade degrees, which, reduced to those of Fahrenheit, become fifteen, twelve, and nine and a half degrees respectively.

A rise of fifteen degrees is no small amount. The experimenter found that complete drying and pulverisation increased the rise. Allowing for the complete drying and careful pulverisation in his laboratory experiment, we are justified in assuming that the light humous chalky soil which covers the chalk downs of England is, after dry weather, raised about ten degrees by a smart shower.

This rise of temperature is due to the adhesion of the water to the surface of the solid. Such adhesion effects a certain degree of condensation, and condensation in this, as in other cases, is attended with evolution of heat. The greater the surface exposed the greater the effect, and the pulverisation of course increases such surface.

The organic substances above named are more or less cellular, and thus are doubly moistened inside and outside of each cell as the absorption becomes complete.

Dry ammoniacal gas, when absorbed by humus, caused a rise of 28.3 degrees, equal to 55 degrees Fahrenheit. In this case there is a marvellous amount of condensation. A cubic inch of charcoal will absorb and condense within its pores ninety cubic inches of ammoniacal gas. If a quart or other measure were made with thick sides of charcoal, the filling it with ammonia would demand an effort comparable to that of The Dun Cow of Warwick when she was maddened by trying to fill a sieve with milk.

CHEMICAL BLOTTING-PAPER.

OXALIC acid dissolves certain solid salts and oxides of iron, producing a clear, colourless solution, and under its old name of "salts of sorrel" (it is the acid which gives the sour taste to sorrel), it is well known as a solvent for the gallo-tannate of iron, which is the colouring matter of common ink. This is prettily illustrated by adding a solution of oxalic acid to a diluted solution of such ink.

An ingenious application of this has been made by saturating blotting-paper with oxalic acid: anybody may do this by simply moistening an ordinary piece of common blotting-paper with a solution of the acid, and then drying it. This will not only absorb the excess of ink from a blot, but remove the blot altogether, provided always the ink be of the old-fashioned kind, unmixed with indigo or aniline colour.

But such blotting-paper may deal with signatures as with blots; and this is one reason for using the inks that are not entirely dependent upon the iron salt.

It is not, however, very dangerous as a means of fraud, seeing that a trace of the writing, or the blot, remains, and this may be brought out into full legibility again by adding ferrocyanide of potassium or gallic acid.

PERMANENT INKS.

INK-MAKING has now become quite a high chemical art, and there are so many kinds of ink in the market that a choice is rather puzzling.

It is very desirable that manufacturers should state the composition of their inks—i.e., of the colouring matter they contain. This might be done without betraying any trade secrets. We could then choose our ink according to its purpose.

For documents of a permanent character, and subject to the possibility of intentional obliteration, the ink should contain more than one kind of colouring matter; as, for example, the old tannogallate of iron plus indigo or aniline black, and perhaps a little copper salt. No single chemical agent could bleach all of these, and neither paper nor parchment can stand a series of chemical solvents.

The aniline inks, now largely used, are of very questionable durability. It is uncertain whether they can endure the action of

time alone. Supplemented with the old-fashioned iron salt, which has proved its durability, they are safe.

It should always be understood that the indelibility of any ink largely depends upon the nature of the surface to which it is applied. The more absorbent the paper, the more difficult is its removal, as it penetrates below the surface of such paper. If the paper is highly glazed, by covering it with any kind of varnishing material the possibility of removing the whole surface, varnish, ink, and all, is increased.

GNATS, SWALLOWS, AND SPARROWS.

DR. LEONARD STEJNEGER has published in *Naturen* a report of his six months' observations on the plants and animals of the coast of Kamschatka and some of the islands of the western group of the Aleutian Archipelago.

He tells us that mosquito-like gnats, with malignant propensities, swarm there in such numbers that the pursuits of the field naturalist become almost impracticable.

This accords with my own experience in Arctic Norway. One of my fellow-travellers, a sturdy Uhlan officer, who had ridden unscathed through France during the war, was unhorsed by mosquitoes on the cliffs of the North Cape. Describing his struggles with them he said "I did breeve mosquitoes, I did spit zem out of my mouf."

My explanation (published in 1877) is that the prevalence of such a horrible abundance of these bloodthirsty little brutes in these regions is due to the absence of their natural moderators, the swallows, which do not travel so far north. I saw no swallows where the mosquitoes were most abundant, and Stejneger describes a great variety of birds, but no swallows.

The rustic respect for martins and swallows is as well founded as the rustic hatred of those feathered vermin, the sparrows.

Since I wrote the note in this magazine of December 1881 on these mischievous brutes, I have heard more of the results of the absurd cockney newspaper cry that was raised on their behalf a few years ago.

They were carried over to the United States and reared, with the aid of cages suspended to the trees for their protection. Now their true character is understood. They have already become public suburban nuisances, not only on account of their own depredation, but by their vicious attacks on innocent warblers, which they have driven away in accordance with that ancient record of their propensities, the story of "Who Killed Cock Robin."

THE MIGRATION OF FISHES.

THE Suez Canal has not only supplied a highway for human passengers but is also being used for emigration purposes by some enterprising individuals of lower organisation.

Dr. C. Keller finds that eleven species of Mediterranean animals, hitherto unknown foreigners to the Red Sea, have penetrated as far as Suez with fair prospects of successful colonization, and that twenty-five species of Red Sea aborigines are proceeding to the Mediterranean, but as yet have only reached about half-way.

As the zoology of the Indian Ocean differs considerably from that of the Mediterranean, some interesting, and possibly useful, results may follow the introduction of foreign species to the latter, by bringing them within reach of European fishermen and European markets.

The like will probably occur when the Panama Canal is opened. A commingling of Atlantic and Pacific species will take place, of species that cannot at present undertake the journey round Cape Horn or through the Straits of Magellan, but that any of these will ever cross the Atlantic and give us the benefit of their powers of rapid increase is very doubtful.

When we read of the many fishes unknown to us that are familiar dishes on the tables of our American cousins, it becomes evident that the deep water of mid-ocean presents an inseparable barrier to the migration of most fishes. It is probable that those which, like the salmon, cod, &c., are common to both sides of the Atlantic, have worked their way round coast-wise, and not at all by crossing the deep-sea.

They are hardy, cold-water fishes that prosper in high latitudes, and thus are enabled to follow the course by which the Bjorn Heriolfson, Leif, Thorwald, and Thorfin successively travelled to America in the eleventh century, rather than by that of Columbus.

The Norsemen crept across, *via* Iceland and Greenland, to Labrador, and the Labrador salmon may have done the same, as there are fjords and breeding rivers in Iceland and Greenland. The fact that salmon are to be found all along these coasts is very suggestive of such migration.

As regards cod fish that feed on the sea bottom wherever the depth is not excessive, their route across from the Continent of Europe to Scotland, the Faroe Islands, Iceland, Greenland, the Doggerbank, and Newfoundland, is provided by that pavement of the ocean bottom which, as I have endeavoured to show (see "The

Great Ice Age," &c., in "Science in Short Chapters"), has been laid down by the out-floating glaciers of the Glacial epoch, and is still subject to further deposition and shallowing by the melting of icebergs and consequent deposition of the débris they contain.

WATERPROOFING AND PETRIFICATION.

IT is probable that many thoughtful people have been puzzled by the so-called "waterproof" fabrics, that display no kind of varnish or oiling or india-rubber preparation, but are like ordinary cloth with pores through which air and light pass freely.

The secret of the preparation consists in saturating the tubular fibres of the material with an insoluble compound to which water does not readily adhere.

Acetate of alumina (misnamed "liquid alumina"), prepared by adding a solution of alum to a solution of acetate of lead, appears to be the best compound hitherto used for the purpose. When the two solutions are thus mixed, the sulphuric acid of the alum goes over to the lead, forming insoluble sulphate of lead, and the acetic acid leaves the lead to form a soluble acetate of alumina.

The fabric to be waterproofed is soaked in this solution, then dried without being wrung.

The Belgian War Department has conducted a number of experiments on fabrics thus prepared, and finds that they allow the perspiration to pass off freely, and that the fibres are not injured nor the colour destroyed. From the known properties of alumina in fixing and brightening colours I should expect that in some cases this treatment would improve the colour and increase its permanency.

It has also been proved that, after washing and rinsing soldiers' clothes that have been soiled by constant wear, the waterproof properties remain.

I have little doubt that this is due to the decomposition of the acetate by the organic matter of the fibres, and a chemical, or pseudo-chemical, adhesion of very finely divided precipitated alumina to the material, rendering each individual fibre of itself impervious to water, and sufficiently repellent to prevent the water from passing through the interstices between the fibres.

This method of waterproofing may be therefore fairly compared with some kinds of petrification of organic substances. I do not mean those which are merely stiffened by a deposited coating of carbonate of lime, as by the "petrifying wells" shown to tourists, but refer to the cases of true petrification which occur by the substitution of mineral matter for organic matter.

TABLE TALK.

TROLLOPE UPON NOVEL-WRITING.

FROM the desire for excellence to the power to excel is a long stride. Were it otherwise, poets, dramatists, painters, and novelists would be as plentiful in our midst as blackberries in a Surrey copse. Authors, then, who lay bare the mysteries of their craft, run no great risk of diminishing their profits by bringing rivals into the field. A dramatist may state that the power to write a play depends upon the capacity to see on the stage the characters he depicts, and to realise the successive tableaux they exhibit. The average man who learns this learns an important truth that may perhaps keep him from wasting time in futile effort, but, unless he has the gift indicated, benefits no further. Novelists have of late been expansive in their utterances concerning their own art; and if all men do not earn annual thousands by fiction, it is not for want of being told how to do it. Trollope's explanations, furnished in his *Autobiography*, are the most ample and the most sensible yet published. An author, according to him, must live in the fictitious world he creates. "His characters must be with him as he lies down to sleep and as he wakes from his dreams. He must learn to hate them and to love them. He must argue with them, forgive them, and even submit to them. He must know of them whether they be cold-blooded or passionate; whether true or false, and how far true and how far false. The depth and the breadth, and the narrowness and the shallowness of each should be clear to him." Very excellently said is this, and there is much more in Trollope's utterance that is equally valuable. A light upon our novelist's own method seems to be cast by these statements. A man who, like Trollope or his great master, Balzac, imagines a microcosm, and fills it with characters whom he keeps alive through several works, has a far better chance of getting familiar with his creations than one who in each successive novel introduces new characters. Under such conditions it is comparatively easy for a man to study his own characters and creations; and then analyse them in public. Before, however, the reader of the biography can

turn to useful account the admirable advice afforded him, he must obtain the power to create. Trollope's counsel, accordingly—the publication of which was reserved until after his death—can scarcely be regarded as dangerous and disloyal to his fellows.

THE BEST GENTLEMAN IN FICTION.

THE form of plébiscite for the purpose of ascertaining who is the most popular among living poets, novelists, and the like, which has become a fairly common feature in newspapers, reminds me of a curious inquiry of this kind which took place some ten or a dozen years ago in the house of a well-known poet and dramatist. Around the fire on a Sunday evening were gathered some of the most representative men in English literature. I am not privileged to give the names of men still living who were present, but those since dead included Dante Gabriel Rossetti and William Hepworth Dixon, from which it may fairly be inferred that the gathering was not in the least of the nature of a clique. Casually, the question came up, "Who is the best gentleman in fiction?" At the suggestion of the present writer, slips of paper were handed round, and each one present wrote the name of the character he thought entitled to that distinction. There were, I think, fourteen present. To the surprise of all the voting was unanimous, and the name of Colonel Newcome was read out fourteen times. I am sorry no vote was given for Don Quixote, who in some respects is entitled to the honour. A signal triumph for Thackeray is, however, involved in this fact, which I think worthy of being placed on record.

AN IMAGINARY ENGLISH ACADEMY.

THE result of a rather elaborate plébiscite of the kind mentioned, held with the purpose of deciding what forty writers should be elected as the founders of an English Academy, was, as might be expected, to place the Laureate—I have not yet accustomed myself to write Lord Tennyson—at the head of the list. Particulars of the plébiscite, in which about five hundred voters took part, were recorded in the *Journal of Education*. For the Laureate there appeared 501 votes, and he of course came first. Next to him, and but 39 votes behind, came Mr. Ruskin; 9 votes lower still, Mr. Matthew Arnold; and yet lower by 5 votes, Mr. Browning. A drop down to 391 was experienced before the name of Mr. Froude was reached. Mr. Swinburne had 262 votes, Mr. Morris 147, Mr. Gladstone 107, Mr. Charles Reade 31, Mr. George

Meredith 19, and Mr. Wilkie Collins 16. Such a list is a fair enough gauge of public tastes, but is not otherwise very significant. One of the men pretty certain to be in the first list of "the immortals," Lord Houghton, does not appear, and the names of Lord Lytton and Sir Theodore Martin, either of whom I would back against most of those mentioned, are "conspicuous by their absence." While the Study of Sociology of Mr. Herbert Spencer puts him near the head of the list, and Mr. Huxley and Mr. Tyndall have a fair number of supporters, Professor Owen is not placed; and while the Constitutional History of Professor Stubbs places him not much more than half-way down, the History of England of Mr. Gardiner is unnamed. Had we an Academy in England as in France, what is called the forty-first fauteuil, or otherwise, the seat of those not elected would be occupied by some brilliant men, and that whether the choice of names were left to authority or to the public.

CONDITION OF SOCIETY UNDER MEDIÆVAL INSTITUTIONS.

THE functions of the seer and the poet are in a sense identical. It has been held even that the chief duty of Parliaments is to formalise the legislative decrees of the poet. When, accordingly, before a brilliant audience, and within the sacred precincts of the University, Mr. Morris takes upon himself to lecture on the conditions of life which have poisoned at their springs the wells of art, and have made of London a "mass of squalor, embroidered with patches of pompous and vulgar hideousness," I listen with respect. I do not change this attitude when he declares that the scheme of competition is bestial, and that in what is known as socialism is to be found the best chance of a happy future for humanity. On one point, however, I question his declaration. I was not fortunate enough to hear his lecture, and I have to take his utterances from report. I read, however, that Mr. Morris spoke of the unhappiness of life, which is the canker of art, as of modern growth, and referred to the Middle Ages as the period when there was happiness in the world. The direct opposite of this view is surely borne out by history. Questions such as "Is life worth living?" find no expression in mediæval literature. The wail over social and political grievances is, however, incessant; and passages without end might be culled to prove that mediæval possessors of happiness were as insensible to the advantages of their position as were the husbandmen of Virgil, whose ignorance on the subject has furnished the press with a stock illustration. Literature has seldom given

expression to the sorrows of those below the bourgeois class, and the theory that the lowest class has ever been other than suffering and oppressed cannot, I think, very easily be maintained. One of the few poems written in English during the period in question commences thus (I am compelled, for the sake of intelligibility, to modernise the spelling) :—

Why war and wracke in land and manslaughter is i-come,
 Why hunger and dearth on earth the poer hath undernome (seized upon).
 Why beastès be thus starvèd, why corn hath been so dear,
 Ye that will a-bide listen and ye may hear.

This poem, written about 1308, is characteristic of the literature—French, English, and Latin—of the period. How the people subject to the oppression of feudal nobles, to war and butchery, and the scourges of pestilence which threatened their extermination, could have been happy is not easy to be seen. In one visitation of the sweating sickness two lord mayors and six aldermen died in London within a week, while of those of lower order who perished the number, according to Stow, was “wonderful,” and, according to Bacon, “infinite.” In addition to the various forms of plague, “the Oriental leprosy,” according to one of the most accurate and philosophical of writers, “cast a gloomy shade over society throughout the whole course of the middle ages.”

ACTING, PAST AND PRESENT.

WHILE England and America are showering laurels upon the actors whom each country has sent to the other, while English society is stirred to unwonted ardour by the sweet delivery and beautiful posturing of Miss Anderson, and American society is trying to induce Mr. Irving to establish himself permanently in its midst, the question, how nearly the histrionic art of to-day approaches that of a couple of generations ago, will naturally present itself. That with a revived interest in theatrical art has come an improvement in theatrical representations worthy to be dignified as a renaissance in art is now currently asserted. An average performance in a third-class theatre has a thoroughness, an ease, and a truth to nature such as a score years ago could not be seen in the most ambitious representation. Energy and taste in the conduct of our theatres have supplanted slovenliness and vulgarity. The honours, meanwhile, that are showered upon successful artists—Madame Bernhardt, Signor Salvini, Mr. Irving—are unprecedented. It may be doubted, however, whether individual actors even now rise to the level of

their great predecessors. Speaking of Kean in his best days, Keats, surely one of the best conceivable judges of how poetry should be delivered, says : " A melodious passage in poetry is full of pleasure, both sensual and spiritual. The spiritual is felt when the very letters and points of charactered language show like the hieroglyphics of beauty ; the mysterious signs of our immortal freemasonry ! ' A thing to dream of, not to tell ! ' The sensual life of verse springs warm from the lips of Kean, and to one learned in Shakespearean hieroglyphics—learned in the spiritual portion of those lines to which Kean adds a sensual grandeur—his tongue must seem to have robbed the Hybla bees and left them honeyless ! " I know no actor of modern days of whom the same can be said. In psychology our actors may stand on a level with those of previous generations ; I doubt, however, whether poetical delivery is not, so far as our stage is concerned, a thing of the past.

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PHILISTIA.

BY CECIL POWER.

CHAPTER III.

MAGDALEN QUAD.

THE Reverend Arthur Collingham Berkeley, curate of St. Fredegond's, lounged lazily in his own neatly padded wicker-work easy chair, opposite the large lattice-paned windows of his pretty little first-floor rooms in the front quad of Magdalen.

"There's a great deal to be said, Le Breton, in favour of October term," he observed, in his soft, musical voice, as he gazed pensively across the central grass-plot to the crimson drapery of the Founder's Tower. "Just look at that magnificent Virginia creeper over there, now; just look at the way the red on it melts imperceptibly into Tyrian purple and cloth of gold! Isn't that in itself argument enough to fling at Hartmann's head, if he ventured to come here sprinkling about his heresies, with his affected little spray-shooter, in the midst of a drowsy Oxford autumn? The Cardinal never saw Virginia creeper, I suppose; a man of his taste wouldn't have been guilty of committing such a gross practical anachronism as that, any more than he would have smoked a cigarette before tobacco was invented; but if only he could have seen the October effect on that tower yonder, he'd have acknowledged that his own hat and robe were positively nowhere in the running, for colour, wouldn't he?"

"Well," answered Herbert, putting down the Venetian glass goblet he had been examining closely with due care into its niche in the over-mantel, "I've no doubt Wolsey had too much historical sense ever to step entirely out of his own century, like my brother Ernest, for instance; but I've never heard his opinion on the subject

of colour-harmonies, and I should suspect it of having been distinctly tinged with nascent symptoms of renaissance vulgarity. This is a lovely bit of Venetian, really, Berkeley. How the dickens do you manage to pick up all these pretty things, I wonder? Why can't I afford them, now?"

"What a question for the endowed and established to put to a poor starving devil of a curate like me!" said Berkeley lightly. "You, an incarnate sinecure and vested interest, a creature revelling in an unearned income of fabulous Oriental magnificence—I dare say, putting one thing with another, fully as much as five hundred a year—to ask me, the unbeneficed and insignificant, with my wretched pittance of eighty pounds per annum and my three pass-men a term for classical mods, how I scrape together the few miserable, hoarded ha'pence which I grudgingly invest in my pots and pipkins! I save them from my dinner, Mr. Bursar—I save them. If the Church only recognised modest merit as it ought to do!—if the bishops only listened with due attention to the sound and scholarly exegesis of my Sunday evening discourses at St. Fredegond's!—then, indeed, I might be disposed to regard things through a more satisfied medium—the medium of a nice, fat, juicy country living. But for you, Le Breton—you, sir, a pluralist and a sanguisorb of the deepest dye—to reproach me with my Franciscan poverty—oh, it's too cruel!"

"I'm an abuse, I know," Herbert answered, smiling and waving his hand gracefully. "I at once admit it. Abuses exist, unhappily; and while they continue to do so, isn't it better they should envisage themselves as me than as some other and probably less deserving fellow?"

"No, it's not, decidedly. I should much prefer that one of them envisaged itself as me."

"Ah, of course. From your own strictly subjective point of view that's very natural. I also look at the question abstractly from the side of the empirical ego, and correctly deduce a corresponding conclusion. Only then, you see, the terms of the minor premiss are luckily reversed."

"Well, my dear fellow," said the curate, "the fact about the tea-things is this. You eat up your income, devour your substance in riotous living; I prefer to feast my eyes and ears to my grosser senses. You dine at high table, and fare sumptuously every day; I take a commons of cold beef for lunch, and have tea off an egg and roll in my own rooms at seven. You drink St. Emilion or still hock; I drink water from the well or the cup that cheers but not obfus-

cates. The difference goes to pay for the crockery. Do likewise, and with your untold wealth you might play Aunt Sally at Oriental blue, and take cock-shots with a boot-jack at hawthorn-pattern vases."

"At any rate, Berkeley, you always manage to get your money's worth of amusement out of your money."

"Of course, because I lay myself out to do it. Buy a bottle of champagne, drink it off, and there you have to show for your total permanent investment on the transaction the memory of a noisy evening and a headache the next morning. Buy a flute, or a book of poems, or a little picture, or a Palissy platter, and you have something to turn to with delight and admiration for half a lifetime."

"Ah, but it isn't everybody who can isolate himself so utterly from the workaday world and live so completely in his own little paradise of art as you can, my dear fellow. *Non omnia possumus omnes*. You seem to be always up in the æsthetic clouds, with your own music automatically laid on, and no need of cherubim or seraphim to chant continually for your gratification. Play me something of your own on your flute now, like a good fellow."

"No, I won't; because the spirit doesn't move me. It's treachery to the divine gift to play when you don't want to. Besides, what's the use of playing before *you* when you're not the dean of a musical cathedral? David was wiser; he played only before Saul, who had of course all the livings in his own gift, no doubt. I've got a new thing running in my head this very minute that you shall hear though, all the same, as soon as I've hammered it into shape—a sort of *villanelle* in music, a little whiff of country freshness, suggested by the new ethereal acquisition, little Miss Butterfly. Have you seen Miss Butterfly yet?"

"Not by that name, at any rate. Who is she?"

"Oh, the name's my own invention. Mademoiselle Vol-au-vent, I mean—the little bit of whirligig thistledown from Devonshire. Oswald's sister, you know, of Oriel."

"Ah, that one! Yes; just caught a glimpse of her in the High on Thursday. Very pretty, certainly, and as airy as a humming-bird."

"That's her! She's coming here to lunch this morning. If you're a good boy, and will promise not to say anything naughty, you may stop and meet her. She's a nice little thing, but rather timid at seeing so many fresh faces. You mustn't frighten her by discussing the Absolute and the Unconditioned, or bore her by talking about Aristotle's Politics, or the revolutions in Corcyra. For you

know, my dear Le Breton, if you *have* a fault, it is that you're such a consummate and irrepressible prig; now aren't you really?"

"I'm hardly a fair judge on that subject, I suppose, Berkeley; but if *you* have a rudimentary glimmering of a virtue, it is that you're such a deliciously frank and yet considerate critic. I'll pocket your rudeness though, and eat your lunch, in spite of it. Is Miss Butterfly, as you call her, as stand-off as her brother?"

"Not at all. She's *accueillante* to the last degree."

"Very restricted, I suppose—a country girl of the first water? Horizon absolutely bounded by the high hedges of her native parish?"

"Oh dear no! Anything but that. She's like her brother, naturally quick and adaptive."

"Oswald's an excellent fellow in his way," said Herbert, button-holing his own waistcoat; "but he's spoilt by two bad traits. In the first place, he's so dreadfully conscious of the fact that he has risen from a lower position; and then, again, he's so engrossingly and pervadingly mathematical. X square seems to have seized upon him bodily, and to have wormed its fatal way into his very marrow."

"Ah, you must remember, he's true to his first love. Culture came to him first, while yet he abode in Philistia, under the playful disguise of a conic section. He scaled his way out of Gath by means of a treatise on elementary trigonometry, and evaded Askelon on the wings of an undulatory theory of light. It's different with us, you know, who have emerged from the land of darkness by the regular classical and literary highway. We feed upon Rabelais and Burton; he flits carelessly from flower to flower of the theory of Quantics. If he were an idealist painter, like Rossetti, he would paint great allegorical pictures for us, representing an asymptotic curve appearing to him in a dream, and introducing that blushing maiden, Hyperbola, to his affectionate consideration."

As Berkeley spoke, a rap sounded on the oak, and Ernest Le Breton entered the room. "What, you here, Herbert?" he said with a shade of displeasure in his tone. "Are you, too, of the bidden?"

"Berkeley has asked me to stop and lunch with him, if that's what you mean."

"We shall be quite a party," said Ernest, seating himself, and looking abstractedly round the room. "Why, Berkeley," as his eye fell upon the Venetian vase, "you've positively got some more gew-gaws here. This one's new, isn't it? Eh?"

"Yes. I picked it up for a song, this long, at a stranded village

in the Apennines. Literally for a song, for it cost me just what I got from Fradelli for that last little piece of mine. It's very pretty, isn't it?"

"Very; exquisite, really; the blending of the tones is so perfect. I wish I knew what to think about these things. I can't make up my mind about them. Sometimes I think it's all right to make them and buy them; sometimes I think it's all wrong."

"Oh, if that's your difficulty," said Berkeley, pulling his white tie straight at the tiny round looking-glass, "I can easily reassure you. Do you think a hundred and eighty pounds a year an excessive sum for one person to spend upon his own entire living?"

"It doesn't seem so, as expenses go amongst *us*," said Ernest, seriously, "though I dare say it would look like shocking extravagance to a working man with a wife and family."

"Very well, that's the very outside I ever spend upon myself in any one year, for the excellent reason that it's all I ever get to spend in any way. Now, why shouldn't I spend it on the things that please me best and are joys for ever, instead of on the things that disappear at once and perish in the using?"

"Ah, but that's not the whole question," Ernest answered, looking at the curate fixedly. "What right have you and I to spend so much when others are wanting for bread? And what right have you or I to make other people work at producing these useless trinkets for our sole selfish gratification?"

"Well now, Le Breton," said the parson, assuming a more serious tone, "you know you're a reasonable creature, so I don't mind discussing this question with you. You've got an ethical foundation to your nature, and you want to see things done on decent grounds of distributive justice. There I'm one with you. But you've also got an æsthetic side to your nature, which makes you worth arguing with upon the matter. I won't argue with your vulgar materialised socialist, who would break up the frieze of the Parthenon for road metal, or pull down Giotto's frescoes because they represent scenes in the fabulous lives of saints and martyrs. You know what a work of art is when you see it; and therefore you're worth arguing with, which your vulgar Continental socialist really isn't. The one cogent argument for him is the whiff of grape-shot."

"I recognise," said Ernest, "that the works of art, of poetry, or of music, which we possess are a grand inheritance from the past; and I would do all I could to preserve them intact for those that come after us."

"I'm sure you would. No restoration or tinkering in you, I'm

certain. Well, then, would you give anything for a world which hadn't got this æsthetic side to its corporate existence? Would you give anything for a world which didn't care at all for painting, sculpture, music, poetry? *I* wouldn't. I don't want such a world. I won't countenance such a world. I'll do nothing to further or advance such a world. It's utterly repugnant to me, and I banish it, as Themistocles banished the Athenians."

"But consider," said Ernest, "we live in a world where men and women are actually starving. How can we reconcile to our consciences the spending of one penny on one useless thing when others are dying of sheer want, and cold, and nakedness? That's the great question that's always oppressing my poor dissatisfied conscience."

"So it does everybody's—except Herbert's: he explains it all on biological grounds as the beautiful discriminative action of natural selection. Simple, but not consolatory. Still, look at the other side of the question. Suppose you and everybody else were to give up all superfluities, and confine all your energies to the unlimited production of bare necessities. Suppose you occupy every acre of land with your corn-fields, or your piggeries; and sweep away all the parks, and woods, and heaths, and moorlands in England. Suppose you keep on letting your population multiply as fast as it chooses—and it *will* multiply, you know, in that ugly, reckless, anti-Malthusian fashion of its own—till every rood of ground maintains its man, and only just maintains him; and what will you have got then?"

"A dead level of abject pauperism," put in Herbert blandly; "a *reductio ad absurdum* of all your visionary Schurzian philosophy, my dear Ernest. Look at it another way, now, and just consider. Which really and truly matters most to you and me, a great work of art or a highly respectable horny-handed son of toil, whose acquaintance we have never had the pleasure of personally making? Suppose you read in the *Times* that the respectable horny-handed one has fallen off a scaffolding and broken his neck; and that the Dresden Madonna has been burnt by an unexpected accident; which of the two items of intelligence affects you the most acutely? My dear fellow, you may push your humanitarian enthusiasm as far as ever you like; but in your heart of hearts you know as well as I do that you'll deeply regret the loss of the Madonna, and you'll never think again about the fate of the respectable horny-handed, his wife or children."

Ernest's answer, if he had any to make, was effectually nipped in the bud by the entrance of the scout, who came in to announce Mr. and Miss Oswald and Mrs. Martindale. Edie wore the grey dress, her

brother's present, and flitted into the room after her joyous fashion, full of her first fresh delight at the cloistered quad of Magdalen.

"What a delicious college, Mr. Berkeley!" she said, holding out her hand to him brightly. "Good-morning, Mr. Le Breton; this is your brother, I know by the likeness. I thought New College very beautiful, but nothing I've seen is quite as beautiful as Magdalen. What a privilege to live always in such a place! And what an exquisite view from your window here!"

"Yes," said Berkeley, moving a few music-books from the seat in the window-sill; "come and sit by it, Miss Oswald. Mrs. Martindale, won't you put your shawl down? How's the Professor to-day? So sorry he couldn't come."

"Ah, he had to go to sit on one of his Boards," said the old lady, seating herself. "But you know I'm quite accustomed to going out without him."

Arthur Berkeley knew as much; indeed, being a person of minute strategical intellect, he had purposely looked out a day on which the Professor had to attend a meeting of the delegates of something or other, so as to secure Mrs. Martindale's services without the supplementary drawback of that prodigious bore. Not that he was particularly anxious for Mrs. Martindale's own society, which was of the most strictly negative character; but he didn't wish Edie to be the one lady in a party of four men, and he invited the Professor's wife as an excellent neutral figure-head, to keep her in countenance. Ladies were scarcer then in Oxford than they are nowadays. The married fellow was still a tentative problematical experiment in those years, and the invasion of the Parks by young couples had hardly yet begun in earnest. So female society was still at a considerable local premium, and Berkeley was glad enough to secure even colourless old Mrs. Martindale to square his party at any price.

"And how do you like Oxford, Miss Oswald?" asked Ernest, making his way towards the window.

"My dear Le Breton, what a question to put to her!" said Berkeley, smiling. "As if Oxford were a place to be appraised off-hand, on three days' acquaintance. You remind me of the American who went to look at Niagara, and made an approving note in his memorandum book to say that he found it really a very elegant cataract."

"Oh, but you *must* form some opinion of it at least, at first sight," cried Edie; "you can't help having an impression of a place from the first moment, even if you haven't a judgment on it, can you now? I think it really surpasses my expectations, Mr. Le Breton,

which is always a pleasant surprise. Venice fell below them; Florence just came up to them; but Oxford, I think, really surpasses them."

"We have three beautiful towns in Britain," Berkeley said. ("As if he were a Welsh Triad," suggested Herbert Le Breton, parenthetically.) "Torquay, Oxford, Edinburgh. Torquay is all nature, spoilt by what I won't call art; Oxford is all art, superimposed on a swamp that I won't call nature; Edinburgh is both nature and art, working pretty harmoniously together, to make up a unique and exquisite picture."

"Just like Naples, Venice, and Heidelberg," said Edie, half to herself; but Berkeley caught at the words quic'ly as she said them. "Yes," he answered; "a very good parallel, only Oxford has a trifle more nature about it than Venice. The lagoon, without the palaces, would be simply hideous; the Osenev flats, without the colleges, would be nothing worse than merely dull."

"We owe a great deal," said Ernest, gazing out towards the quadrangle, "to the forgotten mass of labouring humanity who piled all those blocks of shapeless stone into beautiful forms for us who come after to admire and worship. I often wonder, when I sit here in Berkeley's window-seat, and look across the quad to the carved pinnacles on the Founder's Tower there, whether any of us can ever hope to leave behind to our successors any legacy at all comparable to the one left us by those nameless old mediæval masons. It's a very saddening thought that we for whom all these beautiful things have been put together—we whom labouring humanity has pampered and petted from our cradles upward, feeding us on its whitest bread, and toiling for us with all its weary sinews—that we probably will never do anything at all for it and for the world in return, but will simply eat our way through life aimlessly, and die forgotten in the end like the beasts that perish. It ought to make us, as a class, terribly ashamed of our own utter and abject inutility."

Edie looked at him with a sort of hushed surprise; she was accustomed to hear Harry talk radical talk enough after his own fashion, but radicalism of this particular pensive tinge she was not accustomed to. It interested her, and made her wonder what sort of man Mr. Le Breton might really be.

"Well, you know, Mr. Le Breton," said old Mrs. Martindale, complacently, "we must remember that Providence has wisely ordained that we shouldn't all of us be masons or carpenters. Some of us are clergymen, now, and look what a useful, valuable life a clergyman's is, after all, isn't it, Mr. Berkeley?" Berkeley smiled a

faint smile of amusement, but said nothing. "Others are squires and landed gentry; and I'm sure the landed gentry are very desirable in keeping up the tone of the country districts, and setting a pattern of virtue and refinement to their poorer neighbours. What would the country villages be, for example, if it weren't for the centres of culture afforded by the rectory and the hall, eh, Miss Oswald?" Edie thought of quavering old Miss Catherine Luttrell gossiping with the rector's wife, and held her peace. "You may depend upon it Providence has ordained these distinctions of classes for its own wise purposes, and we needn't trouble our heads at all about trying to alter them."

"I've always observed," said Harry Oswald, "that Providence is supposed to have ordained the existing order for the time being, whatever it may be, but not the order that is at that exact moment endeavouring to supplant it. If I were to visit Central Africa, I should confidently expect to be told by the rain-doctors that Providence had ordained the absolute power of the chief, and the custom of massacring his wives and slaves at his open grave side. I believe in Russia it's usually allowed that Providence has placed the orthodox Czar at the head of the nation, and that any attempt to obtain a constitution from him is simply flat rebellion and flying in the face of Providence. In England we had a King John once, and we extracted a constitution out of him and sundry other kings by main force; and here, it's acquiescence in the present limited aristocratic government that makes up obedience to the Providential arrangement of things apparently. But how about America? eh, Mrs. Martindale? Did Providence ordain that George Washington was to rebel against his most sacred majesty, King George III., or did it not? And did it ordain that George Washington was to knock his most sacred majesty's troops into a cocked hat, or did it not? And did it ordain that Abraham Lincoln was to free the slaves, or did it not? What I want to know is this: can it be said that Providence has ordained every class distinction in the whole world, from Dahomey to San Francisco? And has it ordained every Government, past and present, from the Chinese Empire to the French Convention? Did it ordain, for example, the revolution of '89? That's the question I should like to have answered."

"Dear me, Mr. Oswald," said the old lady meekly, taken aback by Harry's voluble vehemence; "I suppose Providence permits some things and ordains others."

"And does it permit American democracy or ordain it?" asked the merciless Harry.

"Don't you see, Mrs. Martindale," put in Berkeley, coming gently to her rescue, "your principle amounts in effect to saying that whatever is, is right."

"Exactly," said the old lady, forgetting at once all about Dahomey or the Convention, and coming back mentally to her squires and rectors. "The existing order is wisely arranged by Providence, and we mustn't try to set ourselves up against it."

"But if whatever is, is right," Edie said, laughing, "then Mr. Le Breton's socialism must be right too, you see, because it exists in him no doubt for some wise purpose of Providence; and if he and those who think with him can succeed in changing things generally according to their own pattern, then the new system that they introduce will be the one that Providence has shown by the result to be the favoured one."

"In short," said Ernest, musingly, "Mrs. Martindale's principle sanctifies success. It's the old theory of 'treason never prospers—what's the reason? Because whene'er it prospers 'tis not treason.' If we could only introduce a socialist republic, then it would be the reactionaries who would be setting themselves up against constituted authority, and so flying in the face of Providence."

"Fancy lecturing a recalcitrant archbishop and a remonstrant *ci-devant* duchess," cried Berkeley, lightly, "upon the moral guilt and religious sinfulness of rebellion against the constituted authority of a communist phalanstery. It would be simply charming. I can imagine myself composing a dignified exhortation to deliver to his grace, entirely compiled out of his own printed pastorals, on the duty of submission and the danger of harbouring an insubordinate spirit. Do make me chaplain-in-ordinary to your house of correction for irreclaimable aristocrats, Le Breton, as soon as you once get your coming socialist republic fairly under weigh."

"Luncheon is on the table, sir," said the scout, breaking in unceremoniously upon their discussion.

If Arthur Berkeley lunched by himself upon a solitary commons of cold beef, he certainly did not treat his friends and guests in corresponding fashion. His little entertainment was of the daintiest and airiest character, so airy that, as Edie herself observed afterwards to Harry, it took away all the sense of meat and drink altogether, and left one only a pleased consciousness of full artistic gratification. Even Ernest, though he had his scruples about the aspic jelly, might eat the famous Magdalen chicken cutlets, his brother said, "with a distinct feeling of exalted gratitude to the arduous culinary evolution of collective humanity."

"Consider," said Herbert, balancing neatly a little pyramid of whip cream and apricot jam upon his fork, "consider what ages of slow endeavour must have gone to the development of such a complex mixture as this, Ernest, and thank your stars that you were born in this nineteenth century of Soyer and Francatelli, instead of being condemned to devour a Homeric feast with the unsophisticated aid of your own five fingers."

"But do tell me, Mr. Le Breton," asked Edie, with one of her pretty smiles, "what will this socialist republic of yours be like when it actually comes about? I'm dying to know all about it."

"Really, Miss Oswald," Ernest answered, in a half-embarrassed tone, "I don't quite know how to reply to such a very wide and indefinite question. I haven't got any cut-and-dried constitutional scheme of my own for reorganising the whole system of society, any distinct panacea to cure all the ills that collective flesh is heir to. I leave the details of the future order to your brother Harry. The thing that troubles me is not so much how to reform the world at large as how to shape one's own individual course aright in the actual midst of it. As a single unit of the whole, I want rather guidance for my private conduct than a scheme for redressing the universal dislocation of things in general. It seems to me, every man's first duty is to see that he himself is in the right attitude towards society, and afterwards he may proceed to enquire whether society is in the right attitude towards him and all its other members. But if we were all to begin by redressing ourselves, there would be nothing left to redress, I imagine, when we turned to attack the second half of our problem. The great difficulty I myself experience is this, that I can't discover any adequate social justification for my own personal existence. But I really oughtn't to bore other people with my private embarrassments upon that head."

"You see," said Herbert Le Breton, carelessly, "my brother represents the ethical element in the socialist movement, Miss Oswald, while Harry represents the political element. Each is valuable in its way; but Oswald's is the more practical. You can move great masses into demanding their rights; you can't so easily move them into cordially recognising their duties. Hammer, hammer, hammer at the most obvious abuses; that's the way all the political victories are finally won. If I were a radical at all, I should go with you, Oswald. But happily I'm not one; I prefer the calm philosophic attitude of perfectly objective neutrality."

"And if I were a radical," said Berkeley, with a tinge of sadness in his voice as he poured himself out a glass of hock, "I should go with Le Breton. But unfortunately I'm not one, Miss Oswald, I'm only a parson."

CHAPTER IV.

A LITTLE MUSIC.

AFTER lunch, Herbert Le Breton went off for his afternoon ride—a grave social misdemeanour, Ernest thought it—and Arthur Berkeley took Edie round to show her about the college and the shady gardens. Ernest would have liked to walk with her himself, for there was something in her that began to interest him somewhat; and besides, she was so pretty, and so graceful, and so sympathetic: but he felt he must not take her away from her host for the time being, who had a sort of proprietary right in the pleasing duty of acting as showman to her over his own college. So he dropped behind with Harry Oswald and old Mrs. Martindale, and endeavoured to simulate a polite interest in the old lady's scraps of conversation upon the heads of houses, their wives and families.

"This is Addison's walk, Miss Oswald," said Berkeley, taking her through the gate into the wooded path beside the Cherwell; "so called because the ingenious Mr. Addison is said to have specially patronised it. As he was an undergraduate of this college, and a singularly lazy person, it's very probable that he really did so; every other undergraduate certainly does, for it's the nearest walk an idle man can get without ever taking the trouble to go outside the grounds of Magdalen."

"The ingenious Mr. Addison was quite right, then," Edie answered, smiling; "for he couldn't have chosen a lovelier place on earth to stroll in. How exquisite it looks just now, with the mellow light falling down upon the path through this beautiful autumnal foliage! It's just a natural cathedral aisle, with a lot of pale straw-coloured glass in the painted windows, like that splendid one we went to see the other day at Merton Chapel."

"Yes, there are certainly tones in that window I never saw in any other," Berkeley said, "and the walk to-day is very much the same in its delicate colouring. You're fond of colour, I should think, Miss Oswald, from what you say."

"Oh, nobody could help being struck by the autumn colouring of the Thames valley, I should fancy," said Edie, blushing. "We

noticed it all the way up as we came in the train from Reading, a perfect glow of crimson and orange at Pangbourne, Goring, Mapledurham, and Nuneham. I always thought the Dart in October the loveliest blaze of warm reds and yellows I had ever seen anywhere in nature ; but the Thames valley beats it hollow, as Harry says. This walk to-day is just one's ideal picture of Milton's Vallombrosa."

"Ah, yes, I always look forward to the first days of October term," said Berkeley, slowly, "as one of the greatest and purest treats in the whole round workaday twelvemonth. When the creeper on the Founder's Tower first begins to redden and crimson in the autumn, I could sit all day long by my open window, and just look at that glorious sight alone instead of having my dinner. But I'm very fond of these walks in full summer time too. I often stop up alone all through the long (being tied to my curacy here permanently, you know), and then I have the run of the place entirely to myself. Sometimes I take my flute out, and sit under the shade here and compose some of my little pieces."

"I can easily understand that they were composed here," said Edie quickly. "They've caught exactly the flavour of the place—especially your exquisite little *Penseroso*."

"Ah, you know my music, then, Miss Oswald?"

"Oh yes, Harry always brings me home all your pieces whenever he comes back at the end of term. I can play every one of them without the notes. But the *Penseroso* is my special favourite."

"It's mine, too. I'm so glad you like it. But I'm working away at a little thing now which you shall hear as soon as I've finished it; something lighter and daintier than anything else I've ever attempted. I shall call it the *Butterfly Canzonet*."

"Why don't you publish your music under your own name, Mr. Berkeley?"

"Oh, because it would never do. I'm a parson now, and I must keep up the dignity of the cloth by fighting shy of any æsthetic heterodoxies. It would be professional suicide for me to be suspected of artistic leanings. All very well in an archdeacon, you know, to cultivate his tastes for chants and anthems, but for a simple curate!—and secular songs too!—why, it would be sheer contumacy. His chances of a living would shrink at once to what your brother would call a vanishing quantity."

"Well, you can't imagine how much I admire your songs and airs, Mr. Berkeley. I was so pleased when you invited us, to think I was going to lunch with a real composer. There's no music I love so much as yours."

"I'm very glad to hear it, Miss Oswald, I assure you. But I'm only a beginner and a trifle yet. Some day I mean to produce something that will be worth listening to. Only, do you remember what some French novelist once said?—'A poet's sweetest poem is always the one he has never been able to compose.' I often think that's true of music, too. Away up in the higher stories of one's brain somewhere, there's a tune floating about, or rather a whole oratorio full of them, that one can never catch and fix upon ruled paper. The idea's there, such a beautiful and vague idea, so familiar to one, but so utterly unrealisable on any known instrument—a sort of musical Ariel, flitting before one and tantalizing one for ever, but never allowing one to come up with it and see its real features. I'm always dissatisfied with what I've actually written, and longing to crystallize into a score the imaginary airs I can never catch. Except in this last piece of mine; that's the only thing I've ever done that thoroughly and completely pleases me. Come and see me next week, and I'll play it over to you."

They walked all round the meadows, and back again beside the arches of the beautiful bridge, and then returned to Berkeley's rooms once more for a cup of afternoon tea, and an air or two of Berkeley's own composing. Edie enjoyed the walk and the talk immensely; she enjoyed the music even more. In a way, it was all so new to her. For though she had always seen much of Harry, and though Harry, who was the kindest and proudest of brothers, had always instinctively kept her up to his own level of thought and conversation, still, she wasn't used to seeing so many intelligent and educated young men together, and the novelty of their society was delightfully exhilarating to her eager little mind. To a bright girl of nineteen, wherever she may come from, the atmosphere of Oxford has a wonderfully cheering and stimulating effect; to a country tradesman's daughter from a tiny west-country village it is like a little paradise on earth with a ceaseless round of intensely enjoyable breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, and water-parties.

Ernest, for his part, was not so well pleased. He wanted to have a little conversation with Oswald's sister; and he was compelled by politeness to give her up in favour of Arthur Berkeley. However, he made up for it when he returned, and monopolised the pretty little visitor himself for almost the entire tea-hour.

As soon as they had gone, Arthur Berkeley sported his oak, and sat down by himself in his comfortable crimson-covered basket chair. "I won't let anybody come and disturb me this evening," he said to himself, moodily. "I won't let any of these noisy Magdalen men come

with their racket and riot to cut off the memory of that bright little dream. No desecration after she has gone. Little Miss Butterfly! What a pretty, airy, dainty, delicate little morsel it is! How she flits, and sips, and flutters about every possible subject, just touching the tip of it so gracefully with her tiny white fingers, and blushing so unfeignedly when she thinks she's paid you a compliment, or you've paid her one. How she blushed when she said she liked my music! How she blushed when I said she had a splendid ear for minute discrimination! Somehow, if I were a falling-in-love sort of fellow, I half fancy I could manage to fall in love with her on the spot. Or rather, if I were a good analytical psychologist, perhaps I ought more correctly to say I *am* in love with her already."

He sat down idly at the piano and played a few bars softly to himself—a beautiful, airy sort of melody, as it shaped itself vaguely in his head at the moment, with a little of the new wine of first love running like a trill through the midst of its fast-flowing quavers and dainty undulations. "That will do," he said to himself approvingly. "That will do very well; that's little Miss Butterfly. Here she flits, flits, flits, flickers, sip, sip, sip, at her honeyed flowers; twirl away, whirl away, off in the sunshine—there you go, Miss Butterfly, eddying and circling with your painted mate. Flirt, flirt, flirt, coquetting and curvetting, in your pretty rhythmical aerial quadrille. Down again, down to the harebell on the hillside; sip at it, sip at it, sip at it, sweet little honey-drops, clear little honey-drops, bright little honey-drops; oh, for a song to be set to the melody! Tra-la-la, tro-lo-lo, up again, Butterfly. Little silk handkerchief, little lace neckerchief, fluttering, fluttering! Feathery wings of her, bright little eyes of her, flit, flit, flicker! Now, she blushes, blushes, blushes; deep crimson; oh, what a colour! Paint it, painter! Now she speaks. Oh, what laughter! Silvery, silvery, treble, treble, treble; trill away, trill away, silvery treble. Musical, beautiful; beautiful, musical; little Miss Butterfly—fly—fly—fly away!" And he brought his fingers down upon the gamut at last, with a hasty, flickering touch that seemed really as delicate as Edie's own.

"I can never get words for it in English," he said again, half speaking with his parted lips; "it's too dactylic in rhythm for English verse to go to it. Béranger might have written a lilt for it, as far as mere syllables go, but Béranger to write about Miss Butterfly!—pho, no Frenchman could possibly catch it. Swinburne could fit the metres, I dare say, but he couldn't fit the feeling. It shall be a song without words, unless I write some Italian lines for it myself. *Animula, blandula, vagula*—that's the sort of ring for it, but Latin's

mostly too heavy. Io, Hymen, Hymenæe. Io; Io, Hymen, Hymenæe! What's that? A wedding song of Catullus—*absit omen*. I must be in love with her indeed." He got up from the piano, and paced quickly and feverishly in and down the room.

"And now he went on: "I only I weren't bound down so by this unprofitable trade of parson! A curate on eighty pounds a year, and a few pupils! The presumptuousness of the man in venturing to think of falling in love, as if he were actually one of the benefited clergy! What are deacons coming to, I wonder! And yet, hath not a deacon eyes? Hath not a deacon hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? And if you show us a little Miss Butterly, beautiful to the finger-ends, do we not fall in love with her at least as unaffectedly as if we were canons residentiary or rural deans? Fancy little Miss Butterly a rural deaness! The notion's too ridiculous. Fly away, little Miss Butterly: fly away, sweet little folksome, laughsome creature. I won't try to tie you down to a man in a black clerical coat with a very distant hypothetical reversionary prospect of a dull and dingy country parsonage. Flit elsewhere, little Miss Butterly, flit elsewhere, and find yourself a gayer, gaudier-coloured mate!"

He sat down again, and strummed a few more bars of his half-composed, half-extemporised melody. Then he leant back on the music-stool, and said gently to himself once more: "Still, if it were possible, how happy I should try to make her! Bright little Miss Butterly, I would try never to let a cold cloud pass chillily over your sunshiny head! I would live for you, and work for you, and write songs for your sake, all full of you, you, you, and so all full of life and grace and thrilling music. What's my life good for, to me or to the world? 'A clergyman's life is such a useful one,' that amiable old conventionality gurgled out this morning: what's the good of mine, as it stands now, to its owner or to anybody else, I should like to know, except the dear old Progenitor? A mere bit of cracked blue china, a fanciful air from a comic opera, masquerading in black and white as a piece of sacred music! What good am I to any one on earth but the Progenitor (God bless him!), and when he's gone, dear old fellow, what on earth shall I have left to live for? A selfish blank, that's all. But with *her*, ah, how different! With her to live for and to cherish, with an object to set before oneself as worth one's consideration, what mightn't I do at last? Make her happy—after all, that's the great thing. Make her fond of my music, that music that floats and evades me now, but would harden into scores as if by

magic with her to help one to spell it out—I know it would, at last, I know it would. Ah, well, perhaps some day I may be able; perhaps some day the dream will realise itself; till then, work, work, work; let me try to work towards making it possible, a living or a livelihood, no matter which. But not a breath of it to you meanwhile, Miss Butterfly; flit about freely and joyously while you may; I would not spoil your untrammelled flight for worlds by trying to tether it too soon around the fixed centre of my own poor doubtful diaconal destinies."

At the same moment while Arthur Berkeley was thus garrulously conversing with his heated fancy, Harry and Edie Oswald were strolling lazily down the High to Edie's lodgings.

"Well, what do you think now of Berkeley and Le Breton, Edie?" asked her brother. "Which of them do you like the best?"

"I like them both immensely, Harry; I really can't choose between them. When Mr. Berkeley plays, he almost makes me fall in love with him; and when Mr. Le Breton talks, he almost makes me transfer my affections to him instead. . . . But Mr. Berkeley plays divinely. . . . And Mr. Le Breton talks beautifully. . . . You know, I've never seen such clever men before—except you, of course, Harry dear, for you're cleverer and nicer than anybody. Oh, do let me look at those lovely silks over there!" And she danced across the road before he could answer her, like a tripping sylph in a painter's dreamland.

"Mr. Le Breton's very nice," she went on, after she had duly examined and classified the silks, "but I don't exactly understand what it is he's got on his conscience."

"Nothing whatsoever, except the fact of his own existence," Harry answered with a laugh. "He has conscientious scruples against the existence of idle people in the community—do-nothings and eat-alls—and therefore he has conscientious scruples against himself for not immediately committing suicide. I believe, if he did exactly what he thought was abstractly right, he'd go away and cut his own throat incontinently for an unprofitable, unproductive, useless citizen."

"Oh, dear, I hope he'll do nothing of the sort," cried Edie hastily. "I think I shall really ask him not to for my sake, if not for anybody else's."

"He'd be very much flattered indeed by your interposition on his behalf, no doubt, Popsy; but I'm afraid it wouldn't produce much effect upon his ultimate decision."

"Tell me, Harry, is Mr. Berkeley High Church?"

"Oh dear no, I shouldn't say so. I don't suppose he ever gave the subject a single moment's consideration."

"But St. Fredegond's is very High Church, I'm told."

"Ah, yes; but Berkeley's curate of St. Fredegond's, not in virtue of his theology—I never heard he'd got any to speak of—but in virtue of his musical talents. He went into the Church, I suppose, on purely æsthetic grounds. He liked a musical service, and it seemed natural to him to take part in one, just as it seemed natural to a mediæval Italian with artistic tendencies to paint Madonnas and St. Sebastians. There's nothing more in his clerical coat than that, I fancy, Edie. He probably never thought twice about it on theological grounds."

"Oh, but that's very wrong of him, Harry. I don't mean having no particular theological beliefs, of course; one expects that nowadays; but going into the Church without them."

"Well, you see, Edie, you mustn't judge Berkeley in quite the same way as you'd judge other people. In his mind, the æsthetic side is always uppermost; the logical side is comparatively in abeyance. Questions of creed, questions of philosophical belief, questions of science don't interest him at all; he looks at all of them from the point of view of the impression alone. What he sees in the Church is not a body of dogmas, like the High Churchmen, nor a set of opinions, like the Low Churchmen, but a close corporation of educated and cultivated gentlemen, charged with the duty of caring for a number of beautiful mediæval architectural monuments, and of carrying on a set of grand and impressive musical or oral services. To him, a cathedral is a magnificent historical heritage; a sermon is a sort of ingenious literary exercise; and a hymn is a capital vehicle for very solemn emotional music. That's all; and we can hardly blame him for not seeing these things as we should see them."

"Well, Harry, I don't know. I like them both immensely. Mr. Berkeley's very nice, but perhaps I like Mr. Le Breton the best of the two."

CHAPTER V.

ASKELON VILLA, GATH.

NUMBER 28 Epsilon Terrace, Bayswater, was one of the very smallest houses that a person with any pretensions to move in that Society which habitually spells itself with a capital initial could ever possibly have dreamt of condescending to inhabit. Indeed, if Dame

Eleanor, relict of the late Sir Owen Le Breton, Knight, had consulted merely the length of her purse and the interests of her personal comfort, she would doubtless have found for the same rental a far more convenient and roomy cottage in Upper Clapton or Stoke Newington. But Lady Le Breton was a thoroughly and conscientiously religious woman, who in all things consulted first and foremost the esoteric interests of her ingrained creed. It was a prime article of this cherished social faith that nobody with any shadow of personal self-respect could endure to live under any other postal letter than W. or S.W. Better not to be at all than to drag out a miserable existence in the painful obscurity of N. or S.E. Happily for people situated like Lady Le Breton, the metropolitan house-contractor (it would be gross flattery to describe him as a builder) has divined, with his usual practical sagacity, the necessity for supplying this felt want for eligible family residences at once comparatively cheap and relatively fashionable. By driving little *culs-de-sac* and re-entrant alleys at the back of his larger rows of shoddy mansions, he is enabled to run up a smaller terrace, or crescent, or place, as the case may be, composed of tiny shallow cottages with the narrowest possible frontage, and the tallest possible elevation, which will yet entitle their occupiers to feel themselves within the sacred pale of social salvation, in the blest security of the mystic W. Narrowest, shallowest, and tallest of these marginal Society residences is the little block of blank-faced, stucco-fronted, porticoed rabbit-hutches, which blazons itself forth in the Court Guide under the imposing designation of Epsilon Terrace, Bayswater.

The interior of No. 28 in this eminently respectable back alley was quite of a piece, it must be confessed, with the vacant Philistinism of its naked exterior. "Mother has really an immense amount of taste," Herbert Le Breton used to say, blandly, "and all of it of the most atrocious description; she picked it up, I believe, when my poor father was quartered at Lahore, a station absolutely fatal to the æsthetic faculties; and she will never get rid of it again as long as she lives." Indeed, when once Lady Le Breton got anything whatsoever into her head, it was not easy for anybody else to get it out again; you might much more readily expect to draw one of her double teeth than to eliminate one of her pet opinions. Not that she was a stupid or a near-sighted woman—the mother of clever sons never is—but she was a perfectly immovable rock of social and political orthodoxy. The three Le Breton boys—for there was a third at home—would gladly have reformed the terrors of that awful drawing-room if they had dared; but they knew it was as much

as their places were worth, Herbert said, to attempt a remonstrance, and they wisely left it alone, and said nothing.

Of course the house was not vulgarly furnished, at least in the conventional sense of the word ; Lady Le Breton was far too rigid in her social orthodoxy to have admitted into her rooms anything that savoured of what she considered bad form, according to her lights. It was only vulgar with the underlying vulgarity of mere tasteless fashionable uniformity. There was nothing in it that any well-bred footman could object to ; nothing that anybody with one grain of genuine originality could possibly tolerate. The little occasional chairs and tables set casually about the room were of the strictest *négligé* Belgravian type, a sort of studied protest against the formal stiffness of the ordinary unused middle-class drawing-room. The portrait of the late Sir Owen in the wee library, presented by his brother-officers, was painted by that distinguished R.A., Sir Francis Thomson, a light of the middle of this century ; and an excellent work of art it was too, in its own solemn academic kind. The dining-room, tiny as it was, possessed that inevitable Canaletti without which no gentleman's dining-room in England is ever considered to be complete. Everything spoke at once the stereotyped Society style of a dozen years ago (before Mr. Morris had reformed the outer aspect of the West End), entirely free from anything so startling or indecorous as a gleam of spontaneity in the possessor's mind. To be sure, it was very far indeed from the centre round-table and brilliant-flowered-table-cover style of the utter unregenerate Philistine household ; but it was further still from the simple natural taste and graceful fancy of Edie Oswald's cosy little back parlour behind the village grocer's shop at Calcombe-Pomeroy.

The portrait and the Canaletti were relics of Lady Le Breton's best days, when Sir Owen was alive, and the boys were still in their first babyhood. Sir Owen was an Indian officer of the old school, a simple-minded, gentle, brave man, very religious after his own fashion, and an excellent soldier, with the true Anglo-Indian faculty for administration and organisation. It was partly from him, no doubt, that the boys inherited their marked intelligence ; and it was wholly from him, beyond any doubt at all, that Ernest and his younger brother Ronald inherited their moral or religious sincerity—for that was an element in which poor formally orthodox Lady Le Breton was wholly deficient. The good General had been brought up in the strictest doctrines of the Clapham sect ; he had gone to India young, as a cadet from Haileybury ; and he had applied his intellect all his life long rather to the arduous task of extending " the

blessings of British rule" to Sikhs and Ghoorkas, than to those abstract ethical or theological questions which agitated the souls of a later generation. If a new district had to be assimilated in settlement to the established model of the British *raj*, if a tribe of hill-savages had to be conciliated by gentler means than rifles or bayonets, if a difficult bit of diplomatic duty had to be performed on the debateable frontiers, Sir Owen Le Breton was always the person chosen to undertake it. An earnest, honest, God-fearing man he remained to the end, impressed by a profound sense of duty as he understood it, and a firm conviction that his true business in life consisted in serving his Queen and country, and in bringing more and more of the native populations within the pale of the Company's empire, and the future evangelisation that was ultimately to follow. But during the great upheaval of the Mutiny, he fell at the head of his own unrevolted regiment in one of the hottest battles of that terrible time, and my Lady Le Breton found herself left alone with three young children, on little more than the scanty pension of a general officer's widow on the late Company's establishment.

Happily, enough remained to bring up the boys, with the aid of their terminable annuities (which fell in on their attaining their majority), in decent respect for the feelings and demands of exacting Society; and as the two elder were decidedly clever boys, they managed to get scholarships at Oxford which enabled them to tide over the dangerous intermediate period as far as their degree. Herbert then stepped at once into a fellowship and sundry other good things of like sort; and Ernest was even now trying to follow in his brother's steps, in this particular. Only the youngest boy, Ronald, still remained quite unprovided for. Ronald was a tall pale, gentle, weakly, enthusiastic young fellow of nineteen, with so marked a predisposition to lung disease that it had not been thought well to let him run the chance of over-reading himself; and so he had to be content with remaining at home in the uncongenial atmosphere of Epsilon Terrace, instead of joining his two elder brothers at the university. Uncongenial, because Ronald alone followed Sir Owen in the religious half of his nature, and found the "worldliness" and conventionality of his unflinching mother a serious bar to his enjoyment of home society.

"Ronald," said my lady, at the breakfast-table, on the very morning of Arthur Berkeley's little luncheon party, "here's a letter for you from Mackenzie and Anderson. No doubt your Aunt Sarah's will has been recovered and proved at last, and I hope it'll turn out satisfactory, as we wish it."

"For my part, I really almost hope it won't, mother," said Ronald, turning it over; "for I don't want to be compelled to profit by Ernest's excessive generosity. He's too good to me, just because he thinks me the weaker vessel; but though we must bear one another's burdens, you know, we should each bear his own cross as well, shouldn't we, mother?"

"Well, it can't be much in any case," said his mother, a little testily, "whoever gets it. Open the envelope, at once, my boy, and don't stand looking at it like a goose in that abstracted way."

"Oh, mother, she was my father's only sister, and I'm not in such a hurry to find out how she has disposed of her mere perishing worldly goods," answered Ronald, gravely. "It seems to me a terrible thing that before poor dear good Aunt Sarah is cold in her grave almost, we should be speculating and conjecturing as to what she has done with her poor little trifle of earthly riches."

"It's always usual to read the will immediately after the funeral," said Lady Le Breton, firmly, to whom the ordinary usage of society formed an absolutely unanswerable argument; "and how you, Ronald, who haven't even the common decency to wear a bit of crape around your arm for her—a thing that Ernest himself, with all his nonsensical theories, consents to do—can talk in that absurd way about what's quite right and proper to be done, I for my part really can't imagine."

"Ah, but you know, mother, I object to wearing crape on the ground that it isn't allowable for us to sorrow as them that have no hope; and I'm sure I'm paying no disrespect to dear Aunt Sarah's memory in this matter, for she was always the first herself, you remember, to wish that I should follow the dictates of my own conscience."

"I remember she always upheld you in acts of opposition to your own mother, Ronald," Lady Le Breton said coldly, "and I suppose you're going to do honour to her religious precepts now by not opening that letter when your mother tells you to do so. In my Bible, sir, I find a place for the Fourth Commandment."

Ronald looked at her gently and unrepvingly; but though a quiet smile played involuntarily around the corners of his mouth, he resisted the natural inclination to correct her mistake, and to suggest blandly that she probably alluded to the fifth. He knew he must turn his left cheek also—a Christian virtue which he had abundant opportunities of practising in that household; and he felt that to score off his mother for such a verbal mistake as the one she had just made would not be in keeping with the spirit of the command-

ment to which, no doubt, she meant to refer him. So without another word he opened the envelope, and glanced rapidly at the contents of the letter it enclosed.

"They've found the second will," he said, after a moment, with a rather husky voice, "and they're taking steps to get it confirmed, whatever that may be."

"Broad Scotch for getting probate, I believe," said Lady Le Breton, in a slight tone of irony; for to her mind any departure from the laws or language she was herself accustomed to use, assumed at once the guise of a rank and offensive provincialism. "Your poor Aunt *would* go and marry a Scotchman, and he a Scotch business man too; so of course we must expect to put up with all kinds of ridiculous technicalities and Edinburgh jargon accordingly. All law's bad enough in the way of odd words, but commend me to Scotch law for utter and meaningless incomprehensibility. Well, and what does the second will say, Ronald?"

"There, mother," cried Ronald, flinging the letter down hurriedly with a burst of tears. "Read it yourself, if you will, for I can't. Poor dear Aunt Sarah, and dear, good, unselfish Ernest! It makes me cry even to think of them."

Lady Le Breton took the paper up from the table without a word and read it carefully through. "I'm very glad to hear it," she said, "very glad indeed to hear it. 'And in order to guard against any misinterpretation of my reasons for making this disposition of my property,' your Aunt says, 'I wish to put it on record that I had previously drawn up another will, bequeathing my effects to be divided between my two nephews, Ernest and Ronald Le Breton, equally; that I communicated the contents of that will—a horrid Scotticism—to my nephew Ernest; and that at his express desire I have now revoked it, and drawn up this present testament, leaving the share intended for him to his brother Ronald.' Why, she never even mentions dear Herbert!"

"She knew that Herbert had provided for himself," Ronald answered, raising his head from his hands, "while Ernest and I were unprovided for. But Ernest said he could fight the world for himself, while I couldn't; and that unearned wealth ought only to be accepted in trust for those who were incapacitated by nature or misfortune from earning their own bread. I don't always quite agree with all Ernest's theories any more than you do, but we must both admit that at least he always conscientiously acts up to them himself, mother, mustn't we?"

"It's a very extraordinary thing," Lady Le Breton went on, "that

Aunt Sarah invariably encouraged both you boys in all your absurdities and Quixotisms. She was Quixotic herself at heart, that's the truth of it, just like your poor dear father. I remember once, when we were quartered at Meean Meer in the Punjaub, poor dear Sir Owen nearly got into disgrace with the colonel—he was only a sub. in those days—because he wanted to go trying to convert his syces, which was a most imprudent thing to do, and directly opposed to the Company's orders. Aunt Sarah was just the same. Herbert's the only one of you three who has never given me one moment's anxiety, and of course poor Herbert must be passed over in absolute silence. However, I'm very glad she's left the money to you, Ronald, as you need it the most, and Mackenzie and Anderson say it'll come to about a hundred and sixty a year."

"One can do a great deal of good with that much money," said Ronald meditatively. "I mean, after arranging with you, mother, for the expenses of my maintenance at home, which of course I shall do, as soon as the pension ceases, and after meeting one's own necessary expenditure in the way of clothing and so forth. It's more than any one Christian man ought to spend upon himself, I'm sure."

"It's not at all too much for a young man in your position in society, Ronald; but there—I know you'll want to spend half of it on indiscriminate charity. However, there'll be time enough to talk about that when you've actually got it, thank goodness."

Ronald murmured a few words softly to himself, of which Lady Le Breton only caught the last echo—"laid them down at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need."

"Just like Ernest's communistic notions," she murmured in return, half audibly. "I do declare, between them both, a plain woman hardly knows whether she's standing on her head or on her heels. I live in daily fear that one or other of them will be taken up by the police, for being implicated in some dynamite plot or other, to blow up the Queen or destroy the Houses of Parliament." Ronald smiled again, gently, but answered nothing. "There's another letter for you there, though, with the Exmoor coronet upon it. Why don't you open it? I hope it's an invitation for you to go down and stop at Dunbude for a week or two. Nothing on earth would do you so much good as to get away for a while from your rancers and canters, and mix occasionally in a little decent and rational society."

Ronald took up the second letter with a sigh. He feared as much himself, and had doleful visions of a painful fortnight to be

spent in a big country house, where the conversation would be all concerning the slaughter of pheasants and the torture of foxes, which his soul loathed to listen to. "It's from Lady Hilda," he said, glancing through it, "and it *isn't* an invitation after all." He could hardly keep down a faint tone of gratification as he discovered this reprieve. "Here's what she says :—

"Dear Mr. Le Breton,—Mamma wishes me to write and tell you that Lynmouth's tutor, Mr. Walsh, is going to leave us at Christmas, and she thinks it just possible that one of your two brothers at Oxford might like to come down to Dunbude and give us their kind aid in taking charge of Lynmouth. He's a dreadful pickle, as you know ; but we are very anxious to get somebody to look after him in whom mamma can have perfect confidence. We don't know your brothers' addresses or we would have written to them direct about it. Perhaps you will kindly let them hear this suggestion ; and if they think the matter worth while, we might afterwards arrange details as to business and so forth. With kind regards to Lady Le Breton, believe me,

"Yours very sincerely,

"HILDA TREGELLIS."

"My dear Ronald," said Lady Le Breton, much more warmly than before, "this is really quite providential. Are they at Dunbude now?"

"No, mother. She writes from Wilton Place. They're up in town for Lord Exmoor's gout, I know. I heard they were on Sunday."

"Then I shall go and see Lady Exmoor this very morning about it. It's exactly the right place for Ernest. A little good society will get rid of all his nonsensical notions in a month or two. He's lived too exclusively among his radical set at Oxford. And then it'll be such a capital thing for him to be in the house continually with Hilda ; she's a girl of such excellent tone. I fancy—I'm not quite sure, but I fancy—that Ernest has a decided taste for the company of people, and even of young girls, who are not in Society. He's so fond of that young man Oswald, who Herbert tells me is positively the son of a grocer—yes, I'm sure he said a grocer!—and it seems, from what Herbert writes me, that this Oswald has brought a sister of his up this term from behind the counter, on purpose to set her cap at Ernest. Now you boys have, unfortunately, no sisters, and therefore you haven't seen as much of girls of a good stamp—not daily and domestically I mean—as is desirable for you, from the point of view

of Society. But if Ernest can only be induced to take this tutorship at the Exmoors', he'll have an opportunity of meeting daily with a really nice girl, like Hilda ; and though of course it isn't likely that Hilda would take a fancy to her brother's tutor—the Exmoors are such *very* conservative people in matters of rank and wealth and family and so forth—quite un-Christianly so, I consider—yet it can't fail to improve Ernest's tone a great deal, and raise his standard of female society generally. It's really a very distressing thought to me, Ronald, that all my boys, except dear Herbert, should show such a marked preference for low and vulgar companionship. It seems to me, you both positively prefer as far as possible the society of your natural inferiors. There's Ernest must go and take up with the friendship of that snuffy old German Socialist glass-cutter ; while you are always running after your Plymouth Brethren and your Bible Christians, and your other ignorant fanatical people, instead of going with me respectably to St. Alphege's to hear the dear Arch-deacon ! It's very discouraging to a mother, really, very discouraging."

(To be continued.)

SALVINI ON SHAKESPEARE.

THERE are perhaps few matters on which critics are so unanimous as in their praise of the great Italian actor's impersonations of Shakespeare. Englishmen, Americans, Italians, there is but one voice, one chorus of homage; and, if exception is perhaps taken here and there at some trifling point, the very nature of the objections raised proves how thoroughly the actor has carried away his hearers. Of peculiar interest therefore is it that the great actor has quite recently been induced by the editor of a leading Italian weekly journal to put on paper the reasons why he has interpreted as he has the various Shakespearean characters played by him. For Signor Salvini has this in common with Mr. Irving, that he is a thoughtful and cultured actor, who trusts to reason and criticism as much as to spontaneity in his impersonations, though in *his* case art is so absolutely veiled that it is almost impossible to believe that these marvellous creations should be aught else but intuitions. It was not easy to induce Signor Salvini to put to paper his views. "I would have preferred," he says, "to have remained always and ever the interpreter of Shakespearean characters upon the stage only, but you have played me the naughty trick to incite me, spur me on, I would almost say force me, to write. Well, I have now written, and I have written more to please my compatriotic and foreign friends than to please myself, more from good nature than from vainglory." What a man, he exclaims, is this William Shakespeare! "At his name my pen trembles in my hand, so do I revere this great genius. I am, however, comforted and encouraged by the great love I bear for him, and for whose sake he will pardon me if I venture to make him the object of my poor thoughts." Not but what he is well aware that there is little, nay nothing, new that can be now said of Shakespeare, analysed and annotated as he has been these past three hundred years; but he says— if we could see him he doubtless shrugged his shoulders in true Italian fashion over these words—but what would you have? I am to write, so I write. The course of our paper will allow our readers to judge whether they have not got cause to be grateful to the editor for his *insistence*.

One of the many opinions, says Signor Salvini, that seem to him erroneous and yet which he hears repeated so often is this, that those who do not know the English language cannot interpret the works of Shakespeare. Beyond question the translations must cede in value to the originals, but that, in his opinion, does not preclude the means of extracting the thoughts, interpreting the characters, and immersing oneself in the personages. Since the poet located his plays now in Italy, now in Denmark, England, Scotland, Bohemia, leaving free room to every nation to interpret its own personages according to its own customs, surely this proved he desired to be a cosmopolitan poet. Therefore to restrict to the Anglo-Saxon race the faculty of alone worthily interpreting him seems to our writer to impoverish him, to deny to him the world-fame he has acquired. After a disquisition, familiar to English readers, upon the conditions under which Shakespeare's plays were first produced, Signor Salvini goes on to state his conviction that if the poet had lived in our day he would have changed his plays not a little in form and measure, and that we should not see on the stage various things that would now be left to the imagination of the cultured and intelligent spectator. In support of his opinion Signor Salvini cites the following example:—"To what end, I ask, is the first scene of the first act in 'Hamlet,' where the ghost shows himself to Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo? Do not these three recount to Hamlet in the second scene of the same act that which they have seen? Now, if we admitted that there were in Shakespeare's days actors able enough to describe and depict with truth the horror and dismay they experienced at the unexpected apparition, if we admit an intelligent audience educated in dramatic recitation, would not this episode, thus left entirely to the imagination, prove grander and truer, and this too without the action losing any of its importance?" And the Italian goes so far as to think we should make this amendment and exclude totally from the boards the shadowy actor. "What a much greater illusion it would be," he says, "if, feigning to hear the words the ghost addresses to him, Hamlet repeated them to himself, impelled by the force of the impression, and if the others pretended to see him, and he thus remained invisible to the eyes of the public. You would not then hear resounding on the boards the measured and heavy steps of this simulated shadow, which is all else but transparent and airy, not see a vacillating electric light, which serves but to show up yet more clearly the flesh and blood of this false paste-board-clothed ghost." Signor Salvini anticipates the objections that devout and pedantic admirers will make. They will say, "Shakespeare desired it thus,

and thus we must do." "No," he replies; "he would have done otherwise, but was forced by the conditions of his time to make this concession to the public. Now that times have changed and taste is more refined, why not liberate ourselves from these shams, which to my idea do harm to the progress of truth and beauty in art? I do not mean to exclude them entirely, as thus I should destroy the fundamental conception of the tragedy, but I should like to modify them so as to harmonise with modern exigencies. And what I say of this refers to all the supernatural and incredible things we encounter in the poet whose practical execution harms the ideal of the audience. That is why I allow myself to hide from the eyes of the spectators the death of Desdemona. Art is impotent to render truthfully this terrible struggle. To render it well, it would be needful to suffocate an actress each time that Othello is acted, and I do not believe, notwithstanding their love for their art and their veneration for the author, that I could cite one who would lend herself to this." On this account Signor Salvini prefers to carry on the action in the background, and to leave its horrors to the fantasy of the public. Another scene in "Othello" is entirely omitted by the actor, on the ground that this was purely written for an audience difficult of perception—namely, that in which Cassio relates to Iago his adventures with Bianca, misconstrued by the listening Othello. "Does it seem probable," says Signor Salvini, "that a man of the fiery and violent temper of the Moor could have restrained himself, hearing the story of what he deemed his dishonour from the lips of its author? To keep in this scene is to the detriment of Othello's character." He then proceeds to point out how in Cintio Giraldi's legend, whence Shakespeare borrowed his story, this scene does not occur.

Another licence Signor Salvini permits himself is in the second scene of the second act of "Macbeth." Is it probable, he asks, that Macbeth would have chosen to tell the tale of his bloody deed in the courtyard of the castle, where he might be overheard and also seen at any moment in his blood-stained guise, and thus lose the fruits of his deed? No; the first instinct of a man who has committed a crime is to hide himself, and the abuse of too frequent change of scene, common in Shakespeare, would in this case be only too amply justified. The actor goes on to say he could cite more such instances of anachronism or improbability, but he refrains. It is neither his will nor desire to criticise the great poet, whose faults, after all, are mere spots on the sun, that does not on their account the less illuminate the universe. *He only desires to prove how thoroughly*

he has studied his characters, how completely he has striven to realise the situations. "Before undertaking the study of the characters of Hamlet, Macbeth, King Lear, and Othello, I consulted the legends whence the poet had obtained his themes, I had all the English and German commentaries and criticisms translated for me, and read the Italian, French, and Spanish ones. The two first were obscure and so extraordinarily at variance among themselves that I could not form an exact criterion; the Italian sinned from the same cause and from their pretensions to be an infallible judgment; the French were vague, airy, and full of gallic fantasticalities. The descendants of Cervantes and Lope de Vega persuaded me most, but, all things considered, I resolved to interrogate no other commentator on these English works but Shakespeare himself. Oh, artists of the dramatic world, do not confuse your minds by seeking for the sources of his various characters! It is from his well alone that you can quench your ardour to know. Go direct to him, study him in every phrase with diligent patience. Do not tire. When you think you have done, recommence, persevere. Shakespeare is never studied too much."

Signor Salvini now proceeds to speak of "Hamlet." This much-discussed, much-criticised play is that Shakespearean one perhaps the least adapted to commend itself to a Southern mind, which loves precision and clearness, and has little sympathy with the Northern twilight mists of thought. Signor Salvini has, however, honestly tried to think himself into Hamlet's character, and has arrived at the result that the keynote of this play is the force of thought above action. He arrives at this by mental and physical deductions concerning the hero. Recalling what is related of his appearance, he decides that Hamlet's temperament was of the lymphatic-nervous kind, of which the natural results are hesitations, a timorousness and uncertainty, and inaction. "Well educated, richly endowed with imagination, his mind is in continual strife with his nerves and his scanty blood. He is a conception rather than a character. A man like Hamlet has never existed nor could exist. . . . Admitting him, however, as a possible character, every one will judge him under diverse aspects, as most persons interpret or represent him in diverse ways. He lends himself admirably to suppositions and conceits of which the author had probably no notion. One person wishes that he should become really mad, another thinks that he feigns it as a scheme; another regards him as the adumbration of cold-blooded calculation; another as the ardent investigator of occult things; one as severe, another as dutiful to his mother; one as irreligiously reflective concerning holy mysteries;

another as devout; in brief, Hamlet is the chameleon who changes colour according to the light in which he is viewed." Let us consult Shakespeare, says Signor Salvini; and the result of his investigations leads the actor to the conclusion that Hamlet feigns to be mad in order to carry out his father's injunctions without making the change in his habits too remarkable, and that, in order to render his feigning more profitable, he elects to be a monomaniac, a mixture of extravagances and *doubles entendre*—in fact, the method in his madness which Polonius detected. Then, does not Hamlet himself bid the Queen tell her lord, "That I essentially am not in madness, but mad in craft"? "After this confession," writes Signor Salvini, "how can any one persist in believing that Hamlet is really mad? It is certain that the constant tension of his researches often wearies his mind, so that he thinks to rave and goes in search of repose for his thoughts, be it in deriding the courtiership of Polonius, or in revealing ironically the simulation of his false friends, or in inviting the comedians to declaim a passage of dramatic poetry. A madman does not seek the means not to augment his madness." In brief, the Italian regards Hamlet as one whose leaden weight of thoughts renders his body inactive and vacillating for action; "remove from him this burden, and as by enchantment you see him rush to act, and he is able to decide to kill the King simply when he learns that approaching death will make an end of thought. He says, 'Venom, to thy work,' to which I add, interpreting the value of this phrase, 'Destroy his life together with my hesitations.' It is not easy to the artist to conceive and make manifest to the public this philosophical conception. It rarely happens to me that I can make it intelligible and clear to an entire audience. It is painful to an actor to read or hear such remarks as 'This is not the Hamlet of Shakespeare,' without any explanation, thus depriving the studious artist of the opportunity of accepting or refuting the criticism. For me, I repeat, he is the force of thought above action. Free to others to think differently."

Macbeth's character according to the Italian actor is the absolute antithesis of that of Hamlet. If Hamlet may be defined as "force of thought above action," the conception of Macbeth may be defined as that of "force of action above thought. It is always Shakespeare who leads me observe these things by his own words. Thus he makes his protagonist say in the second act: 'Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. I go and it is done;' and in the third: 'Strange things I have in head, that will to hand, which must be acted, ere they can be scanned;' and again in the fourth act he

say, "The mighty purpose never is a dream, unless the deed go with it. To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done." It seems to me that my definition has no need of further commentary.

Macbeth, he points out, is a man who would have hesitated at nothing. Had noble deeds been required for him to attain his end, he would have flooded the kingdom with them. If he hesitated a second before murdering Duncan, it was that he revolted at the thought of assassination, of killing without opposition. When he sees the spectre, what he craves is peace from such disturbances, not expiation. The upshot of his conversation with the doctor proves, according to Signor Salvini, that he does not repent of what he has done, but that the visions disturb him, and that he defies them, combats them, and conquers them with his strong spirit. "He is grand, this sanguinary ambitious man!" But superstition is his Achilles' heel, and by it he falls. "If I sought a comparison with a similar character, I should cite the son of Pope Alexander VI., the famous Duke Valentino, Ciesar Borgia, who, like Macbeth, could find no other means to maintain his power but poison and arms; but he committed low deeds and obscenities not imputable to Macbeth, and therefore the usurper of the Scotch throne, for all his ferocity, appears more majestic. When I read this grand tragedy for the first time, I expected to see the somnambulist scene of the wife followed by one of the husband, and it was quite difficult to persuade myself of the contrary. It seems extravagant this effect produced on my mind, but yet it seems to me justifiable. The somnambulist scene takes place at the beginning of the fifth act, and up to then neither the waiting maid nor the doctor has given a hint of such a condition. No one expects it or has reason to foresee it." It is Lady Macbeth who has ever been the strong one, who has called him coward, laughed at his hallucinations, "never a single word of remorse or repentance from her lips. How then comes this resolute woman suddenly to falsify the terrible but grand impression the audience has formed of her up to now? And why has the author, so carefully observant to maintain his characters the same from beginning to end, made an exception for Lady Macbeth? Is it ill-conceivable for her weak and vacillating? It may be: but this scene was not originally composed for Macbeth, and afterwards changed for the benefit of some actor or actresses were not then employed, who perhaps, did not think the part he had to sustain important. I thank him from my heart for having taken it from it, for the burden of this role is sufficiently exorbitant."

An original idea certainly on Signor Salvini's part. What will the Shakespeare critics say to it?

Upon no character is the Italian more interesting than that of Lear, which, after Othello, is his finest impersonation. As is well known, his rendering differs in essential respects from the traditional one. The play of "King Lear" is for him the embodiment of the force of human ingratitude, and in his renderings he remains ever faithful to the keynotes he thus establishes for himself. Lear's act in distributing his kingdom between his children, judged by so many commentators as one of mental alienation, has ever seemed to Signor Salvini as the natural act of a generous and confiding heart. In our days such an act might be foolish, when daughters receive a perhaps too liberal education, and a change of affection could arise; but in those times, with the ideas and traditions current then, the love and respect due to a father, and moreover a royal father, was little short of that due to the Almighty. And for the same reason Signor Salvini finds it quite natural that Lear should disinherit Cordelia, who offended against all custom and good breeding in thus insulting him before his whole Court. His action to her may be called irate and unreasoned, but never foolish, and it is but natural to a proud, impetuous, violent, and autocratic character. "Neither must we judge Lear in other respects like an octogenarian of our day. Most actors represent him as senile in body and mind. I, on the contrary, hold him to be one of those centenarian oaks from which the violence of the winds and the fury of the storms may pluck the leaves, but whose stems and trunk remain vigorous and tenacious." In those times old men were more robust and vigorous. How could Lear be feeble and go to the chase or ride on horseback, as we learn he did? Further, how could a weak old man resist all the mental emotions and privations he is made to endure? And the Italian then proves by quotations from the play that this view of Lear as feeble in body and mind is not justified. He goes on: "Let us now look at it from the æsthetic point of view of histrionic art. When the public is presented from the beginning with a poor sickly old man, paralytic and asthmatic, imbecile and bowed down with the weight of years, whence should the contrast come? Whence the interest and compassion for his successive ill-fortunes? Such an old man would simply weary us, and we could only wish him the release of a speedy death, for he is too far gone to feel the bitterness of his woes. Beyond doubt this tedious effect is produced on the audience if we represent this character after the mode of various contemporary actors, based upon the pernicious custom of imitating each other.

. . . To my mind, it is needful to make the public understand how King Lear, although so generous, remains ever the majestic irascible autocrat we learnt to know in the first act ; how in the second, feeling keenly the double and backsliding ingratitude, he becomes more father than king, and how finally, in the third act, his physical sufferings making him forget somewhat his moral ones, he is altogether the father, and shows himself as a man who reacts against rebellious nature. These three phases of Lear's character are precisely those which prevent monotony, and which, I repeat, render his figure interesting and not painful. Behold therefore the necessity of representing him as robust and strong in the beginning, distressed and agitated in the next, enfeebled and touching in the end. I do not think to err when I say that the artistic difficulty of the rôle consists not in interpreting it, but in following these three phases. There is in dramatic art a familiar precept that enjoins the gradual augmentation of effects as the action unfolds, so that the catastrophe becomes more incisive, and every artist should reserve his powers towards this end. In King Lear it is impossible to observe this precept without falling into improbability ; it prescribes just the contrary, since King Lear is vigorous in the first act and must gradually decline. There are some who represent him as a lunatic, which is a fault ; some as a demoniac, which is an error. To me his mind seems unhinged by ingratitude, and strengthened by the adversity of the elements. It it were not so, the mere sight of Cordelia could not restore him so quickly. His is merely the bewilderment of an overtaxed brain, which resumes its normal state when in the filial reverence and affection of Cordelia it finds the salutary herb." The greatest difficulty of all, says the actor, lies in the fifth act, the need to lower the effects as commanded by the play, to heighten them as commanded by histrionic art—in fact, through physical weakness to reveal once more the last flickering of an expiring torch. How this should be done, says Signor Salvini, cannot be taught ; it is a question of feeling and inspiration. "And it was this inspiration I had to wait for for five years, and perhaps after all have waited uselessly, since it is not certain that I manifest to my audience this my conception of the rôle. I do not deny that the time is long, and that, if all the interpretations of great characters should occupy so much, the repertory of an artist would be very limited." Even now, he adds, he cannot feel sure of himself in this rôle, so strongly does he feel its difficulties, and has to trust at the last to his nerves and his momentary emotions. Yet another point he would emphasise—namely, that though he persists in representing Lear at the beginning as robust, he does not admit that he kept so to the end,

and would be able to carry the dead body of Cordelia, as all other actors represent. "My *confrères* must forgive me; but how is it credible that an old man, broken by so many misfortunes and so near to death, could have such herculean strength? And you, critics, should more than all admit the improbability of such an action—you who desire the protagonist to be feeble from the beginning. I think that Lear, not allowing any one else to touch the beloved body, must drag it with difficulty, nor hide this extreme difficulty from the spectators, which to my mind gives greater naturalness to the act and increases the effect. And now I crave eternal peace for this generous, proud, and unhappy king, desiring that he should revive by means of the breath of some artist who, better than I, can render him admirable and pitiful."

That Signor Salvini's conception of Othello is a noble one, that he does not represent him the feeble plaything of inane jealousy our actors habitually do, is well known. He takes Coleridge's view, that Othello's agonised doubt is something far removed from this lower feeling. His character, according to Salvini and Coleridge, was noble, naturally trustful, retaining a kind of great innocence of soul; for though he had known ill fortune he had not known evil. He therefore believed all men true who seemed true, and hence Iago could take him in. Not the Iago, however, as he is usually and falsely represented. Signor Salvini shows how he should not be brought on the stage as the traditional villain. He should be so represented that he takes in the audience also, so that they too must remain in doubt whether he speaks true or false. As ordinarily represented, he makes Othello appear a fool; for how could he credit or hold honest this patent Mephistopheles? He ought to be a medal on which is chased on the obverse a cross, on the inverse a Lucifer—Faith and Falsehood. If he is not rightly played he does incalculable harm to his captain's simple character. Love, not jealousy, is for Signor Salvini the keynote of the play. Othello's love for Desdemona is the love of father, son, brother, friend, as well as husband. She is for him the embodiment of peace, his haven of rest. "It is a great error to regard him as the embodiment of Southern jealousy. Othello was neither more nor less jealous than any man would be who adored his wife, be he Southerner or Northerner. Why? Because he suspected. But has he not heard enough insinuations to lead him to suspect? . . . To my mind he has heard enough to make a Mormon suspect!"

His love was poetical and not sensual; his was not the vulgar jealousy of knowing that another possessed his wife, but the agony

of losing the fount of his life, the treasure of his heart, in which he would live and die. He is irascible, vehement in his ire, but even in his crime he is true to that loyalty of mind which, according to Signor Salvini, is the keynote of his character. He constitutes himself Desdemona's judge and executioner because he cannot tolerate that she who has betrayed father and husband should live to betray others. In the interest of society he kills her. His error made clear to him, he remains loyal; he neither desires to excuse nor extenuate his action, and prefers only to kill himself as he preferred himself to kill Desdemona. On the subject of these two deaths, Signor Salvini says he is impelled to go into more personal details than he cares for, but he finds it needful to explain why he has departed and ever shall depart from the traditional modes of acting. For tradition, he frankly declares, he cares nothing unless it rests on reason, and in these cases he does not find any reason. Now in the case of Desdemona's death it is commonly supposed that, seeing her suffer too much from the slow process of suffocation, Othello thrusts his poignard into her bosom. This, says the Italian, is in direct opposition to his determination not to harm her snow-white breast. It is true Othello says: "I would not have thee linger in thy pain, so—so;" but this does not argue that he stabbed her. In his opinion the "so—so" indicates his action of putting his knees on her breast to accelerate the end. How severely this action of Signor Salvini's has been criticised, how entirely its motives have been misinterpreted, we all know. "In any case," he says, "killed thus or thus, she speaks again. Oh blessed genius of Shakespeare, why dost thou give us so much to think of by thy fantastic flights! Thou hast desired, though knowing its improbability, to give the last touch of generous goodness to thy Desdemona by letting her accuse herself of homicide, so that her cruel but ever-dear husband be not punished. It is a sublime idea thou wouldst manifest, but to the detriment of truth."

And now as to his own mode of dying. His reasons for adopting it are threefold, derived in the first instance from the customs of the African peoples who disembowel or cut the throats of their enemies; the second, that the shape of their weapons lends itself more to cutting than to stabbing; the third, that Shakespeare does not impose the manner of killing, but simply lets his hero say, "I took by the throat the circumcised dog and smote him—thus." "Since, therefore, he indicates the throat, it seems to me quite natural that the action follows the idea, and that the stroke given thus is given to the throat. A fourth and last reason is that the opponents of my mode of death adduce only two frivolous reasons for not admitting it, and they are



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that a man who has cut his throat can no longer speak, as if it was needful, in order to die, to cut the carotid completely, as if it were not enough to wound an artery. The other, still less convincing, touches the ridiculous ; it is tradition, to which, with all due respect, I cannot submit myself."

Thus Signor Salvini. That an actor so mentally and physically gifted should now be bidding farewell for ever to the stage is a circumstance that cannot be too much deplored, and our regret is but increased by reading his papers and learning what careful thought and study has been bestowed on his splendid impersonations.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

HISTORY IN LITTLE.

PART II.

THE thirty years' convention between Biella and the House of Savoy ended in 1409; but as it had worked well it was renewed, the Biellese now taking the oath of allegiance for perpetuity. They included, as before, the circumjacent towns and villages over which they claimed local lordship. In 1427 Amedeo VIII. took from Biella one or two of her little townships to give them to the old hard mistress Vercelli, besides levying a tax which crippled the resources of the Biellese commune. At the same time remonstrance or interference was strictly forbidden. Vernato, a small insignificant hamlet, proved however to have the heart of a giant if but the stature of a pigmy. She boldly sided with Biella in her griefs, and entered into an alliance—illimitably funny considering the size of the contracting parties—wherein she agreed henceforth "to share her burdens and her honours, her vicissitudes of fortune either for good or for evil, her pleasures and her pains, her privileges and her tributes, her immunities and her expenses, her freedoms and her charges, her exemptions and her imposts."

So things went on, til! one of the communities, carried along by Biella in her train, revolted from her authority, and set the thorns beneath the pot crackling loudly. This was Andorno.

In the first compact of 1379, Andorno was included as not only yielded with Biella to Savoy, but also as under the power of Biella for the administration of justice—a most important as well as a most cherished right—and for the regulation of her own communal matters. Also she was rated at a yearly impost of three hundred golden ducats, as her quota of the hearth-tax imposed by Amedeo on Biella. Now in those days, "when money was scarce, and consequently dear, agriculture almost entirely neglected, the art of stock-raising and herding forgotten, when arts and industries were abandoned, and the expenses for fortifications and other things always on the increase," a sum of three hundred golden ducats from such a place as Andorno was a very large one to raise. On account of this tax, then, as well as for the insult offered to her independence

in the matter of her criminals, and the damage done to her prosperity by the suppression of her weekly market which she had had from the most ancient times—suppressed to enable that at Biella to flourish more vigorously—Andorno rebelled. She also, with no light loss to herself, had freed herself from the chains of the Church at Vercelli; and she had no idea of submitting to a new feudal lord in the person of the commune of Biella. She rebelled in vain. Amedeo VIII., the Peaceable, instigated by Biella, which after all was the more important town of the two, forbade the Andornese to hold their weekly market; and the Bailiff of Bruges came into the recalcitrant valley, where, assembling the men in the market-place, he ordered the men gathered round in an agitated crowd to submit themselves to Biella; to accept her suzerainty in the matter of justice, taxes, laws, and the like; and to take the oath of allegiance to the House of Savoy, together with and under the leadership of the Biellese notables.

But the hardy Andornese honoured their local liberty before all else, and preferred to be torn away from their lands and families rather than forego the rights of a free commune and free citizens self-governed at the bidding of that arrogant little city on the heights. Biella arrested the consoli or chief men of Andorno, and took them before the chief judge of the district, who refused to release them until they had taken the oath required. Oath or no oath, bending to the storm they could not resist, or standing erect under pressure, the Andornese had always the intention to rebel, and the hope to get free. Quarrels between them and Biella were rife; and the sovereign was perpetually called on to settle disputes which must have seemed to him something like the quarrels between the pigmies and the cranes. All his awards were in favour of Biella. The sacredness of authority and the right of might had to be upheld at all costs; and the virtues of patience and submission are those on which all rulers of all times have laid the greatest stress. Nothing, however, quenched the indomitable spirit of the Andornese, and when, in the last appeal to the supreme authority, Biella was once more upheld in her tyranny by Duke Charles I., the Warrior—he who had at first allowed the Andornese to hold their weekly market, and then had revoked the patent—they broke out into open violence; and confusion, murders, vendettas, and aggressions of all kinds were the order of the day. Then Biella thought to take the thing seriously in hand, and quell for ever the spirit of rebellion which in her own case had brought her liberty, autonomy, success; but with which, in the case of her “vassal,” blood and fire were not too strong measures to deal.

One morning at the end of February 1486 a numerous caval-

cade set forth from the gate of Riva di Biella to force on the reluctant little township the ducal patent which deprived it of its rights and privileges. The mayor and the judges, the leading men of the commune, the guards and men-at-arms told off for their service and protection, and half the male population of Biella, poured forth from the city gates while the morning sun shone on the snowy hills around and brightened every branch and twig of the frosted trees. With tramp of horse and clattering of arms, with tread of men and loud hum of voices, they wound up the steep way by the side of the dashing Cervo, and so into the valley where the rebellious Andornese talked sedition and practised defiance, and would not submit tamely to loss and wrong. The great bell of Andorno sounded loud and long. It was the tocsin—the signal which each man of the community had sworn to obey, whenever it should sound, as to-day, summoning them to fight for their liberties. From mountain height and narrow valley they all came pouring down; till every male capable of bearing arms stood in a serried mass in the Piazza to oppose the Biellese host, defying both the ducal patent and the men-at-arms. They would not obey the one and they would not yield to the other. Let God defend the right—and have at them with a will!

The fight to-day in the beautiful valley of Andorno was long and hard, but it ended in the defeat of the Andornese, among whose seven dead history records the name of one woman. Let us give her the honour she earned that day under the shadow of the mountains and for the priceless gain of freedom. Other women have had their immortality, why not poor Agostina Levera? this obscure Piedmontese heroine, fighting for the liberties of her native township as Boadicea fought for her kingdom, as Joan of Arc fought for her country. It was but a poor, unnoted, obscure little life that went out under the sunshine of that February day, but individual worth is not measured by cosmic value, and an obscure heroine is as great in herself as, if less important to others than, the most famous of history.

Biella won in the fray, but Andorno was none the more submissive. The valiant little place still stood out, and at last the Warrior Duke appointed a Commission of his own to inquire into matters from a disinterested point of view. On this Commission, by the way, served Matteo Meschiatis, brother of the Augustine friar who wrote "*Dies iræ, dies illa.*" The result was, of course, the continued support given to Biella. And the Duke, though he was wise and just and made good laws—specially one against fraudulent bankrupts—endorsed the verdict of his Commissioners and forced Andorno to

submit. This was the Duke who called himself King of Cyprus on the death of his aunt Caterina, the widow of Luigi di Savoia, who was said to have been poisoned (1490) by his old enemy, the Marchese di Saluzzo, whom he had conquered and despoiled. He was buried at Vercelli, where his tomb still is, and he was the father of S. Amedeo.

Meanwhile great things were stirring the deeper waters of Italian life. Lorenzo de' Medici in Florence broke all the laws and fostered all the arts, and Savonarola refused to give him absolution unless he repented and restored what he had taken from others. The Borgias in Rome disgraced the humanity they outraged and degraded. The Turks were to the front, and both Venice and Naples trembled at the power of the Crescent which the Cross had not yet subdued. St. Peter's was built, and Michael Angelo and Raffaele stripped the palaces and temples of the old Romans to adorn the churches and houses of the new. Lucrezia Borgia had lived and died, leaving a name which has become a byword until of late years, when her repute has been rehabilitated. The French had poured into Italy under Charles VIII., and after triumph and conquest, ravage and retaliation, had been forced back to their own homes. Down in our small villages and towns beneath the shadow of the mountains, echoes of these larger strifes troubled the quiet days of citizen and burgher, and no one knew whose turn would come next, and where the violence of lawless men would end. Between Andorno and Biella nothing was changed. In 1561 the hatred of the Andornese against the men of the rival city was so great that they declared they would rather give themselves up to the dreaded Turk than submit to their old enemy not three English miles away. By dint of their constancy, the struggle having lasted for one hundred and eighty-two years, they finally got freed and were given their own autonomy. So now Andorno was suffered to have her municipality ; her own statutes, administration, and administrators ; her weekly market ; her laws, lawgivers, and executive ; and to be free of Biella save in the general business of the State, as relating to the sovereign House of Savoy, the officials of which resided at Biella.

Hard conditions, however, were made ; and if the Andornese wanted their local liberties they had to smart for them pretty sharply. They were obliged to pay a yearly tax of a thousand golden crowns and of a hundred waggons of salt, and to bear their share in all other taxes and imposts. And this was almost like grinding them to powder. Then came a famine, as the natural consequence of these long-continued wars ; and miseries of another kind were heaped on

them. Wanting the first necessaries of life, they starved and died like sheep. The old people and the little children fell off first; and the strong men followed. But still the courage of this brave little place never failed its stalwart sons, and they pulled through their bad time like heroes, content if they had but Liberty. Of all small local histories there is surely none which shows a more manful spirit, more courage, tenacity, devotion, and high-heartedness, than that of this small, unknown, obscure Piedmontese township!

There is a grim little story of this time—how Don Emmanuele di Savoia died in 1652, in Andorno, in the most miserable condition. He was left for four days in a wretched cabin, no one offering to bury him; and at last he was buried with ignominious parsimony by the commune. The original document is so odd that I give it as I find it in “La Storia di Biella,” by Severino Pozzo; from which book and Sismondi’s “Italian Republics,” together with Gallenga’s “Fra Dolcino,” I have taken most of my material, save what I picked up by word of mouth on the spot:—

“Excellentissimus D. Emanuel a Sabaudia, filius Celsitudinis Caroli Emanuelis Ducis Sabaudiae, soluit Deo debitum reffectus sacramentis et die octava exportatus statim in campanile a 6 ore di notte in una casia ove stette 4 giorni e nessuno cercava di farlo sepellire, che toccò alla comunità a farli il funerale, cioè misero X torchie di oncie 10 l’una e il sabato poi di notte li 12 sudetto per aver io detto di farlo portar fori di chiesa non che del campanile perchè jam fetebat, andò Giovanni Virla ed il staffier Vercellono a cacciarlo in un monumento di mio cognato, e il Cav. Pissina mandato da madama per soccorso con 100 doppie non spese un soldo, anzi portò via tutte le sue robbe, mobili di casa e cavalli, meno pagò nessun religioso, ma come dico fu sepolto miseramente. Talis vita, similis exitus. (Io Petrus Franc. Bagnasaccas Concuratus.)”

We must now go back a little way. In 1527 Filippo Torinella, a noted free-lance from Novara, ravaged all the lands belonging to Biella, and prepared to attack the town itself, but was bought off by a gift of 3,150 florins. He then withdrew to beyond the Sesia, where he promised his soldiers a rich booty; and performed his promises at the expense of the unhappy citizens and cultivators of the district round about. In 1521—to go back a small step still—Marshal de Brissac, who had command of the French army in Piedmont, came to Biella and concluded a secret alliance with Filiberto Fieschi, il Marchese di Masserano, on condition of certain moneys to be paid to the Most Christian King (Francis I.), and certain services to be rendered by the Marchese, the Biellese, and *tutti quanti* for the

honour of the alliance. In return for which black-mail they were to be held free from sack and pillage. But after a time il Marchese Masserano began to play that double game which generally ends in losing the stakes, and, in trying to ride two horses at once, came ignominiously to the ground. Coquetting with Spain, England, and Savoy against the French, his schemes were discovered, and the King wrote to De Thermes, then governor of Piedmont, ordering him to seize the Marchese and take possession of the Castle and Piazza of Biella, where he was to be found, then to carry him off to the stronghold of Zumaglia. Accordingly De Thermes ordered twenty of his officers to put on coats of mail under their doublets, and go into the Piazza on pretence of having to speak to him, De Thermes, as he was dining with the Marchese. After which they were to post themselves, six by the door of the grand hall, and the rest on the stairs. His captain of the guard, with thirty trusty soldiers, was to come into the courtyard as if to accompany him on his afternoon ride. Two captains, with three hundred arquebusiers, were to be at two hundred paces from the castle, ready to swarm in at the faintest noise of resistance. All was done as was ordered, and the meshes of the net were securely laid across the feet of the Marchese. He, hearing an unusual noise below as the thirty soldiers trooped into the courtyard and disarmed his own guard, rose from table to go to the balcony and look out to see what it all meant; when suddenly the twenty officers broke into the room and surrounded him and his son. And then De Thermes declared his orders from the King, and told the Marchese that he was his prisoner, and must be taken to Masserano—or Zumaglia, should that castle please him better. Fortunately for one poor victim of tyranny Masserano chose the castle of Zumaglia, by which the hideous fate of Francesco Pecchio was brought to the light of day and the execration of history. Francesco Pecchio, sometimes called captain, had incurred the wrath of the Marchese for having executed an order of Duke Charles III. against him; and the Marchese was not a man to forgive. He therefore had Francesco Pecchio assaulted by certain of his bravos as he went from Vercelli to Asigliano, and brought alive to the castle of Zumaglia, where he was cast into a small, dark, filthy dungeon, to be seen to this day. The horse was wounded and let loose; and as it made its way home, bleeding and riderless, the supposition was natural that Pecchio had been set on and slain. Two men unfriendly to him were arrested; tortured in the good old way; in their tortures confessed themselves guilty of his assassination; and were hanged out of hand, to the comfort of the *bereaved family*. Some time after the wife married again; the

sons came of age, sold the father's lands and spent the money; while poor Francesco Pecchio was living in a hole not six feet square, where his food—bread and water—was let down to him by a hole at the top, when it was not forgotten altogether.

For twenty years this man lived in this manner, and when the French general took the castle he was found. White as a dead man, with long grey hair and beard, a living skeleton, blind, dazed, weak, alive and no more, the poor fellow was taken out of his living grave, cleansed, fed, and gradually brought back to humanity. But when he went back to his own old home, his wife refused to receive or recognise him, and his lands were denied him. He brought a lawsuit against both his wife and the holders of his lands; and recovered all of which he had been deprived. His wife was ordered to leave her present husband and take back her lawful skeleton; the holders of his lands had to give them up, for all that they had paid for them honestly and the purchase-money had been spent. Sure never was there a more disastrous resurrection! but *fiat justitia*; and poor Pecchio had suffered so much it was only fair that he should be compensated in some sort at the end. The old castle is now a mere ruin, but part of the foundations can be traced, and this dungeon still exists.

Of late years another little romance was connected with the castle. The people who passed below the hill on which it stands heard a dull thumping noise, which they thought to be ghosts or "masche"—evil spirits—and from which they fled in terror; for ghosts are plentiful hereabouts and the "masche" are malicious. These ghosts, however, were substantial bodies of flesh and blood hammering at false money. After a time they were effectually exorcised by the carabinieri, who are not superstitious.

The French stayed four years in Biella, and, invaders as they were, did a great deal of good in developing the Biellese resources. They set up a brisk trade between this city and Lyons, and gave the freedom of the city of Lyons to the Biellese traders who frequented her markets. Hence the expression "Francese di Biella." They also improved the cloth-weaving which then, as now and for some centuries before 1558, when the Biellese were admitted as Lyonese citizens, was and has been the main industry of the town. So that out of evil came good, and from the invader national advantage.

Laws were strict and savage in those days, even when they were made for the public good. In 1586, S.A. la Duchessa di Savoia, Margherita of France, made a severe decree against any one in Biella who should go about at night without a light; and also commanded

all the foreign bandits then in the city to leave at once under pain of the harshest penalties.

In speaking of laws we will muddle up our chronology a little. A century or two in these times, when history went so slowly, does not much modify the condition of things.

"Madama Reale," Cristina of France, a kind of Messalina in her way—with as many lovers as there were handsome men who passed before her eyes; and cunning little subtleties for those who might have inconvenient memories—Madama Reale was very careful of the lives and morals of her subjects, as well as scrupulously exact in all her religious duties and tenacious in her beliefs. After the military night-call had been sounded no one was allowed to go about the city without an open lanthorn under pain of a hundred golden crowns for each person, or "tre tratti di corda" in public (hoisting up to a certain height by ropes) in default. Only two persons might go with a candle or a lanthorn, only four with a torch. The same alternative penalty of a fine or hoisting by the cord was awarded to inn-keepers, tavern-keepers, and keepers of hired chambers generally if they lodged or fed any "donna gioconda"; if after the fifth hour of the night (eleven o'clock) they entertained any one not already in the house; or if they entertained any one who had a house in the city. Barbers were then surgeons; "but as, for the most part, they do not know how to read or write," says Madama Reale, in one of her proclamations, all depositions made by wounded men are to be taken before a judge.

The laws against gipsies and Jews were extremely severe; and the condition of these poor people was pitiable beyond measure. Up to seven or eight years of age gipsy children went naked. The women, with their hair streaming over their shoulders or done up in grotesque masses, wore particoloured handkerchiefs on their heads, with heavy pieces of silver money as earrings and ornaments. The men had naked legs. They wore round the head a kerchief such as, at this day, may still be seen in Italy; and they were dressed in a red or bright-coloured long kind of tunic (*giubbo*) with huge silver buttons. Their curly hair was worn long and flowing. They were great tinsmiths and horse-copers even in those days; and by their "infernal arts" would make a worn-out old Rosinante look a brisk and lively filly. In 1539 a decree was made that, after sixty days from date, any gipsy found in a state of vagabondism should be sent to the galleys for six years. In 1619 they were forbidden to sell anything whatsoever, on the supposition that what they had was certainly stolen; and they were ordered out of the country under pain of death. Honest folk were forbidden to dress or speak like

the gipsies ; and to kill one of them, even in church, was not murder, and entailed no penalties. One decree ran : "That five days after date all gipsies were to leave the country under pain of the galleys for life, and if they made a noise or resisted they were to be killed."

The treatment of the Jews was just as bad ; but one humane government made a public declaration that it was unlawful to kill a Jew ; the same declaration also prohibiting the public beating of beasts of burden, dogs, and Jews.

The Jews had to live apart from Christians, as they do now in many Continental towns. They were shut up in their always close and small Ghetto, and forbidden to leave it from sunset to dawn, or to open their doors or their shops, save in case of fire or thieves, when they might call for aid. Any Christian man or woman who went to them in their prohibited hours was to be fined twenty-five golden crowns, or be punished with "one tratto di corda." No Christian could open a shop nor hire a chamber in the Jews' quarter under penalty of fifty golden crowns. They could not build a synagogue, nor restore one already standing, without permission from the magistrate ; and whether at service or elsewhere, they must not raise their voices so that passers-by should hear them and be scandalised. A Christian entering a synagogue was fined ten golden crowns or "one tratto di corda." Any Jew who blasphemed the name of Jesus, Mary, or the saints was, for the first offence, publicly tied to a column and kept there for three hours ; then, naked to his waist, he was taken through all the principal streets of the city, and flogged with knotted cords to the sound of a trumpet telling the people what was happening. For the second offence, he was tied for a whole day to the column, and his tongue was pricked with a long pin, as well as having to undergo the scourging already spoken of. For the third offence, after the same torture, he was put to death. Three days of prison, with bread and water for food and a handful of straw for his bed, was the punishment of any who, from the morning of Holy Wednesday to the sound of the bell on Saturday (eleven in the morning), the Sacrifice of the Mass—dared to leave the Ghetto, to open his shop, or to be seen at the window. They were obliged to wear sometimes a red scarf edged with white over their left shoulders ; sometimes, yellow hats for the men and yellow veils for the women ; sometimes it was a patch of yellow embroidered in silk or wool below the left breast ; and those who neglected this sign were imprisoned for three days on bread and water, fined a hundred lire, and otherwise evilly entreated. They were allowed no Christian

servants, and no Christian woman might nurse or tend their children—if, indeed, any could have been found who would:—this last under pain of public whipping and a fine of fifty lire. They could not carry arms unless on a journey; and then they were allowed only short pistols and small bows, which would not have been very effective against the better equipped; but they might travel without their distinctive badge, so as not to be molested. They might have no books save those allowed by the Christian Church, which excommunicated the Talmud—once, as Deutsch tells us, under the name and title of the Rabbi Talmud. These were part of the pains and penalties attached to race in these days of faith and the predominance of the Church. But they were brutal days all through; and torture—such as the boots and public floggings, tearing with red-hot pincers and the like—was dealt out impartially to all criminals whatsoever.

The credulity of these times kept pace with their barbarity. Sorcery, witchcraft, magic, astrology were articles of faith as fixed as belief in Christ and His Virgin Mother, in Holy Church and the relics of saints. And monsters born of women were common. One woman of Brescia gave birth to a cat, which lived for six months. A child was born in Verona with two heads, four arms, four legs, and every member double; and a boy was born with two heads, four hands, and six ears, of a woman who, after she had been married for six years, became a man. Another woman, who became a man at sixteen years of age, bore a child with a crown on its head. At Vercelli was born an ass with a human face and ass's ears. At Constantinople a boy was born laughing, with a beard and two heads. A woman at Cosenza bore three children all bound together, and all speaking. A boy had the paws of a dog, two heads, stag's feet, and an ass's tail. He was a French prodigy. And another French production was one with the head of an ass, the ears of a leopard, sheep's horns, owl's eyes, a serpent's tail, horse's feet, and a human body covered with hair. Then three suns were seen at midnight at Milan, when many men on horseback caracoled in the air, and the statues of that city, going around, fought together.

Now we will go back to the more orderly succession of times and the years.

In 1522 the plague broke out again and visited Biella, but a pilgrimage was made by the citizens to the Santuario at Oropa, "and in a few hours Biella was delivered from the murderous disease." In 1596 it broke out again, when the church at Oropa was built as a prayer-offering; in 1616 the sacred Image of the Virgin was solemnly

crowned ; and in 1620 the road was made from Biella to the Santuario, so that the people could go there with less fatigue and in greater numbers than heretofore. In 1632 the plague appeared again in one house in Valdengo ; and there is a curious little record of the exact dates of the appearance of the plague—when the infected were taken to the lazaretto made in the fields ; when the house was purified ; when others fell sick and were taken to the lazzaretto ; when the house was again purified ; and when, no one having died, no new cases having appeared, and all being healed, the house was finally declared safe and inhabitable by the Most Excellent Magistrate, and the poor people returned to their home. The scare had lasted from April 6 to June 9.

Vittorio Amedeo I. died suddenly in 1637 in Vercelli ; and Marshal Crequi had the credit of having poisoned him at a supper to which the prince was invited. His widow was that Cristina of France, the sister of Louis XIII., of whom mention has been made above—the Madama Reale who was declared regent during the minority of her little five-year-old son, Francesco Giacinti. He dying a year after his father, the baby Carlo Emanuele was declared future Duke. Cardinal Maurizio however, and Prince Tommaso, brothers of the late prince, published a manifesto in 1638 nullifying the will of Vittorio Emanuele with respect to the regency of the Duchess, and declaring themselves, as “Princes of Savoy,” the legitimate guardians of the future Duke. They entered Piedmont at the head of an army to give battle to Madama Reale in Turin ; invested Chiavazza ; gained over Biella, Ivrea, Aosta, and Trino ; and, on the night of August 27, 1639, Prince Tommaso scaled the walls and captured Turin, leaving Madama Reale scarce time to seek refuge in the citadel. Meanwhile Cardinal Maurizio was received by the Biellese with enthusiasm. Had he not, in 1616, made a pilgrimage to Oropa ? “But the hymns of joy, the voice of jubilee for the happy entrance into Biella of a prince of the Church and of royal blood, were changed to sounds of grief, inasmuch as the necessities of war caused to be imposed new and extraordinary imposts, new taxes, and new contributions, in which were included all merchants, all who followed any trade whatsoever, all who cultivated soil, which, by these repeated devastations, produced nothing.”

It was the old sad story. The nobles fought for power, and the people paid with their blood and gold. The one side, at least, had success and glory ; to the people there was only loss, with misery and heartbreak, which side soever won !

In 1642, however, peace was concluded between Madama Reale

and her brothers-in-law. Prince Tommaso went off to the Santuario at Oropa, where he offered to the Virgin the two standards he had taken in the fight; and Madama Reale, not to be behindhand, took the shrine under her special protection, and made a pact with the Biellese council for its benefit.

In 1616 the Spaniards invaded Piedmont, ravaged the Biellese territory, and besieged the gallant little city itself; but before conclusions had been arrived at they drew off their forces for the more important siege of Vercelli. Here they were successful, and forced the town and garrison to capitulate. In 1644 they again came into the country, and this time took Santhià—now the peaceable junction where the branch line to Biella joins the main line from Milan to Turin. From Santhià they made frequent raids against the industrious and unhappy town, which only wanted to live in peace and do its weaving quietly; and in 1647 they entered in force, causing terror and creating disorder, and in their twenty-eight days of occupation doing infinite damage to men and things. Two years later they came again, when for forty-eight days Biella was delivered up to sack and pillage. And again one wonders how a man was left alive to carry on the business of life, or to form a nucleus for a future civic resurrection. The Spaniards went out as far as Cossila, the pretty little hillside village, where now the whole population employs itself in making stout-legged green rush-bottomed chairs, which overflow the whole country and are shipped off even to America; but where then living was hard enough at the best of times, and an impossibility when those savage hordes were the masters of the situation. Wars continued without intermission. Now the Piedmontese and their allies, the French, overcame the Spaniards, and now the Spaniards overcame them. Villages were burnt, towns were pillaged, the country was ravaged, and violence was the order of the day everywhere; and when, in 1656, to all these miseries came the further scourge of the plague, then the cup seemed to be filled to the brim and no space left for more bitterness to be added.

There was, however, another little drop for Biella; and this she applied to herself. It was a quarrel between the inhabitants of two different parts of the town, which ended in the creation of two factions, two centres, and the weakness which comes by breaking the bundle of sticks.

Under the regency of Giovanna Battista, Queen of Cyprus and mother of young Prince Vittorio Amedeo II., son of that Carlo Emanuele of whom Madama Reale had been regent-mother, the land had peace, and there were no more wars to destroy commerce,

ruin agriculture, and bring the plagues of a hell upon earth on the sons and daughters of men.

In 1682 the Marchese di Andorno, Carlo Emilio San Martino di Parella, whose arrest on suspicion of treachery and tampering with foreign powers had been ordered, managed to evade his pursuers and took refuge in the Santuario of Oropa. Here he remained in safety for two years, no one then being sacrilegious enough to put the civil law in force against any one who had appealed to the divine protection ; but when Vittorio Amedeo had come to his majority he sent a peremptory message to the Marchese, ordering him to return to Court, and guaranteeing his safety. But Parella would not obey. He had a wholesome fear of even the word of kings, and preferred to go off to Hungary and fight against the Turks. If he had to lose his life, he thought he would lose it as a soldier and a gentleman, openly and in the sight of day. Dying secretly, either in a prison cell or by some subtle poison, was not to his taste. And his reluctance is a volume in one word, sufficiently expressive of the faith and morality of the time.

In 1690, Louis XIV., no longer an ally but an enemy, sent 18,000 men into Piedmont to sack and pillage all the places through which they passed and could overcome. But six years later the Duke of Savoy made an alliance with France and thus had leisure to turn his forces against Austria. Four years after, namely, in 1700, the war between France and Spain broke out, and Piedmont joined with France. But the pride of the Bourbons was too great for the dignity of Savoy, and Vittorio Amedeo broke from the alliance after a short three years. The reason was this. By the terms of that alliance the Duke was to be made generalissimo of the allied forces and to have supreme command of the joint army. But he could get no obedience from the French generals Catinat, Vaudemont, and Tessé ; and at Catinat's request Marshal Villeroi was appointed both his own successor and the superseder of the Duke. Marshal Villeroi seems not to have been a success. "His warlike fame was very problematical," says our history ; "and not knowing how to excuse the rout of the battle of Chiari, he wrote to the King saying that the enemy was apprised of all their movements and that it was impossible to make war if the Duke of Savoy led the army." This quarrel was pretty enough as it stood, but when is added the fact (?) that the Cabinet of Vienna caused certain forged papers to fall into the hands of the French, by which it was made to appear that a truce between Austria and Savoy had been concluded, matters became doubly serious. Acting on these papers—forged or true—the French

disarmed the Piedmontese troops at the camp of San Benedetto and made them all prisoners, waiting for further orders. At this the Duke of Savoy, furious, declared war against both France and Spain (October 3, 1703), with only four thousand available soldiers to take the field! In this memorable declaration of war Vittorio Amedeo says: "Finisco di rompere un' alleanza che fu a mio danno già violata. Preferisco di morire colle arme alla mano all' onta di lasciarmi opprimere." ("I have finally broken an alliance which already had been violated to my hurt. I prefer to die with arms in my hands rather than suffer myself to be oppressed.")

In less than a year after this gallant stand a powerful French army besieged the capital, while the Duc de Feuillade crossed Mont Cenis and invested Susa, and Vendomo beset Vercelli. He carried that city—so often carried before—on July 4, 1704. The garrison were made prisoners after being obliged to march out through the breach, the banners flying in the wind and flouting their misfortunes. Vendomo left six hundred men at Vercelli, and marched against Ivrea with the bulk of his army. This town, too, he took; making prisoners of the two heroic leaders, the Piedmontese Barone de Perrone and the German Kirkbaum, who had vainly attempted a sortie.

In the last days of September, five hundred men went against Biella, led by the famous Comte de Bonneval, afterwards known as Achmet Pasha. He was famous both as a Christian adventurer and a Mohammedan convert, for he embraced Islamism, as the phrase is, submitted to all the rites, was indefatigable in making proselytes, and, on the whole, one would say his last state was worse than his first.

The French maintained great discipline at Biella. Life, lands, honour, and property were all respected with chivalrous scrupulosity. But heavy taxes were imposed; and the Biellese commune was put to its wits' end for means to raise the money so incessantly demanded. As the city was not large enough to house the whole number quartered there, the surplus spread themselves out into the adjacent towns and villages; and among these the ancient foe Andorno had her share.

On the night of August 29, 1706—two nights after an unsuccessful attack made by the French against Turin; which attack, though unsuccessful, had damaged the walls—four grenadiers, well armed, crept into the ditch of the demi-lune. Unseen and unheard they crossed the counterscarp, and came over the ramparts to the small gate of the gallery which led to the Piazza. Three others followed; then ten or twelve, the darkness of the night favouring their movements; and finally there came, stealing on in silence and

secrecy, such a number as enabled them to overpower the Piedmontese guard and open a way of entrance to the bulk of the army. They were already in force in the great gallery, and the city seemed predestined to fall into their hands, when Pietro Micca, a private in the artillery, and a native of the hamlet of Sagliano, close to Andorno, shut the door at the head of the stairs, and so checked them for a time. Behind that door was a mine which had been prepared in case of such dire emergency as this. Pietro and a companion—whose name history has not preserved, though it has preserved his testimony—heard the clash and clang of arms as the French soldiers marched up the gallery and came to the stairs at the head of which stood the door. Not a moment was to be lost. There was no time even to lay the train which should have ensured their own safety, if also the destruction of those others. Pietro called out to his companion: "The match! the match!" The man hesitated and did not move. Then Pietro took him by the arm and thrust him out. "Get out of this," he said. "You are longer than a day without bread. Let me do this and save yourself." (*"Levati di li! Tu sei più lungo che una giornata senza pane. Lascia fare a me e salvati."*)

With this he took his match and fired the mine, sending himself and three companies of French grenadiers to eternity, and destroying four batteries of cannon. But he saved Turin, and the power of the Bourbons received its final check in Piedmont.

Since then no wars have devastated this immediate part of the country, the towns of which have grown in individual prosperity and sunk in national importance. The only sign of war was when the French marched into Italy to meet the Austrians at Solferino and Magenta—as their wages taking to their own share that heroic Savoy which was the cradle of the Kings of Italy. Also when, in 1860, Garibaldi appeared, preaching resistance to the foreigner and raising the watch-cry of "Rome or death," these beautiful valleys and quiet towns re-echoed once more to the cry of war and the clang of arms.

In 1772 Biella was finally separated in ecclesiastical, as she had so long been in temporal, matters from Vercelli; and since then has had a bishop of her own.

Biella is now noted for her manufactures, of which her cloth-weaving is the chief. This cloth-weaving was of importance so early as 1348, when a set of laws was drawn up for wool merchants and weavers. By these statutes it was forbidden, under severe penalties, to make cloth of "pelo bovino," or of other animals not adapted for weaving; also, to mix in with good wool inferior substances by which the buyer should be deceived. Also, not only were those to

be punished who did not use good wool, but also those who sought to deceive the purchaser by false dyes. No weaver was allowed to begin a piece of cloth-weaving without taking oath that he would observe all the statutes of the council with fidelity and exactness, under pain of a severe fine if he missed. Strangers, on payment of a sum of money, might be weavers in Biella; subject of course to the same regulations as those which bound the Biellese. The officers of the commune were forced to visit once a month all the cloth-weaving establishments in all their parts, to be sure that no dishonesty was afoot; and the weavers were bound by oath to denounce any among them who wove with bad wool or with hair instead of wool, or who sold cloth of a bad quality. This and all other trades were hereditary. In 1581 a law was passed which ordained that the exercise of the wool trade in Mosso—about ten miles from Biella—should be “loyally and perfectly conducted as ought to be with good Christians.” The number of strands in warp and woof was rigidly set; and woe to him who offended against any of these ordinances!

Now the mills are free, and weave good cloth or shoddy as they list; and only public acceptance or rejection regulates the quality of their manufacture.

These mills are worked by water power, and all stand by the side of the beautiful mountain rivers. And though it is impossible to say that no smoke at all hangs about them, only very little, like a light blue tender vapour, marks out their hidden chimneys. Perhaps the most important is that at Magliano, belonging to one of the Poma family. It is said to employ seven thousand persons; and in truth it is more like a small town than one mill, as you come upon it on turning down a sharp hill, the rising ground of which hides it from the high road and the public.

Paper also was an important manufacture here so early as 1541, and is still of prime quality and sufficient quantity. Then there is a huge mill for making sweetmeats—sugar-plums wrapped in printed papers which strew the roads all about Biella, like white leaves fallen from an unknown tree. All the towns and villages round about make cloth or hats or paper, or, as at Cossila, chairs. Not a place in the whole district is given up to idleness and the *dolce far niente*; and the women work like the men.

The men leave home and practise their trades in the local towns or even in France; and the women are left to manage the little patches of land which every family owns as well as its own house. They plant and dig and reap and carry; they cut the canapa or hemp, which then they spin into almost indestructible thread; they plant and

care for the vines, make the wine, and tend the cows and fowls and sheep, and, in short, do all the farm, house, and agricultural work of the district. There is no beggary and no crushing poverty; but there is no wealth and very little even of peasant ease of circumstances.

The country all about is lovely. At Zumaglia it is English park-like land, broken but not precipitous, with always that Pianura like a sea before you, and always the mountains behind and to the side. In the Val d'Andorno—where that splendid granite is hewn out of the wayside—it is like Switzerland, and the little village of Rosazza is a model of beauty. This has been re-created by a noble-minded man of the same name, and is a monument of enduring merit. This public benefactor made the road up to the Santuario of S. Giovanni, which branches off from the Val d'Andorno up the high mountain to the left; he built bridges, made the Campo Santo, built the church, the court-house, private houses, and the like, all after the most beautiful models to be found in Italy reduced to the size convenient to the purpose. It is the cleanest and loveliest place in the world; but in too narrow a gorge for the English to care to inhabit permanently. The road leads on to Domo d'Ossola, Aosta, Courmayeur, &c. But at the entrance to the valley, where there is an excellent hotel, we have a freer air, a wider view, and a more varied charm.

There are three Santuarii belonging to this district—that of Oropa, that of Graglia, and that of San Giovanni, whence a road over the mountains leads to Oropa. These Santuarii give free lodging, but no food, to all pilgrims; and on the roads all through the summer are to be met men and women performing their pilgrimage, footsore and weary, but spiritually content and happy.

Charitable and educational establishments are everywhere; and the whole tone of the country is independent, moral, industrious, peaceable, and satisfactory. At Zumaglia neither gendarmi nor carabinieri are to be seen. There is no need of them. The people take care of themselves, and crimes are almost unknown. All the same, crosses, eloquent of murders in past times—sometimes of accidents—are set thick about the wayside; and there are ugly traditions of bygone crimes such as exist in all places under the sun. Such as it is, however, it is a country eminently worth seeing, and but little known even by the Italian-English, for all the need they have of Italian resting-places for the summer heat. Here, at their very doors, they have a choice of stations, for the most part neglected by them and left only to the Italians themselves.

CHARLES COTTON.

IT is not often that one writer in a literary partnership is so thrown into the shade by the other as in the "Compleat Angler" Charles Cotton has been eclipsed by the fame of Walton. Beaumont and Fletcher, for instance, or the Erckmann-Chatrians, or Messrs. Besant and Rice in our own days, are popularly placed on the same level. Even anglers have acted unjustly to Cotton. While Walton's praises have been sounded far and wide in verse and prose, and himself set forth as the "common father" of all fishermen, the type of character to which all scholarly anglers should conform, unmerited neglect has fallen to the lot of Cotton. This has arisen partly from the Janus-like nature of his life and manners, in which he showed himself one moment a ruffling cavalier, by no means exempt from the vices usually ascribed to that character, and next moment appears as a friend of the guileless unworldly Izaak Walton. Partly, too, the forgetfulness which has overtaken his name may be due to the fact that his share of the "Compleat Angler" (Part II.)—although for practical common sense and anticipation of the present age we deem it a striking and valuable book on a craft which has been celebrated in so many treatises—contains none of those poetic, and at first sight unpremeditated, passages which are so attractive in Walton's writing, and is deficient also in that spirit of love to God and man which forms a special characteristic of his partner's style. Yet Cotton was a much more practised writer, and his works show a versatility and industry commendable in one who has been so freely censured for his libertine and reckless life. Hawkins has indulged in conjectures upon what formed the bond of friendship between the two authors of the primer of angling. "Mr. Cotton was both a wit and a scholar," he writes, "of an open, cheerful, and hospitable temper; endowed with fine talents for conversation and the courtesy and affability of a gentleman, and was withal as great a proficient in the art as a lover of the recreation of angling; these qualities, together with the profound reverence which he uniformly entertained for his father Walton, could not but endear him to the *good old man*," &c. &c. The truth seems to

have been that Walton liked a cheerful companion, especially if he was a good angler, and that Cotton took care to betray no symptom of his lower and unworthy self while he conversed with the elder and more sedate man. But the bathos into which Hawkins falls is still more amusingly illustrated. After quoting Cotton's declaration about his own ability to capture fish with the worm, more or less, during every day of the year, "those days always excepted that upon a more serious account always ought so to be," the biographer adds, with the gravest countenance, "whence it is but just to infer that the delight he took in fishing was never a temptation with him to profane the Sabbath." Such childlike moralising reminds us of nothing so much as the highly proper, if somewhat forced, morals deduced from Hogarth's paintings by Dr. Trusler in a painfully proper and trite volume. Whether Cotton did or did not fish on Sunday the biographer had no means of knowing, and it would only have been wise in him to repress his bland observations on a point which, after all, it is of little consequence for any one to be informed about. It is worth remembering, too, that sport and recreation on Sunday in the Caroline days was judged by a very different standard from that which prevails at present among the Scotch and among many English people. In 1569 Elizabeth had specially licensed sports on Sundays, and in 1618 James I. published his "Book of Sports," as it is commonly called—a declaration of the different kinds of games which might lawfully be indulged in on Sundays. Nearer Cotton's own time, in 1633, Charles announced by Archbishop Laud what sports should be encouraged on Sunday, "to refresh the meaner sort who labour hard all the week"—viz. "dancing, either men or women; archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmless recreation, May games, Whitsun ales, morris dances, and the setting up of May-poles and other sports therewith used." It does not speak much for Hawkins's sagacity that he should measure the morals and manners of one age by those of another. If such violent amusements as we have named were not only lawful recreation, but were even to be encouraged in Cotton's time on the Sunday, he may well be supposed not to have seen much evil in the quiet and contemplative practice of angling, supposing that he ever indulged in it.

Sed hæc hæctenus. In one of the most beautiful parts of Derbyshire the family of Cotton was settled at Beresford Hall, and here, on April 28, 1630, was Charles Cotton born. He seems to have received a fair education, culminating in a residence at Cambridge, whence he departed to travel for a time in France. His reckless

merry disposition was ever plunging him deeper into debt, so that he was at one period actually confined in a debtors' prison. Apart from pleasure, however, he is best known for his literary essays and love of angling. At the last he died in Westminster, 1687. Such is a brief outline of the life which the joint writer of the "Compleat Angler" led. Doubtless it was at times, especially in London, a noisy racketing mode in which to fleet away life as men did in the golden days. Cotton is as distinctly inferior to Walton in moral strength as in literary style; yet the latter was greatly attached to him, as appears from internal evidence.

Cotton cannot have been very immoral to have been addressed with love by the grave and reverential Walton, as several passages show. The river Dove flowed near Beresford Hall, affording plenty of sport, and perhaps suggesting to Cotton, when in manhood he devoted himself to literature, the treatise by which he is best known and so gratefully remembered by all fishermen.

It is worth while completing the few facts known of his life by recording that he married in 1656, while dowered with very slender means of subsistence, a distant relation, Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, of Owthorpe, Notts. His father dying two years after this marriage put the young pair in possession of the family estate; but as Cotton himself was impecunious at all times of his life, it is shrewdly supposed from the character of his father that the inheritance was not altogether free from mortgages and lawsuits. "The great Lord Falkland was wont to say," writes Hawkins, "that he pitied unlearned gentlemen in rainy weather. Mr. Cotton might possibly entertain the same sentiment; for in this situation we find that his employments were study for his delight and improvement, and fishing for his recreation and health;" and he adds in the same Philistine spirit which we have reprehended above, "for each of which several employments we may suppose he chose the fittest times and seasons."

Turning now to the fruits of his study, his first essay in print seems to have been an "Elegy on the Gallant Lord Derby," which was followed by a pamphlet called "A Panegyric to the King's Most Excellent Majesty." The first work, however, of any importance which he published can yet be read with pleasure. It is called "The Morall Philosophy of the Stoics," and was originally written in French "by that ingenious gentleman, Monsieur de Vaix, first President of the Parliament of Provence." It was "Englished by Charles Cotton, Esq.," and was published by Henry Mortlock at the sign of the Phœnix in St. Paul's Churchyard, near the little north

doorway—a shop soon to be rendered much more famous, as there also the “Compleat Angler” first saw the light. De Vaix’s book had been translated some sixty years before by Dr. James, the first keeper of the Bodleian Library, but the dedication of the little 16mo to John Ferrers Eyre shows why Cotton translated it anew: “This little thing that I present to you, and to the world in your name, I translated seven years ago by my father’s command, who was a great admirer of the author; so that what you see was an effect of my obedience, no part of my choice, my little studies (especially at that time) lying another way; neither had I so published it but that I was unwilling to have a thing (how mean soever) turned to waste paper that cost me some hours’ pains, and which (however I may have disguised it) is no ill thing in itself.” It treats of the advantages of reason, and is somewhat prolix, running to 118 pages. Probably the above extract will satisfy the reader.

The next venture shows the looser side of Cotton’s mind. It is called “Scarronides,”¹ a travesty of the first four books of Virgil’s “Æneid,” and is a mixture of genius, wit, buffoonery, and coarseness. Like many other books of the kind, it has been much relished, even by good judges. It undoubtedly suited the taste of the day, but is mostly too full-flavoured for our own age. Fortunately we have travesties of greater merit, free also from the obscenity which mars Cotton’s book. We will take a few comparatively innocent couplets as specimens of the poet’s manner. They describe the dawn of the ill-fated day on which Dido goes hunting with Æneas, when Venus promises her

A match to go after her wonting,
Into the woods a squirrel-hunting;

much of the fun of the burlesque consisting of minimising the heroic incidents of the epic:—

Meanwhile the Sun, as it his Course is,
Got up to dress, and water’s Horses;
When out the merry Hunters come,
With them a fellow with a Drum,
Your Tyrian Squirrels will not budge else.
Well armed they were with Staves and Cudgels;²
Tykes too they had of all sorts, Bandogs,
Curs, Spaniels, Water-dogs, and Land-dogs.³

¹ Printed at Whitehaven, 1776, for John Dunn (but there are no fewer than fourteen editions of the book); it is a creditable specimen of provincial printing.

² A facetious translation of “lato venabula ferro.”

³ Cnf. “odora canum vis.”

Those exquisite lines of Virgil—

Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile—

are metamorphosed into the following doggerel, the goddess being herself transformed into a country wench for the nonce :—

Aurora now who, I must tell ye,
Was grip'd with Dolours in her Belly,
Starts from her couch, and o'er her Head
Slipping a Petticoat of Red,
Forth of her morning-doors she goes,
In hasty wise to pluck a Rose.

We are unwilling, however, to hang and quarter Virgil after such a fashion, while those who are enamoured of this style of poetry can find its type, and that much better executed, in "Hudibras."

Another production which is equally humorous, and, we must needs add, equally disreputable for uncleanness of thought and diction, is entitled "Burlesque upon Burlesque ; or, The Scoffer Scoft ; being some of Lucian's dialogues newly put into English Fustian. For the consideration of those who had rather laugh and be merry than be merry and wise. London, 1675." It may be charitably hoped that a copy of this book never came into Walton's hands. The treatise is an excellent example of work which in his later years shames a man and covers him with confusion at the thought of the time which has been so greatly misspent upon it, and the mischief which he has done by thus hurling firebrands about him in print. There is an undercurrent of profanity throughout this burlesque which not seldom comes to the surface, even if we absolve its coarseness by the plea that it is only a true reflection of the manners of the day. As a sample of the piece the following amusing scene may be selected, where Jove sends Mercury to command the Sun to stop three whole days in his course. Having delivered the order, Mercury adds to the dismayed Sun-god :—

Wherefore I think it thy best course is
To let the Hours unteam thy horses,
Get a good night-cap on thy head,
Put out thy torch and go to bed.

The Sun replies indignantly :—

'Tis an extravagant Command
And that I do not understand,
What I have done I fain would know,
That Jupiter should use me so ?
What fault committed in my place
To put upon me this disgrace ?

Have I not ever kept my Horses
 In the precincts of their due Courses ?
 Or, though twelve Inns are in my way,
 Did I e'er drink, or stop, or stay ?
 Bear witness, all the gods in heaven,
 If I've not duly Morn and Even
 Rosen and set, and care did take
 To keep touch with the Almanack ?
 What then my fault is, I confess,
 If I should dye, I cannot guess ;
 And why he should, much less I know,
 Suspend me *ab officio*.
 It sure must be a great offence
 Deserves the worst of punishments,
 As this is he on me doth lay
 That Night must triumph over Day.—P. 82.

The Sun's anger at the unreasonable command is somewhat amusing if we remember that in Homer, when aggrieved at another slight put upon him, he threatens to go down and shine in Hades instead of giving light to gods and men in the upper world, and has to be hastily appeased by Jupiter for fear he should carry out his threat.

"The Wonders of the Peake" (3rd edition, London, 1734) is a much finer poem ; though, sooth to say, somewhat dull to our century, which is satiated with guide-books. It is dedicated to Elizabeth, Countess of Devonshire. Anglers will still agree with his lines on the Dove :—

Of all fair Thetis's daughters, none so bright,
 So pleasant none to taste, none to the sight,
 None yield the gentle Angler such delight.

Chatsworth, too, is described, the wonders of the cave scenery in the Peak, and the like. Cotton's sentiments on this district sufficiently appear in the "Compleat Angler." Another of his longer poems is "A Voyage to Ireland." His minor poetical works, which were published after his death, consist of eclogues, odes, letters, and translations from Catullus, Martial, Corneille, Guarini, and others. Some of these are unreadable at the present day, owing to the freedom of their language ; others, says Hawkins, are of so courtly and elegant a turn that they might vie with many of the lighter pieces of Waller and Cowley. We have always found wisdom and melody in his long piece on "Contentation," addressed "to my dear father and most worthy friend, Mr. Isaac Walton." Cotton is here at his best. The poem was probably written in mature life, when he had discovered by bitter experience the vanity of wide desires and lofty ambitions. Therefore it may be regarded as a

ode, and gives a pleasing idea of its composer when he had at h attained the philosophic mind. The following is no badly ed portrait of the happy man :—

Who from the busy world retires,
To be more useful to it still,
And to no greater good aspires
But only the eschewing ill ;
Who with his angle and his books,
Can think the longest day well spent,
And praises God, when back he looks,
And finds that all was innocent.
This man is happier far than he
Whom public business oft betrays,
Through labyrinths of policy,
To crooked and forbidden ways.

charming, too, is the couplet—

It is content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here :
And who buys sorrow cheapest, takes
An ill commodity too dear.

point of the whole exhortation to contentment is contained in retty lines—

He comes soonest to his rest
Whose journey has been most secure.

: is time, however, to turn to Cotton's prose works. These the versatility of his genius even better than the poems. In 'Life of the Duke d'Espernon from 1598 to 1642' we have ry written with gravity and judgment. "The Fair One of s" is a translation from a French novel. "The Planter's al, being Instructions for Cultivating all Sorts of Fruit Trees," its own story. "The Memoirs of the Sicur de Pontis" is a aphy of a soldier who served in the French army for sixty-six , under Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV. Cotton ed a softer topic in his "Five Love Letters from a Nun to a lier, done out of French into English. Printed for Henry ie, at The Gun, at the West End of St. Paul's; 1678." The tunate nun takes much blame to herself in these letters, and s boundless love to one who had certainly never deserved it. cannot easily bring ourselves to suspect the faith of those we ' she says. And again : "The delights of my love, I must ss, have been strangely surprising, but followed with miseries

Cotton shows his worst side in his poetry. He has hardly done himself justice with posterity in thus pandering to the depraved taste of the age. This second part of the "Compleat Angler" was written in ten days, and is a wonderful proof of the author's versatility. He despatched it on March 10, 187 $\frac{5}{8}$, from Beresford, and Walton dedicated the printed copy to him on April 29 of the same year, which would be thought expeditious even in the present day. The author modestly disclaims any rivalry with Walton; he "would not pretend to give lessons in angling after him;" but, knowing that he himself had all his life angled in some of the clearest rivers of the kingdom, he thinks that he may be allowed to give special instructions in the art of fly-making, and in using finer tackle than what pleased Walton. In form, Cotton's book is a close imitation of Walton's, the interlocutors being himself as *Piscator*, and the same traveller *Viator* who appears in the former part as *Venator*, and had been converted by Walton to the pleasures of fishing. It consists of twelve chapters, treating, not so much of fishing generally, especially the catching of the commoner fish, which had been taught in Part I., but after a preliminary chapter introducing the subject, a second gives an account of the principal rivers in Derbyshire, and of Cotton's fishing-house, of angling for trout and grayling, and that chiefly with the artificial fly. A toothsome receipt is given in another chapter (Part II. x.) for boiling trout, an excellent mode of cooking the fish, as we can witness, if only it be a large trout. Worm and minnow-fishing for the same two generous fish conclude the treatise. It is worth noticing here that the kind of worm-fishing which Cotton recommends is almost, if not quite, identical with that clever use of this bait common in summer among the anglers of the present day on the clear still rivers of the Border and Lowlands. This, we hold, is the only sportsmanlike method of using worm for trout. Scented baits Cotton regards as useless; this is the opinion of the best modern authorities; "though I will not deny to you," he adds, "that in my younger days I have made trial of oil of ospray, oil of ivy, camphire, asafoetida, juice of nettles, and several other devices that I was taught by several anglers I met with, but could never find any advantage by them" (Part II. xi.) With regard to minnow-fishing, however, Cotton was not quite so sagacious. He could not foresee the development of the system as seen in the fishing for *S. ferax* on the Scotch lochs at present, where boat after boat, through the long summer days, drags artificial minnows—angels or phantoms—up and down, till numbers of the best fish are pricked, harried, disturbed, and rendered incurably shy. Indeed, Cotton had

no belief in an artificial minnow ; though we kill fish, he observes, with a counterfeit fly, "methinks it should hardly be expected that a man should deceive a fish with a counterfeit fish." In angling, however, as in most other sciences, *à priori* ideas are untrustworthy.

To Venator, now converted to "as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous diversion" than his old amusement, Cotton, having casually met him in his own district of the Peak, promises directions "that my father Walton himself will not disapprove, though he did either purposely omit, or did not remember them, when you and he sat discoursing under the sycamore tree" (Pt. II. i.) In the course of these remarks the character of Walton is beautifully limned by his friend and coadjutor in the "Compleat Angler." In him, says Cotton, I "know the worthiest man, and enjoy the best and the truest friend any man ever had." And, again, in words which do equal honour to the disciple as the master : "My father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men, which is one of the best arguments, or at least of the best testimonies I have, that I either am or that he thinks me one of these, seeing I have not yet found him weary of me." And a little after we are told that Walton would not endure to be treated like a stranger, so true a friend was he. The astonishment betrayed by Viator at the wonders or even the common sights of the Peak is sufficiently ludicrous, did we not know that, even in the next century, Scotland, with its lochs and mountains now annually visited by thousands, was only regarded by those compelled to visit it with a shuddering horror. He has actually accomplished, he tells Piscator, "so long a journey as from Essex." Here, again, we of the nineteenth century do not sufficiently bear in mind the state of English roads until the last sixty years. The Peak mountains are alluded to with much distaste as "Alps." "I hope our way does not lie over any of these," adds Viator, "for I dread a precipice." As the traveller in the legend rejoices on being in a civilised land when he comes across a gibbet, so Viator is reassured at the sight of a church. "What have we here? As I am an honest man, a very pretty church! Have you churches in this country, sir?" and he again betrays his amazement in the remark, "If you will not be angry, I'll tell you; I thought myself a stage or two beyond Christendom." Walton, it may be remembered, in his part of the immortal "Angler," is no refrainer from "small liquors"; he loves his morning draught at the Thatched House in Hoddesdon, and we greatly fear would have scandalised

Sir Wilfrid and the Blue Ribbon Army at present in spite of his piety. So Viator and his new friend Piscator call at the Talbot with a "What ho! bring us a flagon of your best ale!" which is drunk as a kind of compliment, amusingly enough, to the country, "for a man should not, methinks, come from London to drink wine in the Peak." And when, in the seventh chapter, a long and somewhat dry account of flies is given by Viator's mentor, the former's suggestion of "a glass and a pipe" is met with approbation. "I thank you, sir, for that motion," says the *raconteur*, "for, believe me, I am dry with talking: here boy! give us here a bottle and a glass; and, sir, my service to you and to all our friends in the South!" Nor need Viator ingenuously have remembered that he had eat "good powdered beef" at dinner "*or something else*" ("Any excuse will serve the turn," we hear a modern teetotaller exclaim), in order to account for being thirsty. The two men had talked long, and done a good day's fishing among the trout and grayling, and had earned the right to be thirsty. He who would deny them their glass of honest ale deserves the indignation which Sir W. Scott heaped upon Sir H. Davy, who in his "*Salmonia*" only allows his friends a pint of claret each at dinner.

Cotton insists in their discourse upon what we have always regarded as the golden rule of fly-fishing, to stand as far back from the bank as possible. Ingenious diagrams to show the manner in which a trout can see a man near the water, but hidden by an intervening bank, have been published by Ronalds and others. If a man stands sufficiently far back he need not trouble his head about angles of incidence or laws of refraction, and if it be at all an angling day he will fill his basket with fish. At present we should take exception to the statement that the Lathkin in the Peak district breeds the reddest and best trout in England. The Itchen, Teme, and one or two more streams of minor note and size would certainly vanquish its pretensions. We shall not here enter upon any criticism of Cotton's method, directions, or the flies which he recommends, as we are not dwelling on the practical so much as the scholarly side of angling. But the particularity with which some of his flies are described is sufficiently amusing. It reminds us of a parish clerk long since gone to his rest, who was famous in Devonshire during his day for making the best "March browns" in the country side. One day he confided their secret to a friend. They were made out of a very mangy catskin waistcoat which he had worn until it almost fell to pieces! So Cotton recommends a "red-brown fly" for January to be made of "the dubbing of the tail of a black long-coated ewe, such as they commonly make muffs of." The same fly for the next

month is to be fashioned of "the black spot of a hog's ear; not that a black spot in any other part of the hog will not afford the same colour, but that the hair in that place is by many degrees softer and more fit for the purpose." There seems here a justification for the old proverb about making a silken purse from a hog's ear. The best of all flies, however, for a man to kill with must be with a "brown that looks red in the hand and yellowish betwixt your eye and the sun." Unluckily, Cotton does not impart the secret of making this phoenix. It resembles to our mind nothing so much as the Irishman's "fiery red," with which he could kill a basketful when no one else could stir a fin.

Although we poke fun at Cotton, it must be confessed that his directions for fly-fishing are sound in the main, and have been little improved upon during the two centuries which have elapsed since he wrote them, despite the flood of books on fly-fishing which has been descending in those years upon the devoted head of the scholar-angler.¹ The science itself has not appreciably advanced; the method of tying flies, choosing patterns, &c. is much as it was. Every now and then an outcry is made among anglers about the need of a return to first principles, nature's handiwork in the tints and make of flies. The storm passes by; and fly-fishers contentedly fall back upon the stock patterns of the tackle-sellers. Time, therefore has not dealt ruthlessly with Cotton's directions. These, it must be confessed, are still his chief justification for being bound up with Walton. The haste of the composition of Part II. of itself precluded the insertion of such pleasing interludes as the gipsies and their roguery and the beggar's contention (Part I. v.), Coridon's song, Maïd Marian, and the like. Again, digressions such as that upon hawks and hawking, or the inquiry into the antiquity of angling, in which his "father" might well indulge, were cut off from Cotton by the evil limits of time. His character would not lead us to expect the beautiful and more didactic writing which comes out in Walton's eulogy on thankfulness or contentment. Nor did the younger man possess the same elevated thoughts and felicity of language which are apparent in Venator's long speech in Part I. xvi. Again, Cotton's sympathies with nature were not so broad as those of his coadjutor, who describes and dwells with fondness upon his "pretty, airy creatures" the turtle-dove, nightingale, robin, among birds; or the "darling of the sea," the hermit-fish, sea-angler, and others. We should be glad to hug Walton's first part to our hearts without

¹ For these books, see the admirable *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* of Messrs. Satchell & Westwood, which has recently been published.

Cotton's addition were the latter's directions ever to become antiquated. It is quite easy to fancy an angler, and a "complete" one, without Cotton; but such a delightful character could never live and enjoy his proper bliss without the charm of Walton's prose and the music of his periods, and especially without the elevated sentiments of the "common father of anglers." It may be that many of Walton's paragraphs smack of the lamp rather than the primrose and ladysmocks, which are so frequently introduced; that some betray an absence of spontaneity and a recasting which slightly mar their effect upon a critical ear. Even with these drawbacks, his style is unapproached for simplicity, beauty, and grace. It is the perfection of ordinary prose, if it has missed the stately proportions of more classical and regular writers. This it is which has endeared Walton to many generations of fishermen. Like the directness, gravity, and chastened simplicity of the Authorised Version, he wins every ear and heart, the poor man's as well as the scholar's. Yet we owe to a measure of love for Cotton, versatile, reckless, charming cavalier that he was. "I could never have met with a more obliging master," we say with Viator, "*my first excepted*" (Part II. vi.) At present, however, Piscator's farewell must be ours. "I see you are weary; take counsel of your pillow. Here, take the lights, and pray follow them, sir. Command anything you want, and so I wish you good rest!" (Part II. ii.)

M. G. WATKINS.

WINTER SHOOTING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

"EIGHT o'clock, sir!" says my faithful henchman, coming into my room with the hot water, adding, in answer to my sleepy inquiries, that "it's a fine morning, but freezing hard." Of the latter fact I have an instinctive perception in spite of the snugness of my retreat; that sort of feeling which warns one how unpleasant it will be to get up when the operation becomes absolutely necessary and can be put off no longer. On this occasion the subject seemed to require special consideration, the *pros* and *cons* of immediate rising being weighed with much deliberation. To begin with, the advantage of staying where I was appeared too obvious for a doubt. On the other hand, the first gong had sounded twenty minutes ago, so breakfast must be ready; possibly my hostess was already down, and, assisted by her three delightful daughters, presiding behind the silvery bulwarks of steaming coffee-pots and urns. I even fancied I could catch a faint whiff of all sorts of good provender on its way from the kitchen regions, and this fact was conclusive. Without venturing to think more on the subject, I muttered a once, twice, and away, and found myself safely standing on the floor. To draw up the blinds was the first operation, and there lay as wonderful a stretch of ice-bound country as any I have ever come across. The wild Highlands of the Western Scottish coast, and such it was that lay before me, are one thing in the summer, but quite another in the winter. To most they are only known when the land swarms with tourists, when every shooting lodge is occupied to overflowing from kitchen to garret, and gay picnic parties hold high frolic in each glen far and near. At that time the country is knee-deep in purple heather, the guns of the shooters are echoed on every side, and the grouse, doubtless cursing the inundation of sportsmen with modern fashions, long once more for the comparative peace enjoyed by their primogenitor, who had nothing to fear but his natural foes the hawks and the flintlocks of the Highland chief's foresters. Every brook and tarn was then threshed by the lines of enthusiastic fishers; the post came twice a day; smart *equipages* imported from the Lowlands dashed about the

country roads ; and, in fact, Scotland was popular, wealthy, and overrun. Nearly all in these days of cheap tours know this phase of the matter, but when the first frosts take the colour out of the heather-bells, and the rowan-berries are at their brightest scarlet, a great change comes upon the face of the land. At the first pelting hail-storm from the northward darkening the faces of the lochs and filling the higher mountain gulleys with whiteness the fine-weather invaders take the hint, the lodges are deserted, peers and commoners flit southward, Government itself takes note of the altered circumstances, and posts are reduced to one per day or less, hotels close their hospitable doors, and all the land sinks into repose, the scattered permanent inhabitants and many-ancestored lairds, with patriotism enough to stick by their acres all the year round, waking one day to find themselves alone and winter palpably upon them.

Such, but briefer, as befitted the coldness of my position before the window-panes, were my meditations while contemplating a wide stretch of snowy hills on the first morning of a midwinter visit to an old Scotch mansion, a visit to be varied by some rough sport and skating if the frost held.

However, it won't do to keep breakfast waiting any longer, so down I go, and am soon seated at a table decked with snowy napery and crowded with savoury comforts for the inner man, very welcome in such weather as this. At the head presides the hostess, and on either side are her three daughters, all expert riders and skaters, each capable of fishing five miles of river in good fashion, or bringing down their brace of grouse, "when papa shoots the moor alone," and yet possessing all those gentle graces that are the boast of their unmatched countrywomen. The laird comes in directly. He has been out to see his thermometers, of which three or four stand at various points of vantage, and rubs his hands and seems highly delighted as he reports 14° of frost during the night, an announcement which elicits much applause, as of course we are all good "curlers" here, and our hopes of a good season for that ancient game have been rising higher and higher lately. Yet neither curling nor skating were our ambitions on this particular day, which was to be devoted to a raid upon numerous flocks of wildfowl that the cold weather had driven to a chain of neighbouring lochs and a marshy estuary through which the river emptying them ran into a land-locked arm of the sea.

Breakfast over, there was soon plenty of bustle in the gun-room, where a sturdy Gael was busy filling cartridge-cases and slinging guns *to their straps* ; for in rough shooting of this sort, and more particu-

larly in cold weather, a gun that cannot be hung over the shoulder when there is no chance of a shot, is anything but a pleasant companion. Then an emissary from the kitchen regions appeared with cook's compliments and a suggestive luncheon-basket. This Donald shouldered, together with a bundle of wraps, and, taking our own guns and cartridge-bags, the laird and myself waved a farewell to the bright group in the porch, and marched down the drive to where a dogcart was in waiting outside the big gates.

What a glorious experience a fine winter's day is to those blessed with well-strung nerves and a healthy appreciation of the beautiful! A substantial breakfast and a mild cigar glowing with seductive warmth under the observer's nose are important concomitants for due enjoyment of the scene! For my part, fresh from the tropics, for whose gorgeousness familiarity has bred a certain distrust, a snowy landscape and a frosty morning are full of quiet charms. The feet make no noise upon the soft carpet of snow, which, as dry as the sand of the desert, falls like dust from the shoes at every step, and goes flying in miniature siroccos across the open plains of the lawns and carriage drives, piling itself up against the trunks of trees and roots of shrubs, and scooping hollows to leeward of them, just as the fresh northern air drives it. The boughs of the evergreens are loaded down to the ground with their white burdens, and if by chance a blackbird, scared from his feast of yew-berries by approaching figures, breaks away with a resounding chuckle, he causes a whole avalanche of glittering crystals to fall from the shaken boughs behind him. But in general everything is very silent; the birds are too much occupied in searching for food to sing even if they had a cause, and in the farmyards the sheep and kine stand knee-deep in snow and straw, their whole attention taken up with the fragrant hay being liberally dealt out by the leather-legginged shepherd, who stops his work for a moment to touch his cap as the master and his guest pass. Truly the reign of winter is not without a sweetness of its own!

A sharp spin of a couple of miles brought us in sight of a boat-house nestling amongst birches at the head of a long streak of pale water. The loch was shut in by high hills on one side and stretches of flatter ground on the other, more level only by comparison, for it was marsh and bog plentifully supplied with deep peat holes and crevices broad enough to swallow a Highland cow, like the giant in the fairy story, "horns and all." Strange things are found in these steep-sided cavities. I have myself rescued from one such trap an imprisoned sheep suffering the last stages of exhaustion and starvation, while a curious story exists of a brood of half-grown

flappers having been found in another, which they had entered along with their mother when very small, and, not possessing her powers of flight, had been unable to leave it; a little water in one corner and a few casual insects, we must suppose, supporting life in this novel open-air pen. For this region of dyke and pit we were soon embarked in a regular Highland skiff, impelled by the keeper's sturdy arms (and the gillie who cannot row and doesn't look upon the water as a legitimate part of his territory is of little use on this side of the country); ten minutes and the peat banks of the opposite shore are over our prow, the bare wiry stems of the heather making tracery against the sky and looking like cotton plants in pod, with their weight of snow and rime. Donald shoves our bows between two rocks and deftly scrambles ashore with the rope to make it fast; but almost immediately crouches down, and we hear the mellow quack of a mallard which rises through the air from a pool within easy shot, but goes away unhurt, as, of course, we are not loaded. This quickens our expectations of sport, and we are soon landed, collars up, guns under arms, and ready for the march.

A snipe is the first bird to fall to the laird's gun, another getting up to the shot for me and dropping to my right-hand barrel. This is decidedly cheering, and we plod along enthusiastically over the crisp herbage, the dog sniffing about ahead, but being rather heavily handicapped by the stiff going for a time until we reach better ground. Some of the long-bills rise wild at a couple of hundred yards or more from us and sweep away to the southward like brown leaves in a gale, picking up as they go others of their species, and this irritates my companion, who scolds "Snap" for what is not his fault; but we get chances now and again which throw a rosier light over the proceedings.

An hour's trudge brings us to the foot of the first sheet of water with four and a half brace of snipe to our credit. There we find Donald reposing gracefully against a rock, the smoke ascending in ripples from his pipe, and the boat floating quietly secured to a convenient alder at his feet. Together we walk down the opposite banks of the brook running to the next "lynn." Pleasant enough in the summer time, when its deep pools hold excellent trout, it now looks icy cold, and we wonder at the taste of a pair of water-ouzels, who stand on the stones bobbing their tails, or skim away down stream at our approach, in remaining faithful all the year round to such a desolate region. Nothing rewards us here until the far end is reached. At that spot is a bit of level ground, sometimes submerged by floods, and now a chequered surface of grassy "hassocks," surrounded by patches

of ice and snow. No sooner do we turn the flank of a protecting spur and come upon this favoured region, all beglittered in the sunlight with icicles and frost, than a flock of teal spring from their cover and wheel into the air in front. H——, whose motto for to-day is certainly "ready, ay, ready," takes them "on the hop," and grasses one in good style. My first chance is at a "skyer," who doubles up and comes down back foremost forty yards distant, and my second barrel wings another lightly. We pick up the slain, their beautiful plumage contrasting wonderfully with the snow on which they lie, and then the dog goes for the wounded bird, recovering it after a chase over the crackling ice, hardly stout enough to bear a mouse's weight, which lets him into some coldish water, if we may judge by the vigorous shaking he gives himself subsequently. There is, to me, no water-bird like the teal for game qualities; he has "all the instincts of a gentleman;" powerful on the wing and sharp in his rise, he is up and away with half the fuss of any other duck, yet a light touch stops him, and unhit he often has the consideration to come round again after a shot if the sportsman keeps quiet. This latter quality was not illustrated by our teal to-day, so we beat down the water, disturbing some widgeon which could not be reached, and picking up three more snipes from a bed of reeds, a moor-hen, and a couple of wild ducks, all of which trophies took their way to the sad republic of the game-bag consecutively.

And then we lunched; the short winter day of high latitudes almost spent, and a choice bit of ground for "cock" yet to be searched. We took our meal under the lichened shelter of some birches, weather-beaten and dwarfed by repeated gales blowing down the neighbouring corrie. At our feet sparkled a fire of pine branches drawn from a dry corner under the rock, which served us as a comfortable seat and table when a cushion from the trap that had brought over our provender was placed across it. The cold game pie was both juicy and tender; the "October brew" from a stone jug was amber clear, and as sparkling as Moët's best, and an inch of ripe and crumbling Stilton with a "short" sip of Glenlivet put the finishing touches to the happiness of the inner man.

It took us about as long as our cigars lasted to follow the smooth course of a roadway up a ridge, across its brow, and down the opposite glacis. From the top we saw the wide plain of the "mournful and misty Atlantic" looking black as ink amongst the framing of snowy hills on every side, but under us the warmer shelter of sloping plantations of larch and holly, cut up with water channels and dotted everywhere by dark towering heads of pines and strong young spruces.

There was little time to spare, so a couple of spaniels that arrived in charge of a boy from the keeper's cottage hard by were turned in, and soon the ball was going merrily again as they quartered the cover scientifically, and we walked silently behind down the parallel spinnies. The rabbits alone were numerous enough to have employed half a dozen guns, and flashed hither and thither in tempting style, a dozen or two paying the penalty of their rashness.

As for the woodcock on whose behalf the expedition had been undertaken, there were not enough guns to do them justice. We wanted some outside the copse to interview *Scolopax rusticula* as he flitted from one shelter to another, but still we got an occasional glimpse at a retiring form clad in autumn russet, and in the majority of cases, if the chance was anything like fair, the bird was accounted for with little delay. A lordly cock pheasant rose near the laird, and was skilfully grassed by him ere the noisy bird had topped the opposite oak trees. Directly after this I managed to stop a hare off my left shoulder which was apparently starting for a journey to the other end of the kingdom, just as I was in the agonies of struggling through a holly hedge.

This lent variety to the bag, and was the last shot of a pleasant, if not very productive, day. We walked to the lodge, whose gates opened upon the high road, and, having warmed ourselves at the gallant blaze burning in the open hearth, were about to mount the dogcart for home, when there came the sound of bells outside, and a minute after in rushed Miss Mary. "Oh! papa!" she said to the laird, "you must forgive me for coming without asking you, but it is going to be such a beautiful night, and Madge and I couldn't resist the temptation of bringing the sledge for you instead of allowing you to drive home in the stupid old cart outside!"

The culprits were forgiven, and soon my entertainer was seated in front of a smart Canadian sledge, one of his daughters beside him, while I, having refused to take the reins, occupied a back seat with the other young lady, an arrangement much to my satisfaction, since I was allowed to light a meerschaum and keep my hands under cover of the heavy fur rugs.

Sardanapalus offered half a year's revenue for a new pleasure! Did he ever try sleighing on a moonlight night? It is most delightful and novel. Not a sound broke the stillness as we sped along but the thin tinkle of silver bells on the leader's harness (for we drove tandem), he sniffing the fresh, cold air and tossing about his head in wonder at the unusual pathway. Our runners passed over the dry surface of frozen snow with perhaps the faintest of murmurs, such as

the ripples of a tideway make against the sides of a motionless vessel, but all else was hushed. At times we were floating down narrow gulleys between overhanging rocks where a streamlet, too lively to freeze, ran by the roadside, its course overreached with white crystals, and meandering through caverns and wonderful palaces of icicles and frosted herbage. All around nature was shrouded in white, on which the brilliant moon soon shone, and some of the bigger stars twinkled with unusual lustre in the deep blue vault of heaven. Again we would approach the outskirts of a deep pine forest, and, plunging in, leave the light behind, taking our way along with the strange association of speed and silence until we could almost fancy we were disembodied and going to some Walpurgis revels! "Do you think there are *any* wolves left in England now?" inquires my companion in a hushed voice, glancing round at the sombre aisles of the dimly seen forest, where disjointed fragments of old mountains take strange forms as rays of moonlight steal down here and there to light them.

I assure her there is nothing more wolfy in the neighbourhood than the skins of a couple of those animals forming the rug that wraps us both, but she is very silent until we come into the moonlight again. Then comes the run home along the other side of the valley, the lights of the hall twinkling out in the darkness; the arrival and confiding of the steaming horses to the ready stable-boys, and we peel off our furs and wraps to follow the genial old laird into the dining-room, where he forthwith concocts with due solemnity a brew of hot punch in an ancient wassail-bowl, of which we all taste, and so for the fragrant "half-pipe," and to well-earned rest.

THE NEW ABELARD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII. (*concluded*).

THE ETERNAL CITY.

ON recovering from his swoon, Bradley found himself surrounded by several priests, one of whom was sprinkling his face with water, while another was beating the palms of his hands. Pale and trembling, he struggled to his feet, and gazed wildly around him, until his eyes fell upon the face of the aged official whom he had just accosted. He endeavoured to question him again, but the little Italian at his command seemed to have forsaken him, and he stammered and gasped in a kind of stupefaction.

At this moment he heard a voice accost him in excellent English; a softly musical voice, full of beautiful vibrations.

"I am sorry, sir, at your indisposition. If you will permit me, I will conduct you back to your hotel."

The speaker, like his companions, had the clean-shaven face of a priest, but his expression was bright and good-humoured. His eyebrows were black and prominent, but his hair was white as snow.

Bradley clutched him by the arm.

"What—what does it mean? I must have been dreaming. I came here to inquire after a dear friend—a lady; and that man told me—told me——"

"Pray calm yourself," said the stranger gently. "First let me take you home, and then I myself will give you whatever information you desire."

"No!" cried Bradley, "I will have the truth *now*!"

And as he faced the group of priests his eyes flashed and his hands were clenched convulsively. To his distracted gaze they seemed like evil spirits congregated for his torture and torment.

"What is it you desire to know?" demanded he who had spoken

in English. As he spoke he glanced quietly at his companions, with a significant movement of the eyebrows; and, as if understanding the sign, they withdrew from the apartment, leaving himself and Bradley quite alone.

"Pray sit down," he continued gently, before Bradley could answer his former question.

But the other paid no attention to the request.

"Do not trifle with me," he cried, "but tell me at once what I demand to know. I have been to the Sepolte Vive, seeking one who is said to have recently joined your church—which God forbid! When I mentioned her name I received no answer; but it is common gossip that a lady bearing her name was recently taken there. You can tell me if this is true."

The priest looked at him steadfastly, and, as it seemed, very sadly.

"Will you tell me the lady's name?"

"She is known as Miss Alma Craik, but she has a right to another name, which she shall bear."

"Alas!" said the other, with a deep sigh and a look full of infinite compassion, "I knew the poor lady well. Perhaps, if you have been in correspondence with her, she mentioned my name—the Abbé Brest?"

"Never," exclaimed Bradley.

"What is it you wish to know concerning her? I will help you as well as I can."

"First, I wish to be assured that that man lied (though of course I *know* he lied) when he said that evil had happened to her, that—she had died. Next, I demand to know where she is, that I may speak to her. Do not attempt to keep her from me! I *will* see her!"

The face of the Abbé seemed to harden, while his eyes retained their sad, steadfast gaze.

"Pardon me," he said after a moment's reflection, "and do not think that I put the question in rudeness or with any want of brotherly sympathy—but by what right do you, a stranger, solicit this information? If I give it you, I must be able to justify myself before my superiors. The lady, or, as I should rather say, our poor Sister, is, as I understand, in no way related to you by blood?"

"She is my *wife*!" answered Bradley.

It was now the other's turn to express, or at least assume, astonishment. Uttering an incredulous exclamation, he raised his eyes to heaven, and slightly elevated his hands.

"Do you think I lie?" cried Bradley sternly. "Do you think

I lie, like those of your church, whose trade it is to do so? I tell you I have come here to claim her who is my wife, by the laws of man and God!"

Again the Abbé repeated his pantomime expressive of pitiful incredulity.

"Surely you deceive yourself," he said. "Miss Craik was never married. She lived unmated, and in blessed virginity was baptised into our church."

"Where is she? Let me speak to her!" cried Bradley, with a sudden access of his old passion.

The Abbé pointed upward.

"She is with the saints of heaven!" he said, and crossed himself.

Again the unfortunate clergyman's head went round, and again he seemed about to fall; but recovering himself with a shuddering effort, he clutched the priest by the arm, exclaiming—

"Torture me no more! You are juggling with my life, as you have done with hers. But tell me it is all false, and I will forgive you. Though you are a priest, you have at least the heart of a man. Have pity! If what you have said is true, I am destroyed body and soul—yes, body and soul! Have mercy upon me! Tell me my darling is not dead!"

The Abbé's face went white as death, and at the same moment his lustrous eyes seemed to fill with tears. Trembling violently, he took Bradley's hand, and pressed it tenderly. Then releasing him, he glanced upward and turned towards the door of the chamber.

"Stay here till I return," he said in a low voice, and disappeared.

Half swooning, Bradley sunk into a chair, covering his face with his hands. A quarter of an hour passed, and he still remained in the same position. Tears streamed from his eyes, and from time to time he moaned aloud in complete despair. Suddenly he felt a touch upon his shoulder, and looking up he again encountered the compassionate eyes of the Abbé Brest.

"Come with me!" the Abbé said.

Bradley was too lost in his own wild fears and horrible conjectures to take any particular note of the manner of the priest. Had he done so, he would have perceived that it betrayed no little hesitation and agitation. But he rose eagerly, though as it were mechanically, and followed the Abbé to the door.

A minute afterwards they were walking side by side in the open sunshine.

To the bewildered mind of Ambrose Bradley it all seemed like a dream. The sunlight dazzled his brain so that his eyes could

scarcely see, and he was only conscious of hurrying along through a crowd of living ghosts.

Suddenly he stopped, tottering.

"What is the matter?" cried the Abbé, supporting him. "You are ill again, I fear; let me call a carriage."

And, suiting the action to the word, he beckoned up a carriage which was just then passing. By this time Bradley had recovered from his momentary faintness.

"Where are you taking me?" he demanded.

"Get in, and I will tell you!" returned the other; and when Bradley had seated himself, he leant over to the driver and said something in a low voice.

Bradley repeated his question, while the vehicle moved slowly away.

"I am going to make inquiries," was the reply; "and as an assurance of my sympathy and good faith, I have obtained permission for you to accompany me. But let me now conjure you to summon all your strength to bear the inevitable; and let it be your comfort if, as I believe and fear, something terrible has happened, to know that there is much in this world sadder far than death."

"I ask you once more," said Bradley in a broken voice, "where are you taking me?"

"To those who can set your mind at rest, once and for ever."

"Who are they?"

"The Farnesiani sisters," returned the Abbé.

Bradley sank back on his seat stupefied, with a sickening sense of horror.

The mental strain and agony were growing almost too much for him to bear. Into that brief day he had concentrated the torture of a lifetime; and never before had he known with what utterness of despairing passion he loved the woman whom he indeed held to be, in the sight of God, his wife. With frenzied self-reproach he blamed himself for all that had taken place. Had he never consented to an ignoble deception, never gone through the mockery of a marriage ceremony with Alma, they might still have been at peace together; legally separated for the time being, but spiritually joined for ever; pure and sacred for each other, and for all the world. But *now*—now it seemed that he had lost her, body and soul!

The carriage presently halted, and Bradley saw at a glance that they were at the corner of the *cul de sac* leading to the convent. They alighted, and the Abbé paid the driver. A couple of minutes

later they were standing on the platform above the walls of the houses.

All around them the bright sunshine burnt golden over the quivering roofs of Rome, and the sleepy hum of the Eternal City rolled up to them like the murmur of a summer sea.

There they stood like two black spots on the aerial brightness; and again Bradley fell into one of those waking trances which he had of late so frequently experienced, and which he had frequently compared, in his calmer moments, to the weird seizures of the young Prince, "blue-eyed and fair of face," in the "Princess."

He moved, looked, spoke as usual, showing no outward indication of his condition; but a mist was upon his mind, and nothing was real; he seemed rather a disembodied spirit than a man; the Abbé's voice strange and far off, though clear and distinct as a bell; and when the Abbé rapped on the barrel, as he himself had done so recently, the voice that answered the summons sounded like a voice from the very grave itself.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

The all-beholding sun shall see no more
 In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground
 Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
 Nor in the embrace of Ocean shall exist
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix for ever with the elements,
 To be a brother to th' insensible rock
 And to the sluggish clod.

Thanatopsis.

It seemed a dream still, but a horrible sunless dream, all that followed; and in after-years Ambrose Bradley never remembered it without a thrill of horror, finding it ever impossible to disentangle the reality from illusion, or to separate the darkness of the visible experience from that of his own mental condition. But this, as far as he could piece the ideas together, was what he remembered.

Accompanied by the mysterious Abbé, he seemed to descend into the bowels of the earth, and to follow the figure of a veiled and sibylline figure who held a lamp. Passing through dark subterranean

passages, he came to a low corridor, the walls and ceiling of which were of solid stone, and at the further end of which was a door containing an iron grating.

The priest approached the door, and said something in a low voice to some one beyond.

There was a pause ; then the door revolved on its hinges, and they entered,—to find themselves in a black and vault-like chamber, the darkness of which was literally “made visible” by one thin, spectral stream of light, trickling through an orifice in the arched ceiling.

Here they found themselves in presence of a tall figure stoled in black, which the Abbé saluted with profound reverence. It was to all intents and purposes the figure of a woman, but the voice which responded to the priest’s salutation in Italian was deep—almost—as that of a man.

“What is your errand, brother?” demanded the woman after the first formal greeting was over. As she spoke she turned her eyes on Bradley, and they shone bright and piercing through her veil.

“I come direct from the Holy Office,” answered the Abbé, “and am deputed to inquire of you concerning one who was until recently an inmate of this sacred place,—a poor suffering Sister, who came here to find peace, consolation, and blessed rest. This English signor, who accompanies me, is deeply interested in her of whom I speak, and the Holy Office permits that you should tell him all you know.”

The woman again gazed fixedly at Bradley as she replied—

“She who enters here as an inmate leaves behind her at the gate her past life, her worldly goods, her kith and kin, her very name. Death itself could not strip her more bare of all that she has been. She becomes a ghost, a shadow, a cipher. How am I to follow the fate of one whose trace in the world has disappeared?”

“You are trifling with me!” cried Bradley. “Tell me at once, is she or is she not an inmate of this living hell?”

“Do not blaspheme!” cried the Abbé in English, while the veiled woman crossed herself with a shudder. “It is only in compassion for your great anguish of mind that our blessed Sister will help you, and such words as you are too prone to use will not serve your cause. Sister,” he continued in Italian, addressing the woman, “the English signor would not willingly offend, though he has spoken wildly, out of the depth of his trouble. Now listen! It is on the record of the Holy Office that on a certain day some few months ago an English lady, under sanction, entered these walls and volun-

tarily said farewell to the world for ever, choosing the blessed path of a divine death-in-life to the sins and sorrows of an existence which was surely life-in-death. The name she once bore, and the date on which she entered the *Sepolte Vive*, are written down on this paper. Please read them, and then perhaps you will be able to guide us in our search."

So saying, the Abbé handed to the woman a folded piece of paper. She took it quietly, and, stepping slowly to that part of the chamber which was lit by the beam of chilly sunshine, opened the paper and appeared to read the writing upon it. As she did so, the dim and doubtful radiance fell upon her, and showed through the black but semi-transparent veil the dim outline of a livid human face.

Leaving the chamber, she approached a large vaulted archway at its inner end, and beckoned to the two men. Without a word they followed.

Still full of the wild sense of unreality, like a man walking or groping his way in a land of ghosts, Bradley walked on. Passing along a dismal stone corridor, where, at every step he took,

He dragged
Foot-echoes after him !

past passage after passage of vaulted stone, dimly conscious as he went of low doors opening into the gloomiest of cells, he hurried in the wake of his veiled guide. Was it only his distempered fancy, or did he indeed hear, from time to time, the sound of low wailings and dreary ululations proceeding from the darkness on every side of him? Once, as they crossed an open space dimly lit by dreary shafts of daylight, he saw a figure in sable weeds, on hands and knees, with her lips pressed close against the stone pavement; but at a word from his 'guide the figure rose with a feeble moan and fluttered away down a corridor into the surrounding darkness.

At last they seemed to pass from darkness into partial sunshine, and Bradley found himself standing in the open air. On every side, and high as the eye could reach, rose gloomy walls with overhanging eaves and buttresses, leaving only one narrow space above where the blue of heaven was dimly seen. There was a flutter of wings, and the shadows of a flight of birds passed overhead—doves which made their home in the gloomy recesses of the roofs and walls.

Beneath was a sort of quadrangle, some twenty feet square, covered with grass, which for the most part grew knee-deep, interspersed with nettles and gloomy weeds, and which was in other places stunted and decayed, as if withered by some hideous mildew or

blight. Here and there there was a rude wooden cross stuck into the earth, and indicating what looked to the eye like a neglected grave.

The Sister led the way through the long undergrowth, till she reached the side of a mound on which the grass had scarcely grown at all, and on which was set one of those coarse crosses.

“ You ask me what has become of the poor penitent you seek. She died in the holy faith, and her mortal body is buried *here*.”

With a wild shriek Bradley fell on his knees, and tearing the cross from the earth read the inscription rudely carved upon it :—

“ SISTER ALMA.

Obiit 18—.”

That was all. Bradley gazed at the cross in utter agony and desolation ; then shrieking again aloud, fell forward on his face. The faint light from the far-off blue crept down upon him, and upon the two black figures, who gazed in wonder upon him ; and thus for a long time he lost the sense of life and time, and lay as if dead.

CHAPTER XXX.

IN PARIS.

Lay a garland on my hearse,
Of the dismal yew ;
Maidens, willow gardens bear ;
Say I dièd true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth ;
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth.

The Maid's Tragedy.

PROFESSOR MAPLELEAFE speedily saw that to oppose his sister would be inopportune—might perhaps even cause her decline and death. He determined therefore to humour her, and to delay for a short time their proposed return to America.

“ Look here, Eustasia,” he said to her one day, “ I find I've got something to do in Paris ; you shall come with me. Perhaps the change there may bring you back to your old self again. Anyhow we'll try it ; for if this goes on much longer you'll die !”

“ No, Salem, I shan't die till I've seen *him* again !” she answered, with a faint forced smile.

They set about making *their* preparations at once, and were soon

on their way to Paris. The movement and change had given colour to Eustasia's cheeks, and brought a pleasurable light of excitement into her eyes, so that already her brother's spirits were raised.

"She'll forget him," he said to himself, "and we'll be what we were before he came!"

But in this Salem was mistaken. Eustasia was not likely to forget Bradley. Indeed, it was the thought of seeing him again that seemed to give new life to her rapidly wasting frame. She knew that he had left England; she thought that, like herself, he might be travelling to get rid of his own distracting thoughts; so wherever she went she looked about her to try and catch a glimpse of his face.

They fixed themselves in Paris, and Salem soon dropped into the old life. He fell amongst some kindred spirits, and the séances began again; Eustasia taking part in them to please her brother, but no more. She was utterly changed; each day as it rolled away seemed to take with it a part of her life, until her wasted frame became almost as etherealised as those of the spirits with whom she had dealt so much.

With constant nursing and brooding upon, her fascination for the Englishman increased; it seemed, indeed, to be the one thing which kept her thin thread of life from finally breaking.

"If I could see him again," she murmured to herself, "only once again, and then (as Salem says) die!"

The wish of her heart was destined to be realised: she did at least see Bradley once again.

She was sitting at home one day alone, when the door of the room opened, and more like a spectre than a man he walked in.

At the first glimpse of his face Eustasia uttered a wild cry and staggered a few steps forward, as if about to throw herself into his arms; but suddenly she controlled herself, and sank half swooning into a chair.

"You have come!" she said at length, raising her eyes wistfully to his; "you have come at last!"

He did not answer, but kept his eyes fixed upon hers with a look which made her shudder.

"How—how did you find me?" she asked faintly.

"I came to Paris, and by accident I heard of you," he answered in a hollow voice.

Again there was silence. Bradley kept his eyes fixed upon the sibyl with a look which thrilled her to the soul. There was something about him which she could not understand; something which *made her fear him*. Looking at him more closely, she saw that he

was curiously changed: his eyes were sunken and hollow; and though they were fixed upon her they seemed to be looking at something far away; his hair, too, had turned quite grey.

She rose from her seat, approached him, and gently laid her hand upon his arm.

"Mr. Bradley," she said, "what is it?"

He passed his hand across his brow as if to dispel a dream, and looked at her curiously.

"Eustasia," he said, using for the first time her Christian name, "speak the truth to me to-day; tell me, is all this real?"

"Is what real?" she asked, trembling. His presence made her faint, and the sound of her name, as he had spoken it, rang continually in her ears.

"It is not all a lie? Tell me that what you have done once you can do again; that you can bring me once more into the presence of the spirit of her I love!"

"Of her you love?" said the girl, fixing her large eyes wistfully upon his face. "What—what do you want me to do?"

"Prove that it is not all a lie and a cheat: if you are a true woman, as I trust, I want you to bring back to me the spirit of my darling who is dead!"

She shrank for a moment from him, a sickening feeling of despair clouding all her senses; then she bowed her head.

"When will you come?" she said.

"To-night."

Eustasia sank into her chair, and, without another word, Bradley departed.

At seven o'clock that night Bradley returned, and found the sibyl waiting for him.

She was quite alone. Since the morning her manner had completely changed; her hands were trembling, her cheek was flushed, but there was a look of strange determination about her lips and in her eyes. Bradley shook hands with her, then looked around as if expecting others.

She smiled curiously.

"We are to be alone!" she said—"quite alone. I thought it better for you!"

For some time she made no attempt to move; at length, noticing Bradley's impatience, she said quietly—

"We will begin."

She rose and placed herself opposite Bradley, and fixed her

eyes intently upon him. Then, at her request, he turned down the gas; they were in almost total darkness touching hands.

For some time after Bradley sat in a strange dream, scarcely conscious of anything that was taking place, and touching the outstretched hands of Eustasia with his own.

Suddenly a soft voice close to his ear murmured,—

“Ambrose, my love!”

He started from his chair, and gazed wildly about him. He could see nothing, but he could feel something stirring close to him. Then he staggered back like a drunken man, and fell back in his chair.

“Alma!” he cried piteously, still conscious of the medium's trembling hands, “Alma, my darling, come to me!”

For a moment there was silence, and Bradley could hear the beating of his heart. Then he became conscious of a soft hand upon his head; of lips that seemed to him like warm human lips pressed against his forehead.

Gasping and trembling he cried—

“Alma, speak; is it *you*?”

The same soft voice answered him—

“Yes, it is I!”

The hand passed again softly over his head and around his neck, and a pair of lips rich and warm were pressed passionately against his own. Half mad with excitement, Bradley threw one arm around the figure he felt to be near him, sprang to his feet while it struggled to disengage itself, turned up the light, and gazed full into the eyes of—Eustasia Mapleleaf.

Never till his dying day did Bradley forget the expression of the face which the sybil now turned towards his own, while, half crouching, half struggling, she tried to free herself from the grip of his powerful arms; for though the cheeks were pale as death, the eyes wildly dilated, they expressed no terror—rather a mad and reckless desperation. The mask had quite fallen; any attempt at further disguise would have been sheer waste of force and time, and Eustasia stood revealed once and for all as a cunning and dangerous trickster, a serpent of miserable deceit.

Yet she did not quail. She looked at the man boldly, and presently, seeing he continued to regard her steadfastly, as if lost in horrified wonder, she gave vent to her characteristic, scarcely audible, crooning laugh.

A thrill of horror went through him, as if he were under the spell of something diabolic.

For a moment he felt impelled to seize her by the throat and strangle her, or to savagely dash her to the ground. Conquering the impulse, he held her still as in a vice, until at last he found a voice—

“Then you have lied to me? It has all been a lie from the beginning?”

“Let me go,” she panted, “and I will answer you!”

“Answer me *now*,” he said between his set teeth.

But the sybil was not made of the sort of stuff to be conquered by intimidation. A fierce look came into her wonderful eyes, and her lips were closely compressed together.

“Speak—or I may kill you!” he cried.

“Kill me, then!” she answered. “Guess I don’t care!”

There was something in the wild face which mastered him in spite of himself. His hands relaxed, his arms sank useless at his side, and he uttered a deep despairing groan. Simultaneously she sprang to her feet, and stood looking down at him.

“Why did you break the conditions?” she asked in a low voice.

“The spirits won’t be trifled with in that way, and they’ll never forgive you, or me; never.”

He made no sign that he heard her, but stood moveless, his head sunk between his shoulders, his eyes fixed upon the ground. Struck by the sudden change in him, she moved towards him, and was about to touch him on the shoulder, when he rose, still white as death, and faced her once more.

“Do not touch me!” he cried. “Do not touch me, and do not, if you have a vestige of goodness left within you, try to torture me again. But look me in the face, and answer me, if you can, truly, remembering it is the last time we shall ever meet. When you have told me the truth, I shall leave this place, never to return; shall leave *you*, never to look upon your face again. Tell me the truth, woman, and I will try to forgive you; it will be very hard, but I will try. I know I have been your dupe from the beginning, and that what I have seen and heard has been only a treacherous mirage called up by an adventuress and her accomplices. Is it not so? Speak! Let me have the truth from your own lips.”

“I can’t tell,” answered Eustasia coldly. “If you mean that my brother and I have conspired to deceive you, it is a falsehood. We are simply agents in the hands of higher agencies than ours.”

“Once more, cease that jargon,” cried Bradley; “the time has

long past for its use. Will you confess, before we part for ever? You will not? Then good-bye, and God forgive you."

So saying he moved towards the door; but with a sharp, bird-like cry she called him back.

"Stay! you must not go!"

He turned again towards her.

"Then will you be honest with me? It is the last and only thing I shall ask of you."

"I—I will try," she answered in a broken voice.

"You will!"

"Yes; if you will listen to me patiently."

She sunk into a chair, and covered her face with her hands. He stood watching her, and saw that her thin, white, trembling fingers were wet with tears.

"Promise," she said, "that what I am about to say to you shall never be told to any other living soul."

"I promise."

"Not even to my brother."

"Not even to *him*."

There was a long pause, during which he waited impatiently for her to continue. At last, conquering her agitation, she uncovered her face, and motioned to a chair opposite to her; he obeyed her almost mechanically, and sat down. She looked long and wistfully at him, and sighed several times as if in pain.

"Salem says I shan't live long," she murmured thoughtfully. "To-night, more than ever, I felt like dying."

She paused and waited as if expecting him to speak, but he was silent.

"Guess *you* don't care if I live or die?" she added piteously, more like a sick child than a grown woman—and waited again.

"I think I do care," he answered sadly, "for in spite of all the sorrow you have caused me, I am sorry for you. But I am not myself, not the man you once knew. All my soul is set upon one quest, and I care for nothing more in all the world. I used to believe there was a God; that there was a life after death; that if those who loved each other parted here, they might meet again elsewhere. In my despair and doubt, I thought that you could give me assurance and heavenly hope; and I clutched at the shadows you summoned up before me. I know now how unreal they were; I know now that you were playing tricks upon my miserable soul."

She listened to him, and when he ceased began to cry again.

"I never meant any harm to *you*," she sobbed; "I—I loved you too well."

"You loved me!" he echoed in amaze.

She nodded quickly, glancing at him with her keen wild eyes.

"Yes, Mr. Bradley. When Salem first took me to hear you preach, you seemed like the spirit of a man I once loved, and who once loved me. He's dead, he is; died over there in the States, years ago. Well, afterwards, when I saw you again, I began to make believe to myself that you were that very man, and that he was living again in you. You think me crazy, don't you? Ah well, you'll think me crazier when you hear all the rest. I soon found out all about you; it wasn't very hard, and our people have ways of learning things you'd never guess. I didn't look far till I found out your secret; that you loved another woman, I mean. That made me care for you all the more."

Her manner now was quite simple and matter-of-fact. Her face was quite tearless, and, with hands folded in her lap, she sat quietly looking into his face. He listened in sheer stupefaction. Until that moment no suspicion of the truth had ever flashed upon his mind. As Eustasia spoke, her features seemed to become elfin-like and old, with a set expression of dreary and incurable pain; but she made her avowal without the slightest indication of shame or self-reproach, though her manner, from time to time, was that of one pleading for sympathy and pity.

She continued—

"You don't understand me yet, and I guess you never will. I'm not a European, and I haven't been brought up like other girls. I don't seem ever to have been quite young. I grew friends with the spirits when I wasn't old enough to understand, and they seem to have stolen my right heart away, and put another in its place."

"Why do you speak of such things as if they were real? You know the whole thing is a trick and a lie."

"No, I don't," she answered quickly. "I'm not denying that I've played tricks with *them*, just as they've played tricks with *me*; but they're downright real—they are indeed. First mother used to come to me, when I was very little; then others, and in after-days I saw *him*; yes, after he was dead. Then sometimes, when they wouldn't come, Salem helped out the manifestations, that's all."

"For God's sake, be honest with me!" cried Bradley. "Confess that all these things are simple imposture. That photograph of yourself, for example—do you remember?—the picture your brother left in my room, and which faded away when I breathed upon it?"

She nodded her head again, and laughed strangely.

"It was a man out West that taught Salem how to do that," she replied naïvely.

"Then it was a trick, as I suspected?"

"Yes, I guess that was a trick. It was something they used in fixing the likeness, which made it grow invisible after it had been a certain time in contact with the atmospheric air."

Bradley uttered an impatient exclamation.

"And all the rest was of a piece with that! Well, I could have forgiven you everything but having personified one who is now lost to me for ever."

"I never did. I suppose you *wished* to see her, and she came to you out of the spirit-land."

"*Now* you are lying to me again."

"Don't you think I'm lying," was the answer; "for it's gospel-truth I'm telling you. I'm not so bad as you think me, not half so bad."

Again shrinking from her, he looked at her with anger and loathing.

"The device was exposed to-day," he said sternly. "You spoke to me with her voice, and when I turned up the light I found that I was holding in my arms no spirit, but yourself."

"Well, I'm not denying that's true," she answered with another laugh. "Something came over me—I don't know how it happened—and then, all at once, I was kissing you, and I had broken the conditions."

By this time Bradley's brain had cleared, and he was better able to grasp the horrible reality of the situation. It was quite clear to him that the sybil was either an utter impostor, or a person whose mental faculties were darkened by fitful clouds of insanity. What startled and horrified him most of all was the utter want of maidenly shame, the curious and weird sang-froid, with which she made her extraordinary confession. Her frankness, so far as it went, was something terrible—or, as the Scotch express it, "uncanny." Across his recollection, as he looked and listened, came the thought of one of these mysterious sybils, familiar to mediæval superstition, who come into the world with all the outward form and beauty of women, but without a Soul, but who might gain a spiritual existence in some mysterious way by absorbing the souls of men. The idea was a ghastly one, in harmony with his distempered fancy, and he could not shake it away.

"Tell me," said Eustasia gently, "tell me one thing, now I have

told you so much. Is that poor lady dead indeed—I mean the lady you used to love?”

The question went into his heart like a knife, and with livid face he rose to his feet.

“Do not speak of her!” he cried. “I cannot bear it—it is blasphemy! Miserable woman, do you think that you will ever be forgiven for tampering, as you have done, with the terrible truth of death? I came to you in the last despairing hope that among all the phantoms you have conjured up before me there might be some reality; for I was blind and mad, and scarcely knew what I did. If it is any satisfaction to you, know that you have turned the world into a tomb for me, and destroyed my last faint ray of faith in a living God. In my misery, I clung to the thought of your spirit-world; and I came to you for some fresh assurance that such a world might be. All that is over now. It is a cheat and a fraud like all the rest.”

With these words he left her, passing quickly from the room. Directly afterwards she heard the street door close behind him. Tottering to the window, she looked down in the street, and saw him stalk rapidly by, his white face set hard as granite, his eyes looking steadily before him, fixed on vacancy. As he disappeared, she uttered a low cry of pain, and placed her hand upon her heart.

(To be concluded.)

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE WONDERFUL TWILIGHTS.

An evening red, and a morning grey,
 Are sure signs of a fine day ;
 But an evening grey, and a morning red,
 Put on your hat, or you'll wet your head.

Sera rosa e nigro matino
 Allegra il Pelegrino.

HITHERTO, these have been the most reliable of popular weather prognostics, but the sunsets and sunrises of the last and present year have outraged them very cruelly.

We have had the red evenings—*sera rosa*—of exaggerated sensational intensity, followed by miserably wet nights ; and wonderfully red mornings, introducing some very fine days for November and December.

Accounts of extraordinary sunsets have flowed in from all parts of the world. Superstitious terrors and intelligent curiosity have been simultaneously awakened by these unusual manifestations of sunlight.

The fact that these displays were particularly brilliant in the East, and that they were observed at about the period of the great eruption of Krakatoa, naturally suggested the idea that the red glare was due to the dust of the volcano suspended in the air and carried to great distances.

When this theory was first propounded in September it was reasonable enough, and had the extraordinary twilight glow ceased in the course of that month the theory might have survived ; but its resurrection in the *Times* of December 8th, by Mr. Lockyer, took place when the lapse of time had rendered such an explanation quite unreasonable. The eruption occurred on the 26th of August, and the crimson glow, instead of gradually fading away, as it should have done to satisfy this theory, has continued up to the present time with increasing rather than diminishing intensity.

The utter insufficiency of this hypothesis comes out still more *distinctly when we properly estimate the magnitude of the volcano.*

Supposing a map of the world to be drawn on such a scale that it shall cover St. Paul's Churchyard, the mountain that was in eruption would be represented by a large pea or a very small marble. We know that the bulk of the ejected dust fell in the neighbourhood, coating the straits and islands around, and cumbering the decks of ships with a deposit of pumice. I have before me a specimen of greyish white granules, collected by Captain Sampson, of the barque *Norham Castle*, at a distance of 80 miles S.W. of the volcano; and another specimen of dust similarly collected at 120 miles S.W. of the volcano, both kindly forwarded to me by Captain Sampson. The first-named granules vary from the size of parsley seed up to that of radish seeds; the second is finer than the finest sea sand, and comparable to the dust that chokes the self-sacrificing victims who drive to Epsom on a Derby Day.

Remembering how volcanic dust is formed, viz. by the collision of ascending ejected masses with those thrown up before and coming down again, it is evident that the fine dust capable of travelling to great distances must constitute a very small fraction of the whole. If I say that one-thousandth part of the whole might possibly travel half way round the world, such estimate of the quantity is a very large one, especially as the wind was blowing hard enough to carry the above-named granules to a distance of 80 miles. Immediately the particles became small enough to be carried away by the wind further perpendicular descent and further collision must have ceased.

Apply this to the eruption of the large pea or small marble in St. Paul's Churchyard, and the extravagance of supposing that this one-thousandth part of the eruption from the large pea could produce startling effects throughout the whole area for five months without diminution, becomes evident enough.

But this is not all. The glowing sunsets have not only gone on too late for this theory, but they began too early. I am accustomed to work in my garden "between the lights;" in doing so last spring and summer I observed them again and again, and directed the attention of my family and some visitors to them. They are distinctly remembered by all who thus saw them. They gradually increased in brilliancy, and finally forced themselves on the attention of everybody in nearly all parts of the world.

General public attention was so far directed to the subject that accounts were published of blue sun and wonderful sunsets in the West Indies on 2nd September. These demand a travelling of the volcanic dust *in direct line without any cyclonic deviation* at the rate of 2,000 miles per day.

THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE TWILIGHT GLOW.

ORDINARY sunset redness—that referred to in the English and Italian doggerel above quoted—is displayed *on the clouds*. It occurs when the sky is clear in the neighbourhood of the setting sun and cloudy beyond, the clouds receiving and reflecting the glow, just as the snows of Mont Blanc or Monte Rosa obtain their exquisite roseate tints under similar sunset circumstances.

The recent peculiar glow has extended far above the clouds, even above the highest cirrus streaks. On most occasions—or I may say generally—when I have watched these twilight glows, there have been two distinct and different displays—two red twilights, clearly separable from each other.

The first has been an ordinary sunset, displayed on the clouds in the usual manner, but with more than usual richness. This has occurred just as the sun was sinking, or had sunk, below the horizon.

Then the clouds which reflected this crimson glow became dark, and a still finer and more luminous glow appeared behind or above them.

This continued long after sunset—in some instances more than two hours after, and usually about one and three-quarter hours after. The clouds that were luminous at the time of sunset became almost black when this distant luminosity reached its maximum. They were absolutely opaque to the red light behind them.

When making these observations from the Harrow Road, near Stonebridge, I had opportunities of comparing the clouds above with the steam blown out of the locomotives of the London and North-Western Railway, and projected against the glowing luminosity. The steam was curiously opaque, and of purple blackness, like the cirro-stratus clouds similarly projected near the horizon.

What, then, do these phenomena indicate? I think they show that the first glow—that which illuminated the clouds—was due to atmospheric matter of some kind suspended below the clouds, and that the after-glow came from similar matter suspended at far greater elevations, for the glow remained after the sun had gone so low that the ordinary twilight due to ordinary atmospheric matter could not be displayed.

On several evenings the day was actually lengthened by this abnormal reflection, and a brilliant crimson light remained above the south-western horizon, while the stars were so fully shining that

the circumpolar constellations were well displayed—the principal stars of the Little Bear, for example.

THE METEORIC THEORY OF THE TWILIGHT GLOW.

MR. COWPER RANYARD, who has made a special study of “cosmical dust”—i.e. particles of ferruginous matter that have fallen upon the earth from somewhere beyond it—attributes the above-described phenomena to the existence of a cloud of cosmical dust, through which the earth has passed.

The same idea occurred to myself, and, I believe, to others, quite independently. I had already made some progress in seeking direct evidence concerning it, when Mr. Ranyard’s communication on the subject appeared in *Knowledge*; had put out some strips of glass to catch the dust for chemical and microscopic examination.

The question thus put to the atmosphere was whether or not it contained small particles of iron, or iron oxide, that had come from somewhere outside of this world. Such particles do fall sometimes, and their composition is fairly well understood. Dutiful readers who bind the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, and specially prize its Science Notes, will find, on pages 625–28 of the number for May 1881, an account of these meteoric visitors and their ordinary doings.

My strips of glass were presently superseded by the snowfall of the 5th and 6th of December, which afforded a better opportunity of collecting any particles that came down with the snow, which I skimmed with a piece of glass, and thus obtained the deposit from a large surface.

The snow was collected from my garden, which adjoins open fields extending to north-west (the direction from which the wind came during the snowfall) for many miles over one of the most thinly peopled parts of England, though so near to London. I refer to the untilled expanse of grass country around Wembley, Preston, Kenton, Greenford, Perivale, and other little villages, curiously unknown to the London multitude.

It was thus as little contaminated with town smoke as though collected a hundred miles away from London.

On thawing the snow I found a deposit of black and brown gritty particles, which, when dissolved in acid, gave the usual reactions of iron. By precipitating the dissolved iron with carbonate of baryta, I obtained from the filtrate distinct traces of nickel in the form of apple green hydrate, but not a weighable quantity.

The chemical behaviour of these granules indicated magnetic

and I have also succeeded in collecting on drying the snow obtained in the lower atmosphere and moving it into suspension. The snow obtained settles out from among the particles of smoke and dust.

The aurora seen on September 27th is composed of a number of smaller aurora.

The aurora seen on the 28th is very fine percentage of black magnetic oxide of iron. It consists of long series of small particles which resemble in size with iron pyrophyllite. The particles are very small and many specimens collected in different places show a variation in average size for the day. It is found that the particles must be considered with that of the iron oxide. The particles are very small and only a few are seen in the lower atmosphere. The particles are of magnetic nature.

The aurora seen on the 29th is very fine percentage of iron oxide. It is found that the particles are very small and only a few are seen in the lower atmosphere. The particles are of magnetic nature. The aurora seen on the 30th is very fine percentage of iron oxide. It is found that the particles are very small and only a few are seen in the lower atmosphere. The particles are of magnetic nature. The aurora seen on the 31st is very fine percentage of iron oxide. It is found that the particles are very small and only a few are seen in the lower atmosphere. The particles are of magnetic nature.

The aurora seen on the 1st is very fine percentage of iron oxide. It is found that the particles are very small and only a few are seen in the lower atmosphere. The particles are of magnetic nature. The aurora seen on the 2nd is very fine percentage of iron oxide. It is found that the particles are very small and only a few are seen in the lower atmosphere. The particles are of magnetic nature.

The aurora seen on the 3rd is very fine percentage of iron oxide. It is found that the particles are very small and only a few are seen in the lower atmosphere. The particles are of magnetic nature. The aurora seen on the 4th is very fine percentage of iron oxide. It is found that the particles are very small and only a few are seen in the lower atmosphere. The particles are of magnetic nature. The aurora seen on the 5th is very fine percentage of iron oxide. It is found that the particles are very small and only a few are seen in the lower atmosphere. The particles are of magnetic nature.

I cannot at all agree with those who suppose that the glowing aurora of September, October, November, and December have all originated from the same particular meteoric particles that have been in the air while suspended in the air. The specific gravity of the black magnetic oxide of iron is above four and a half times that of water; and the particles that I collected with the snow would sink through our lower and denser atmosphere rather freely, while in the upper and rarer regions they would perform a modification of the well known guinea and feather experiment, where both fall together with equal rapidity in the imperfect vacuum obtained by a common air pump.

If we have been passing through a cloud of cosmic dust, it must either be of vast extent or is a part of our solar system;—one of our fellow-passengers in space that we occasionally overtake, or by which we may be overtaken, and then journey together for a while until our paths diverge so much that we perform part company.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE METEORIC THEORY.

THE above note was written in December and intended for the January number, but was too late for publication in consequence of the early printing enforced by Christmas holidays. I have since watched the phenomena very carefully both morning and evening, and am sorely puzzled. The meteoric dust appears to lack in sufficiency. I have spread out sheets of paper anointed with glycerine and vaseline to catch the dust, and with the wind blowing from London have caught a great deal, but nearly all of it impalpable sooty particles or flocculi that spread out like paint under the finger. With wind from the N. and N.W. I have caught very little, but that little was gritty when similarly rubbed by the finger against the paper, and otherwise corresponded with my collections from the snow.

Here then is a difficulty. If the light feathery fragments of precipitated London carbon fall through the air so readily, how much more so must the granular particles of iron oxide, having four times the specific gravity of the soot, and being incomparably more closely compacted? The difference is at least four times greater than that between hailstones and snow-flakes.

The tangible, visible, and measurable grains of black oxide of iron which I collected in the snow, picked out with a magnet, examined with a low magnifying power, and dissolved in acid, could not have produced the long-enduring glow without raining down upon the earth's surface in sufficient quantity to form an appreciable deposit, similar to that of the blast-furnace "fume" (see Science Note, June 1883), which blackens the surface of the snow in the course of a week or two, and affects vegetation so seriously. In the higher regions where the glow has been most decidedly displayed, such particles of mineral matter would perform the guinea and feather experiment and rain down like small shot.

If the glow is caused by meteoric dust, the particles of that dust must be so excessively minute as to approach the dimensions of the hypothetical molecules of the mathematician.

Such minuteness is physically possible, if we suppose that the constituents of the agglomerated particles (they were made up as are

large hailstones) of black oxide which I collected are the nuclei or remains of meteoric masses originally as large as pins' heads, and which by their collision with our atmosphere were superficially volatilised and reduced in dimensions thereby; while others originally smaller were volatilised altogether. We should thus have in the higher regions of our atmosphere iron vapour, which condensing under very low pressure might produce particles too small to be separately visible even with microscopic aid, and yet capable of producing the optical effects observed, by reflection, or diffraction of light.

The luminous effect of the collision of such minute particles with our upper atmosphere would not be visible as separate meteoric flashes, but might produce a general phosphorescent luminosity like a faint and diffused aurora. Something of this kind has been observed.

ANOTHER THEORY OF THE TWILIGHT GLOW.

ONE of my Science Notes of April 1882 is on "The Effects of a Direct Collision of a Comet with the Sun." The general conclusions there worked out were, that the heat generated by such collision would dissociate more or less of the great atmosphere of aqueous vapour surrounding the sun; that such thinning of this resisting envelope would permit the passage of an increased amount of radiation from the sun, of which increase the earth would receive its share.

For the reasons why no sudden outblaze of the sun would occur, and how the increased heat of the sun would be stored and given out gradually, I must refer to the note itself.

How then would such a thinning of the solar envelope display itself to us? Evidently by giving us a better view of the photosphere, or actual luminous surface which lies immediately beneath the vaporous envelope and is disguised to some extent thereby.

In a Note of last March I described some of the interesting results obtained by Professor Langley on Mount Whitney, S. California, 13,000 feet above sea-level. One of these is a well-founded conclusion that the colour of the photosphere itself is blue, and that its white or yellowish appearance, as ordinarily seen, is due to the absorption effected by the outer atmospheric envelope.

It is a curious and suggestive fact that the newspaper accounts of the recent twilight glow were preceded by startling descriptions of a blue sun and green sun, as seen in India and other tropical countries where the air is exceptionally dry. This abnormal colour of the sun

has been displayed so remarkably as to create considerable alarm among the superstitious natives.

It is true that this colour was seen chiefly at about the times of sunset and sunrise, but this does not disprove its existence when the sun was higher. It was seen just at those times when it is possible to examine the sun, and not at the time when the dazzle produced such derangement of vision as to render such examination impossible.

The first effect upon the earth of increased thermal radiations would be to increase the evaporation from the ocean, lakes, rivers, and humid surfaces of the land, which amount to about four-fifths of the whole surface of the globe. The difference would of course be manifested most decidedly in the tropics, but how?

The answer to this question is apparently paradoxical. Within certain limits it would rather moderate than increase the torrid severity of their inland climate. The scorching daytime heat in such regions is greatly aggravated by the dryness of the air, such dry air affording so much less resistance to the transmission of radiant heat than air containing a greater amount of aqueous vapour. The aqueous vapour held in our atmosphere is the great climatic moderator of the whole world. It is the screen that prevents the vegetation and the animals on its surface from being burnt to death during summer daytime, and checks the nocturnal and winter radiation of the earth itself, which would otherwise freeze down all the activities of life. An increase of this vapour would raise the winter and night temperatures, and moderate the sun-glare of summer and noon-day.

But the greatest difference would be in the upper regions of the air. As it is, the air is heated mainly by convection, *i.e.* by the layer of air in contact with the surface of the earth being warmed and expanded, then rising and giving place to cooler layers. Only a small portion of the solar heat is arrested by the air itself as the solar radiations pass through it, and this little is stopped by aqueous vapour. Increase the amount of this vapour, and atmospheric absorption of solar heat is increased, thereby permitting only a smaller proportion to reach the earth's surface. Those who are familiar with Tyndall's researches on the sifting of thermal radiations will see at once that the difference of temperature due to increased solar activity will thus be chiefly manifested in the upper regions of the atmosphere.

Every accession to their temperature thus attained will increase their capacity for holding aqueous vapour raised from below. If then we have received an increase of solar radiated heat, there is more water in the air, its upper regions are warmer and offer greater

resistance to radiation generally, especially to radiation of obscure heat from the earth itself. Supposing those upper regions of the air usually having a mean temperature of 32° Fahr. to be raised to 50° , their capacity for retaining aqueous vapour would be just doubled whatever be the density of the air itself.

In such a case not only would the amount of water be doubled, but instead of condensing into ice crystals it would condense in the form of liquid particles which act upon light so differently. We must remember that while the oxygen and nitrogen go on thinning and thinning as we ascend, the aqueous vapour varies with the temperature only, and therefore an upper region may exist where the quantity of aqueous vapour in a given space shall exceed that of the other gases. If space permitted, I could demonstrate the proposition that if our earth, with its aqueous and atmospheric oceans, were transferred to the position of the planet Venus, the upper strata of its atmosphere would consist almost entirely of aqueous vapour. Any increase of solar radiation acting upon us where we are, must effect a proportionate approximation to this atmospheric condition.

The nearest approach to our recent sunset displays are those of the arctic regions in summer time. My own experience of these indicates that they occur when a vapour-laden upper current is passing towards the poles. This being subjected to the continuous oblique sunshine without any night cooling, must, if I am not mistaken, actually absorb more direct sun-heat than the atmosphere of the tropics at a corresponding elevation, and its vapour would thus be in the condition above described.

But have we any fair reason to suppose that the sun may have been lately subjected to any unusual heat-generating collision or collisions? My next note shall be devoted to this question.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

"THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY."

IT is but natural I should mention the appearance of a work to be called *The Gentleman's Magazine Library*,¹ the first volume of which has now been issued. The volume in question consists of articles on Manners and Customs, selected by Mr. G. L. Gomme from the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It is to be succeeded by thirteen other volumes treating of Popular Superstitions, Archæology, Numismatics, Topography, Natural History, and similar subjects. About the scheme itself, which is not the first of its kind that has been attempted, I have nothing to say. Walker's well-known Selection from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, published in 1809 in three volumes, not in four, as announced in Mr. Stock's prospectus—it was subsequently extended to four—was received with favour, and went through three editions in five years. The present work, which contains, among other things, some of the best essays of John Nichols, is, moreover, in the main carefully and competently edited. Against the general title given, "Sylvanus Urban Redivivus," which heads the prospectus, I have a right to protest. To be redivivus one must, I have always understood, be defunct. This Sylvanus Urban is not, and has not been. However unworthy a successor of the first wearer of that illustrious appellation may be its present owner, he is still alive, and the name will scarcely perish with him. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi*, is a case in point.

DRAMATIC EARNINGS.

IF dramatic talent is not brought to light by the conditions now prevailing in England, the conclusion may be accepted that it is non-existent. The prizes now awaiting the man who can write a successful play are to the outside world incredible. According to recently published statistics, Byron made by his pen 23,000*l.*, Trollope 70,000*l.*, and Lord Lytton 80,000*l.* In modern days a couple of successful dramas might be expected to bring in an amount

¹ Elliot Stock.

equal to the whole gains of Byron, and half a dozen years would enable a dramatist to look down upon the earnings of Trollope and Bulwer. If I were to tell the amount I know to be now paid men who are not regarded in the dramatic world as conjurors, I should probably meet with scepticism or derision. What are called the American rights of a play now bring ten times the amount which a score years ago was paid for the entire possession of a piece, and Canada and Australia pour full and separate tides into the author's pockets. Dramatic fecundity is indeed the most precious gift the fairies have to bestow, and a man with invention, perception of character and situation, and the capacity to write smart dialogue, may hope to become rich almost "beyond the dreams of avarice." I wish I could with no breach of confidence state the sums, differing widely of course, that have been paid during the last two years to the authors of such plays as "The Silver King," "In the Ranks," "The Parvenu," and half a dozen other pieces.

AN AMERICAN BIBLIOPHILE.

WHILE the great libraries of English noble families have been brought to the hammer to meet the altered conditions of landowning, a similar break-up of books has, for a different reason, been witnessed in the United States. Of a dozen great American libraries now wholly or partly dispersed, the most noteworthy are the international law collection of the late William Beach Lawrence, Governor of Rhode Island, the splendid if miscellaneous accumulation of books of Mr. William Menzies, of New York, the dramatic library of Mr. J. H. V. Arnold, and the comprehensive collection of Dr. David King, of Newport. Another library about to be brought to the hammer is that of the Hon. Henry C. Murphy, LL.D., of Brooklyn, Long Island. Of Mr. Murphy himself, though he was a Senator for twelve consecutive years, was for some time the United States Minister at the Hague, and was in 1852 the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, Englishmen in general know little. His literary labours consisted principally of contributions to the *North American Review*, the *Historical Magazine*, and other publications. He edited, however, "The Anthology of the New Netherlands," "The Voyage of Verrazano," De Vries' "Voyage from Holland to America," 1632-1644, and other works bearing upon the early history of the United States.

Very far from large, according to the Old World estimate, is the collection which raised Mr. Murphy to the position of one of the foremost of American bibliophiles. As described in 1860 in Dr.

Wynne's "Private Libraries of America," it did not extend beyond five thousand volumes. Three-fourths of the collection then consisted of works which in an English bookseller's catalogue would figure under the head of "Americana." The rarest of these, being one of two known copies, is Abraham Pierson's "Some Helps for the Indians in the New Haven Colony." Molina's "Vocabulario en Lengua Mexicana," published in Mexico in 1571; the first edition of Colden's "History of the Five Nations," New York, 1727, said by some authorities to be "the rarest of all American books;" the "Historie of Virginia," 1624, of John Smith, whose "Adventures and Discourses" have just been reprinted in London in *facsimile*; and "Mason's History of the Pequot War," are a few of the most important items of this portion of the catalogue. Among works of wider interest are more than twenty editions of Ptolemy's "Cosmographia," printed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the "Jesuit Relations," in forty-two volumes, spoken of as the largest collection of these records ever offered for sale, and the collections of Hakluyt, Ramusio, De Bry, Purchas, Thévenot, and others. Objects of special interest in the library are the original autograph letters of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

THE FUTURE OF HODGE.

THAT the gradual depletion of the country caused by the augmenting requirements of the great centres of labour is an evil must, I suppose, be conceded. Much very genuine eloquence has been lately heard concerning the depopulation of rural districts, and the silence and desolation of the fairest scenes in our country. How far statistics bear out these jeremiads I am unable to say. That London itself attracts an annually increasing number of farm labourers and other country folk is plainly enough to be seen. Whether this is a disadvantage to Hodge is less easily ascertained. One necessary result of the thinning of the rustic population must be an increase of wages for those who stay behind. With those who are swallowed up in our cities, moreover, the change of state does not necessarily involve loss. Our police force, for instance, is largely recruited from country districts. As a thinking, acting, and responsible being, the average policeman, in spite of his weakness for an eleemosynary drink, stands immeasurably above the ploughman. I have no great respect for the profession of soldier, which also swallows a large number of country labourers; nevertheless I cannot forget that the poor fellows who went to that most heroic of all recorded deaths in the "Birkenhead" were just the country louts who

may be seen sprawling in blank and hideous idleness on any summer evening in a country village. Something of the notion of comic opera still clings to and colours our notions of the peasant. In days in which brigandage is conducted on strictly commercial principles it is time that we dismissed the notion of rustic simplicity. The fact is that a more aimless, unintelligent, and in some cases morose and repellent being than Hodge amidst his bucolic surroundings does not exist. An advance in civilisation is necessarily developed from association with masses of his fellows. Very far from an ideal type of manliness is an average bricklayer. Compared with the average farm labourer, however, he is entitled to respect and admiration.

PROPOSED ADDITIONS TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE roll of heroes, statesmen, poets, scholars, and—aristocrats buried in Westminster Abbey is now, it appears, complete; and the resting-place of a dozen kings between Edward the Confessor and the second George, of poets from Chaucer to Campbell, of Betterton and Garrick, of Buckingham the licentious and Busby the inflexible, of La belle Stuart and Sir Isaac Newton, of Dr. Johnson and Thomas Killigrew, will receive few more inmates. Until some addition to the space at disposal is made, our poets must content themselves with sharing the exclusion of Byron, and our artists may say with Sir Godfrey Kneller in his dying moments: "By G—, I will not be buried in Westminster! They do bury fools there." To break the roll of the illustrious dead—for such, in spite of the narrowness of ecclesiasticism and the pliability of sycophancy, the inmates of the Abbey may claim to be—would be a subject for regret. It is pleasant to hear, accordingly, that projects are afoot for the extension of the space at the disposal of the authorities. Of the two schemes now before the public the plan advocated by Mr. Shaw Lefevre seems the better. To the plan of the late Sir Gilbert Scott to build a monumental chapel to the north-east of the Abbey, along the line of the houses in Abingdon Street and Old Palace Yard, Mr. Lefevre opposes a chapel to be erected on the site of the houses on the east side of the Little Cloister, to be united to the Abbey by means of a covered passage under the buttresses of the Chapter House. Apart from the question of economy, which, though important, is not all-important in the case of a work which is national in character, this scheme would open out one of the most beautiful portions of the old building, and would add appreciably to the attractions of the Abbey.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1884.

PHILISTIA.

BY CECIL POWER.

CHAPTER VI.

DOWN THE RIVER.

"BERKELEY couldn't come to-day, Le Breton : it's Thursday, of course : I forgot about it altogether," Oswald said, on the barge at Salter's. "You know he pays a mysterious flying visit to town every Thursday afternoon—to see an imprisoned lady-love, I always tell him."

"It's very late in the season for taking ladies on the water, Miss Oswald," said Ernest, putting his oar into the rowlock, and secretly congratulating himself on the deliverance : "but better go now than not see Iffley church and Nuneham woods at all. You ought to have come up in summer term, and let us have the pleasure of showing you over the place when it was in its first full leafy glory. May's decidedly the time to see Oxford to the greatest advantage."

"So Harry tells me, and he wanted me to come up then, but it wasn't convenient for them at home to spare me just at that moment, so I was obliged to put it off till late in the autumn. I have to help my mother a good deal in the house, you know, and I can't always go dancing about the world whenever I should like to. Which string must I pull, Harry, to make her turn into the middle of the river? She always seems to twist round the exact way I don't want her to."

"Right, right, hard right," cried Harry from the bow—they were in a tub pair bound down the river for Iffley. "Keep to the Oxfordshire shore as far as the willows : then cross over to the Berkshire. Le Breton 'll tell you when and where to change sides ; he knows the river as well as I do."

"That 'll do splendidly for the present," Ernest said, looking ahead over his shoulder. "Mind the flags there ; don't go too near the corner. You certainly ought to see these meadows in early spring when the fritillaries are all out over the spongy places, Miss Oswald. Has your brother ever sent you any of the fritillaries?"

"What? snake-heads? Oh, boxes full of them. They're lovely flowers, but not lovelier than our own Devonshire daffodils. You should see a Devonshire water-meadow in April! Why don't you come down some time to Calcombe-Pomeroy? It's the dearest little peaceful seaside corner in all England."

Harry bit his lip, for he was not over-fond of bringing people down to spy out his domestic sanctities: but Ernest answered cordially, "I should like it above everything in the world, Miss Oswald. If you will let me, I certainly shall as soon as possible. Mind, quick, get out of the way of that practising eight, or we shall foul her! Left, as hard as you can! That 'll do. The cox was getting as red as a salamander, till he saw it was a lady steering. When coxes catch a man fouling them, their language is apt to be highly unparliamentary.—Yes, I shall try to get away to Calcombe as soon as ever I can manage to leave Oxford. It wouldn't surprise me if I were to run down and spend Christmas there."

"You'd find it as dull as ditch-water at Christmas, Le Breton," said Harry. "Much better wait till next summer."

"I'm sure I don't think so, Harry dear," Edie interrupted, with that tell-tale blush of hers. "If Mr. Le Breton wants to come then, I believe he'd really find it quite delightful. Of course he wouldn't expect theatres, or dances, or anything like that, in a country village; and we're dreadfully busy just about Christmas-day itself, sending out orders, and all that sort of thing,"—Harry bit his lip again:—"but if you don't mind a very quiet place and a very quiet time, Mr. Le Breton, I don't think myself our cliffs ever look grander, or our sea more impressive, than in stormy winter weather."

"I wish to goodness she wasn't so transparently candid and guileless," thought Harry to himself. "I never *can* teach her duly to respect the prejudices of Pi. Not that it matters twopence to Le Breton, of course: but if she talks that way to any of the other men here, they'll be laughing in every common-room in Oxford over my Christmas raisins and pounds of sugar—commonplace cynics that they are. I must tell her about it the moment we get home again, and adjure her by all that's holy not to repeat the indiscretion."

"A penny for your thoughts, Harry," cried Edie, seeing by

his look that she had somehow vexed him. "What are you thinking of?"

"Thinking that all Oxford men are horrid cynics," said Harry, boldly shaming the devil.

"Why are they?" Edie asked.

"I suppose because it's an inexpensive substitute for wit or intellect," Harry answered. "Indeed, I'm a bit of a cynic myself, I believe, for the same reason and on strictly economical principles. It saves one the trouble of having any intelligible or original opinion of one's own upon any subject."

Below Ifley Lock they landed for half an hour, in order to give Edie time for a pencil sketch of the famous old Norman church-tower, with its quaint variations on the dog-tooth ornament, and its ancient cross and mouldering yew-tree behind. Harry sat below in the boat propped on the cushions, reading the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*: Ernest and Edie took their seat upon the bank above, and had a first chance of an unbroken tête-à-tête.

"How delicious to live in Oxford always!" said Edie, sketching in the first outline of the great round arches. "I would give anything to have the opportunity of settling here for life. Some day I shall make Harry set up house, and bring me up here as his housekeeper:—I mean," she added with a blush, thinking of Harry's warning look just before, "as soon as they can spare me from home." She purposely avoided saying "when they retire from business," the first phrase that sprang naturally to her simple little lips. "Let me see, Mr. Le Breton; you haven't got any permanent appointment here yourself, have you?"

"Oh no," Ernest answered: "no appointment of any sort at all, Miss Oswald. I'm loitering up casually on the look-out for a fellowship. I've been in for two or three already, but haven't got them."

"Why didn't you?" asked Edie, with a look of candid surprise.

"I suppose I wasn't clever enough," Ernest answered simply. "Not so clever, I mean, as the men who actually got them."

"Oh, but you *must* be," Edie replied confidently; "and a great deal cleverer, too, I'm sure. I know you must, because Harry told me you were one of the very cleverest men in the whole 'Varsity. And besides, I see you are, myself. And Harry says most of the men who get fellowships are really great donkeys."

"Harry must have been talking in one of those cynical moods he told us about," said Ernest, laughing. "At any rate, the examiners didn't feel *satisfied with my papers*, and I've never got a fellowship

yet. Perhaps they thought my political economy just a trifle too advanced for them."

"You may depend upon it, that's it," said Edie, jumping at the conclusion with the easy omniscience of a girl of nineteen. "Next time, make your political economy a little more moderate, you know, without any sacrifice of principle, just to suit them. What fellowship are you going in for now?"

"Pembroke, in November."

"Oh, I do hope you'll get it."

"Thank you very much. So do I. It would be very nice to have one."

"But of course it won't matter so much to you as it did to Harry. Your family are such very great people, aren't they?"

Ernest smiled a broad smile at her delicious simplicity. "If by very great people you mean rich," he said, "we couldn't very well be poorer—for people of our sort, I mean. My mother lives almost entirely on her pension; and we boys have only been able to come up to Oxford, just as Harry was, by the aid of our scholarships. If we hadn't saved in our first two years, while we had our government allowances, we shouldn't have been able to stop up for our degrees at all. So if I don't get a fellowship I shall have to take to school-mastering or something of the sort, for a livelihood. Indeed, this at Pembroke will be my very last chance, for I can't hold on much longer."

"And if you got a fellowship you could never marry, could you?" asked Edie, going on with her work.

"Not while I held it, certainly. But I wouldn't hold it long. I regard it only as a makeshift for a time. Unhappily, I don't know how to earn my own bread by the labour of my hands, as I think we ought all to do in a well-constituted society; so unless I choose to starve (about the rightfulness of which I don't feel quite certain), I *must* manage somehow to get over the interval. But as soon as I could I would try to find some useful work to do, in which I could repay society the debt I owe it for my bringing up. You see, I've been fed and educated by a Government grant, which of course came out of the taxes—your people have had to help, whether they would or not, in paying for my board and lodging—and I feel that I owe it as a duty to the world to look out some employment in which I could really repay it for the cost of my maintenance."

"How funnily you do look at everything, Mr. Le Breton," said Edie. "It would never have struck me to think of a pension from *the army in that light*. And yet of course it's the right light; only

we don't most of us take the trouble to go to the bottom of things, as you do. But what will you do if you don't get the fellowship?"

"In that case, I've just heard from my mother that she would like me to take a tutorship at Lord Exmoor's," Ernest answered. "Lynmouth, their eldest son, was my junior at school by six or seven years, and now he's going to prepare for Christ Church. I don't quite know whether it's a right place for me to accept or not; but I shall ask Max Schurz about it, if I don't get Pembroke. I always take Herr Max's advice in all questions of conscience, for I'm quite sure whatever he approves of is the thing one ought to do for the greatest good of humanity."

"Harry told me about Herr Schurz," Edie said, filling in the details of the doorway. "He thinks him a very earnest, self-convinced, good old man, but a terrible revolutionist. For my part, I believe I rather like revolutionists, provided, of course, they don't cut off people's heads. Harry made me read Carlyle, and I positively fell in love with Camille Desmoulins; only I don't really think he ought to have approved of *quite* so much guillotining, do you? But why shouldn't you take the tutorship at the Exmoors?"

"Oh, because it isn't a very useful work in the world to prepare a young hereditary loafer like Lynmouth for going to Christ Church. Lynmouth will be just like his father when he grows up—an amiable wholesale partridge-slayer; and I don't see that the world at large will be any the better or the worse off for his being able to grope his way somehow through two plays of Sophocles and the first six books of Euclid. If only one were a shoemaker now! What a delightful thing to sit down at the end of a day and say to oneself, 'I have made two pairs of good, honest boots for a fellow-mortal this week, and now I deserve to have my supper!' Still, it'll be better, anyway, than doing nothing at all, and living off my mother."

"If you went to Dunbude, when would you go?"

"After the Christmas vacation, I suppose, from what Lady Hilda says."

"Lady Hilda? Oh, so there's a sister, is there?"

"Yes. A very pretty girl, about twenty, I should say, and rather clever too, I believe. My mother knows them a little."

Poor little Edie! What made her heart jump so at the mere mention of Lady Hilda? and what made the last few strokes at the top of the broken yew-tree look so very weak and shaky? How absurd of herself, she thought, to feel so much moved at hearing that there was another girl in the world whom Ernest might possibly fall in love with! And yet she had never even seen Ernest only ten

days ago! Lady Hilda! What a grand name, to be sure, and what a grand person she must be. And then Ernest himself belonged by birth to the same class! For in poor little Edie's mind, innocent as she was of the nice distinctions of the peerage, Lady So-and-So was Lady So-and-So still, whoever she might be, from the wife of a premier marquis to the wife of the latest created knight bachelor. To her, Lady Hilda Tregellis and Lady Le Breton were both "ladies of title"; and the difference between their positions, which seemed so immense to Ernest, seemed nothing at all to the merry little country girl who sat sketching beside him. After all, how could she ever have even vaguely fancied that such a young man as Ernest, in spite of all his socialistic whims, would ever dream of caring for a girl of the people like her? No doubt he would go to the Exmoors', fall naturally in love with Lady Hilda, and marry decorously in what Edie considered his own proper sphere of life! She went on with the finishing touches of her little picture in silence, and folded it up into the tiny portfolio at last with a half-uttered sigh. So her poor wee castle in the air was knocked down before she had begun to build it up in any real seriousness, and she turned to join Harry in the boat almost without speaking.

"I hope you'll get the Pembroke fellowship," she said again, a little latter, as they rowed onward down the river to Nuncham. "But in any case, Mr. Le Breton, you mustn't forget you've half promised to come and look us up at Calcombe-Pomeroy in the Christmas vacation."

Ernest smiled, and nodded acquiescence.

Meanwhile, on that same Thursday afternoon, Arthur Berkeley had gone up from Oxford by the fast train to Paddington, as was his weekly wont, and had dived quickly down one of the small lanes that open out from the left-hand side of Praed Street. He walked along it for a little way, humming an air to himself as he went, and then stopped at last in front of a small, decent brick house, with a clean muslin blind across the window (clean muslin forms a notable object in most London back streets), and a printed card hanging from the central pane, bearing the inscription, "G. Berkeley, Working Shoemaker.—The Trade supplied with Ready-closed Uppers." At the window a beaming face was watching for his appearance, and Arthur said to himself as he saw it through the curtain, "The dear old Progenitor's looking better again this week, God bless him!" In a moment he had opened the door, and greeted his father in the old boyish fashion, with an honest kiss on either cheek. They had kissed one another so whenever they met from Arthur's childhood

upward ; and the Oxford curate had never felt himself grown too much of a man to keep up a habit which seemed to him by far the most sacred thing in his whole existence.

"Well, father dear, I needn't ask you how you are to-day," said Arthur, seating himself comfortably in the second easy chair of the trim little workshop parlour. "I can see at once you're a good deal better. Any more pain in the head and eyes, eh, or any trouble about the forehead?"

The old shoemaker passed his hand over his big, bulging brow, bent outward as it is so often in men of his trade by the constant habit of stooping over their work, and said briskly, "No, Artie, my boy, not a sign of it this week—not a single sign of it. I've been taking a bit of holiday, you see, and it's done me a lot of good, I can tell you—made me feel another man entirely. I've been playing my violin till the neighbours began to complain of it ; and if I hadn't asked them to come and hear me tune up a bit, I really believe they'd have been having me up before the magistrate for a public nuisance."

"That's right, Daddy dear ; I'm always glad when you've been having a little music. It does you more good than anything. And the jelly—I hope you've eaten the jelly?"

"Oh, I've eaten it right enough, Artie, thank your dear heart ; and the soup too, dearie. Came by a boy from Walters's every day, addressed to 'Berkeley, Esquire, 42 Whalley Street' ; and the boy wouldn't leave it the first day, because he thought there must have been a mistake about the address. His contention was that a journeyman shoemaker wasn't an esquire ; and my contention was that the 'Berkeley' was essential, and the 'Esquire' accidental, which was beyond his logic, bless you, Artie ; for I've often noticed, my son, that your errand-boy is a naturally illogical and contradictory creature. Now, shoemakers aren't, you know. I've always taken a just pride in the profession, and I've always asserted that it develops logic ; it develops logic, Artie, or else why are all cobblers good Liberals, I should like to know? Eh, can you tell me that ; with all your Oxford training, sir, can you tell me that?"

"It develops logic beyond the possibility of a doubt, Daddy ; and it develops a good kind heart as well," said Arthur, smiling. "And it develops musical taste, and literary talent, and a marked predilection for the beautiful in art and nature. In fact, whenever I meet a good man of any sort, anywhere, I always begin now by inquiring which of his immediate ancestors can have been a journey-

man shoemaker. Depend upon it, Daddy, there's nothing like leather."

"There you are, poking fun at your poor old Progenitor again," said the old cobbler, with a merry twinkle in the corner of his eye. "If it weren't for the jelly, and the natural affections always engendered by shoemaking, I think I should almost feel inclined to cut you off with a shilling, Artie, my boy—to cut you off with a shilling. Well, Artie, I'm quite convalescent now (don't you call it? I'm afraid of my long shoemaker's words before you, nowadays, you've grown so literary; for I suppose parsons are more literary than even shoemakers). I'm quite convalescent now, and I think, my boy, I must get to work again this week, and have no more of your expensive soups and jellies. If I didn't keep a sharp look-out upon you, Artie, lad, I believe you'd starve yourself outright up there at Oxford to pamper your poor old useless father here with luxuries he's never been accustomed to in his whole life."

"My dear simple old Progenitor, you don't know how utterly you're mistaken," cried Arthur, eagerly. "I believe I'm really the most selfish and unnatural son in all Christendom. I'm positively rolling in wealth up there at Magdalen; I've had my room papered again since you saw it last long vacation; and I live like a prince, absolutely like a Russian prince, upon my present income. I assure you on my solemn word of honour, Father, that I eat meat for lunch—that's my dinner—every day; and an egg for tea as regular as clockwork. I often think when I look around my palatial rooms in college, what a shame it is that I should let you, who are worth ten of me, any day, live any longer in a back street up here in London; and I won't allow it, Daddy, I really won't allow it from this day forth, I'm determined. I've come up especially to speak to you about it this afternoon, for I've made up my mind that this abnormal state of things can't continue."—"Very good word, abnormal," murmured his father.—"And I've also made up my mind," Arthur said, almost firmly, for him, "that you shall come up and live at Oxford. I can't bear having you so far away from me, now that you're weaker than you used to be, Father dear, and so often ailing."

The old shoemaker laughed aloud. "Oh no, Artie my boy," he said cheerily, shaking his head with a continuous series of merry chuckles. "It won't do at all, it won't do, I assure you. I may be a terrible free-thinker and all that kind of thing, as the neighbours say I am—poor bodies, they never read a word of modern criticism in their lives, heaven bless 'em—stragglers from the march of intellect, mere stragglers—but I've too much respect for the cloth to

bring a curate of St. Fredegond's into such disgrace as that would mean for you, Artie. You shan't have your career at Oxford spoiled by its being said of you that your father was a working shoemaker. What with the ready-closed uppers, and what with your ten shillings a week, and what with all the presents you give me, and what with the hire of the piano, I'm as comfortable as ever I want to be, growing into a gentleman in my old age, Artie, and I even begin to have my doubts as to whether it's quite consistent in me as a good Radical to continue my own acquaintance with myself—I'm getting to be such a regular idle do-nothing aristocrat! Go to Oxford and mend shoes, indeed, with you living there as a full-fledged parson in your own rooms at Magdalen! No, no, I won't hear of it. I'll come up for a day or two in long vacation, my boy, as I've always done hitherto, and take a room in Holywell, and look in upon you a bit, accidentally, so as not to shame you before the scouts (who are a servile set of flunkeys, incapable of understanding the elevated feelings of a journeyman shoemaker); but I wouldn't dream of going to live in the place, any more than I'd dream of asking to be presented at court on the occasion of my receiving a commission for a pair of evening shoes for the Queen's head footman."

"Father," said Arthur, smiling, "you're absolutely incorrigible. Such a dreadful old rebel against all constituted authority, human and divine, I never did meet in the course of my existence. I believe you're really capable of arguing a point of theology against an archbishop. But I don't want you to come up to Oxford as a shoemaker; I mean you to come up and live with me in rooms of our own, out of college. Whenever I think of you, dear father—you, who are so infinitely nobler, and better, and truer, and more really a gentleman than any other man I ever knew in my life—whenever I think of you, coming secretly up to Oxford as if you were ashamed of yourself, and visiting your own son by stealth in his rooms in college as if you were a dun coming to ask him for money, instead of the person whom he delights to honour—whenever I think of it, father, it makes my cheeks burn with shame, and I loathe myself for ever allowing you so to bemean your own frank, true, noble nature. I oughtn't to permit it, father, I oughtn't to permit it; and I won't permit it any longer."

"Well, you never would have permitted it, Artie, if I hadn't compelled you; for I've got all the prudence and common-sense of the family bottled up here in my own forehead," said the old man, tapping his bulging brow significantly. "I don't deny that Oxford may be an excellent school for Greek and Latin, and philosophy, and

so forth ; but if you want prudence and sagacity and common-sense it's a well-known fact that there's nothing like the practice of making ready-closed uppers, sir, to develop 'em. If I'd taken your advice, my boy, I'd have come up to visit you when you were an undergraduate, and ruined your prospects at the very outset. No, no, Artie, I shall stop here, and stick to my last, my dear boy, stick to my last, to the end of all things."

"You shall do nothing of the sort, Daddy ; that I'm determined upon," Arthur cried vehemently. "I'm not going to let you do any more shoemaking. The time has come when you must retire, and devote all your undivided energies to the constant study of modern criticism. Whether you come to Oxford or stop in London, I've made up my mind that you shan't do another stroke of work as long as you live. Look here, dear old Daddy, I'm getting to be a perfect millionaire, I assure you. Do you see this fiver? well, I got that for knocking out that last trashy little song for Fradelli ; and it cost me no more trouble to compose it than to sit down and write the score out on a sheet of ruled paper. I'm as rich as Cræsus—made a hundred and eighty pounds last year, and expect to make over two hundred this one. Now, if a man with that perfectly prodigious fortune can't afford to keep his own father in comfort and affluence, what an absolute Sybarite and gormand of a fellow he must be himself."

"It's a lot of money, certainly, Artie," said the old shoemaker, turning it over thoughtfully ; "two hundred pounds is a lot of money ; but I doubt very much whether it's more than enough to keep you up to the standard of your own society, up there at Oxford. As John Stuart Mill says, these things are all comparative to the standard of comfort of your class. Now, Artie, I believe you have to stint yourself of things that everybody else about you has at Oxford, to keep me in luxuries I was never used to."

"My dear Dad, it's only of the nature of a repayment," cried Arthur, earnestly. "You slaved and sacrificed and denied yourself when I was a boy to send me to school, without which I would never have got to Oxford at all ; and you taught me music in your spare hours (when you had any) ; and I owe everything I have or am or ever will be to your unceasing and indefatigable kindness. So now you've got to take repayment whether you will or not, for I insist upon it. And if you won't come up to Oxford, which perhaps would be an uncongenial place for you in many ways, I'll tell you what I'll do, Daddy ; I'll look out for a curacy somewhere in London, and we'll take a little house together, and I'll furnish it nicely, and there

we shall live, sir, whatever you say, so not another word about it. And now I want you to listen to the very best thing I've ever composed, and tell me what you think of it."

He sat down to the little hired cottage piano that occupied the corner of the neat small room, and began to run his deft fingers lightly over the keys. It was the Butterfly fantasia. The father sat back in his red easy chair, listening with all his ears, first critically, then admiringly, at last enthusiastically. As Arthur's closing notes died away softly towards the end, the old shoemaker's delight could be restrained no longer. "Artie," he cried, gloating over it, "that's music! That's real music! You're quite right, my boy; that's far and away the best thing you've ever written. It's exquisite—so light, so airy, so unearthlike. But, Artie, there's more than that in it. There's soul in it; and I know what it means. You don't deceive your poor old Progenitor in a matter of musical inspiration, I can tell you. I know where you got that fantasia from as well as if I'd seen you getting it. You got it out of your own heart, my boy, out of your own heart. And the thing it says to me as plain as language is just this—you're in love! You're in love, Artie, and there's no good denying it. If any man ever wrote that fantasia without being in love at the time—first love—ecstasy—tremor—tiptoe of expectation—why, then, I tell you, music hasn't got such a thing as a tongue or a meaning in it."

Arthur looked at him gently and smiled, but said nothing.

"Will you tell me about her, Artie?" asked the old man, caressingly, laying his hand upon his son's arm.

"Not now, Father; not just now, please. Some other time, perhaps, but not now. I hardly know about it myself, yet. It may be something—it may be nothing: but, at any rate, it was peg enough to hang a fantasia upon. You've surprised my little secret, Father, and I dare say it's no real secret at all, but just a passing whiff of fancy. If it ever comes to anything, you shall know first of all the world about it. Now take out your violin, there's a dear old dad, and give me a tune upon it."

The father took the precious instrument from its carefully covered case with a sort of loving reverence, and began to play a piece of Arthur's own composition. From the moment the bow touched the chords it was easy enough to see whence the son got his musical instincts. Old George Berkeley was a born musician, and he could make his violin discourse to him with rare power of execution. There they sat, playing and talking at intervals, till nearly eight, when Arthur went out hurriedly to catch the last train to Oxford,

and left the old shoemaker once more to his week's solitude. "Not for much longer," the curate whispered to himself, as he got into his third-class carriage quickly; "not for much longer, if I can help it. A curacy in or near London's the only right thing for me to look out for!"

CHAPTER VII.

HOSTLY COUNSEL.

NOVEMBER came, and with it came the Pembroke fellowship examination. Ernest went in manfully, and tried hard to do his best; for somehow, in spite of the immorality of fellowships, he had a sort of floating notion in his head that he would like to get one, because he was beginning to paint himself a little fancy picture of a home that was to be, with a little fairy Edie flitting through it, and brightening it all delightfully with her dainty airy presence. So he even went so far as to mitigate considerably the native truculence of his political economy paper, after Edie's advice—not, of course, by making any suggestion of opinions he did not hold, but by suppressing the too-prominent expression of those he actually believed in. Max Schurz's name was not once mentioned throughout the whole ten or twelve pages of closely written foolscap; "Gold and the Proletariate" was utterly ignored; and in place of the strong meat served out for men by the apostles of socialism in the Marylebone dancing-saloon, Ernest dished up for his examiner's edification merely such watery milk for babes as he had extracted from the eminently orthodox economical pages of Fawcett, Mill, and Thorold Rogers. He went back to his rooms, satisfied that he had done himself full justice, and anxiously waited for the result to be duly announced on the Saturday morning.

Was it that piece of Latin prose, too obviously modelled upon the Annals of Tacitus, while the senior tutor was a confirmed Ciceronian, with the Second Philippic constitutionally on the brain? Was it the Greek verse, containing one senarius with a long syllable before the cæsura in the fifth foot, as Herbert pointed out to his brother on the very evening when that hideous oversight—say rather crime—had been openly perpetrated in plain black and white on a virgin sheet of innocent paper? Was it some faint ineffaceable savour of the Schurzian economics, peeping through, in spite of all disguises, like the garlic in an Italian ragout, from under the sedulous cloak of Ricardo's theory of rent? Was it some flying rumour,

extra-official, and unconnected with the examination in any way, to the effect that young Le Breton was a person of very dubious religious, political, and social orthodoxy? Or was it merely that fortunate dispensation of Providence whereby Oxford almost invariably manages to let her best men slip unobserved through her fingers, and so insures a decent crop of them to fill up her share of the passing vacancies in politics, literature, science, and art? Heaven or the Pembroke examiners alone can answer these abstruse and difficult questions: but this much at least is certain, that when Ernest Le Breton went into the Pembroke porter's lodge on the predestined Saturday, he found another name than his placarded upon the notice-board, and turned back, sick at heart and disappointed, to his lonely lodgings. There he spent an unhappy hour or two, hewing down what remained of his little aerial castle off-hand; and then he went out for a solitary row upon the upper river, endeavouring to work off his disappointment like a man, with a good hard spell of muscular labour.

Eddie had already returned to Calcombe-Pomeroy, so in the evening he went to tell his misfortune to Harry Oswald. Harry was really sorry to hear it, for Ernest was his best friend in Oxford, and he had hoped to have him settled close by. "You'll stop up and try again for Christ Church in February, won't you, Le Breton?" he asked.

"No," said Ernest, shaking his head a little gloomily; "I don't think I will. It's clear I'm not up to the Oxford standard for a fellowship, and I couldn't spend another term in residence without coming down upon my mother to pay my expenses—a thing she can't easily afford to do. So I suppose I must fall back for the present upon the Exmoor tutorship. That'll give me time to look about me, till I can get something else to do; and after all, it isn't a bit more immoral than a fellowship, when one comes to look it fairly in the face. However, I shall go first and ask Herr Max's opinion upon the matter."

"I'm going to spend a fortnight in town in the Christmas vac," said Oswald, "and I should like to go with you to Max's again, if I may."

Ernest coloured up a little, for he would have liked to invite Oswald to his mother's house; and yet he felt there were two reasons why he should not do so; he must himself be dependent this time upon his mother's hospitality, and he didn't think Lady Le Breton would be perfectly cordial in her welcome to Harry Oswald.

In the end, however, it was arranged that Harry should engage

rooms at his former lodgings in London, and that Ernest should take him once more to call upon the old socialist when he went to consult him on the question of conscience.

"For my part, Ernest," said Lady Le Breton to her son, the morning after his return from Oxford, "I'm not altogether sorry you didn't get this Pembroke fellowship. It would have kept you among the same set you are at present mixing in for an indefinite period. Of course now you'll accept Lady Exmoor's kind proposal. I saw her about it the same morning we got Hilda's letter; and she offers £200 a year, which, of course, is mere pocket money, as your board and lodging are all found for you, so to speak, and you'll have nothing to do but to dress and amuse yourself."

"Well, mother, I shall see about it. I'm going to consult Herr Schurz upon the subject this morning."

"Herr Schurz!" said Lady Le Breton, in her bitterest tone of irony. "It appears to me you make that snuffy old German microscope man your father confessor. It's very disagreeable to a mother to find that her sons, instead of taking her advice about what is most material to their own interests, should invariably go to confer with communist refugees and ignorant ranters. Ronald, what is *your* programme, if you please, for this morning's annoyance?"

Ronald, with the fear of the fifth commandment steadily before his eyes, took no notice of the last word, and answered calmly, "You know, mother, this is the regular day for the mission-house prayer-meeting."

"The mission-house prayer-meeting! I know nothing of the sort, I assure you. I don't keep a perfect calendar in my mind of all your meetings and your religious engagements. Then I suppose I must go alone to the Waltons' to see Mr. Walton's water-colours?"

"I'll give up the prayer-meeting, if you wish it," Ronald answered, with his unvarying meekness. "Only, I'm afraid I must walk very slowly. My cough's rather bad this morning."

"No, no," Ernest put in, "you mustn't dream of going, Ronald; I couldn't allow you to walk so far on any account. I'll put off my engagement with Oswald, who was going with me to Herr Schurz's, and I'll take you round to the Waltons', mother, whenever you like."

"Dear me, dear me," moaned Lady Le Breton, piteously, pretending to wring her hands in lady-like and mitigated despair; "I can't do anything without its being made the opportunity for a scene, it seems. I shall *not* go to the Waltons'; and I shall leave you both to follow your own particular devices to your hearts' content. I'm

sorry I proposed anything whatsoever, I'm sure, and I shall take care never to do such an imprudent thing again." And her ladyship walked in her stateliest and most chilly manner out of the freezing little dining-room.

"It's a great cross, living always with poor mother, Ernest," said Ronald, his eyes filling with tears as he spoke; "but we must try to bear with her, you know, for after all she leads a very lonely life herself, because she's so very unsympathetic." Ernest took the spare white hand in his and smoothed it compassionately. "My dear, dear Ronald," he said, "I know it's hard for you. I must try the best I can to make it a little easier!"

They walked together as far as the mission-house, arm in arm, for though in some things the two young Le Bretons were wide apart as the poles, in others they were fundamentally at one in inmost spirit; and even Ronald, in spite of his occasional little narrow sectarianisms, felt the underlying unity of purpose no less than Ernest. He was one of those enthusiastic ethereal natures which care little for outer forms or ceremonies, and nothing at all for churches and organisations, but love to commune as pure spirit with pure spirit, living every day a life of ecstatic spirituality, and never troubling themselves one whit about theological controversy or established religious constitutions. As long as Ronald Le Breton could read his Greek Testament every morning, and talk face to face in their own tongue with the Paul of First Corinthians or the John of the Epistles, in the solitude of his own bedroom, he was supremely indifferent about the serious question of free-will and fore-knowledge, or about the important question of apostolical succession, or even about that other burning question of eternal punishment, which was just then setting his own little sect of Apostolic Christian Missioners roundly by the ears. These things seemed to his enthusiastic mind mere fading echoes of an alien language; all that he himself really cared for in religion was the constant sense of essential personal communion with that higher Power which spoke directly to his soul all day long and always; or the equally constant sense of moral exaltation which he drew from the reading of the written Word in its own original language. He had never *become* an Apostolic Christian; he had grown up to be one, unconsciously to himself. "Your son Ronald's religion, my dear Lady Le Breton," Archdeacon Luttrell used often to say, "is, I fear, too purely emotional. He cannot be made to feel sufficiently the necessity for a sound practical grasp of doctrinal Christianity." To Ronald himself, he might as well have talked about the necessity for a sound practical grasp of

doctrinal Buddhism. And if Ronald had really met a devout Buddhist, he would doubtless have found, after half an hour's conversation, that they were at one in everything save the petty matter of dialect and vocabulary.

At Oswald's lodging, Ernest found his friend ready and waiting for him. They went on together to the same street in Marylebone as before, and mounted the stair till they reached Herr Schurz's gloomy little work-room on the third floor. The old apostle was seated at his small table by the half-open window, grinding the edges of a lens to fit the brass mountings at his side; while his daughter Uta, a still good-looking, quiet, broad-faced South German woman, about forty or a little more, sat close by, busily translating a scientific book into English by alternate reading and consultation with her father. Harry saw the title on her page was "Researches into the Embryology of the Isopodal Crustaceans," and conceived at once an immense respect for the learning and wisdom of the communist exile's daughter. Herr Schurz hardly stopped a moment from his work—he never allowed his numerous visitors to interfere in any way with his daily duties—but motioned them both to seats on the bare bench beside him, and waited to hear the nature of their particular business. It was an understood thing that no one came to see the Socialist leader on week days except for a good and sufficient reason.

The talk at first was general and desultory; but after a little time Ernest brought conversation round to its proper focus, and placed his case of conscience fairly before his father confessor. Was it allowable for a consistent socialist to accept the place of tutor to the son of a peer and a landowner?

"For my part, Herr Schurz," Oswald said confidently, "I don't see any reason on earth, from the point of view of any political economy whatsoever, why Ernest shouldn't take the position. The question isn't how the Exmoors have come by their money, even allowing that private property in land is in itself utterly indefensible; which is a proposition I don't myself feel inclined unreservedly to admit, though I know you and Le Breton do: the real question's this,—since they've got this money into their hands to distribute, and since in any case they will have the distribution of it, isn't it better that some of it should go into Le Breton's pocket than that it should go into any other person's? That's the way I for my part look at the matter."

"What do you say to that, friend Ernest?" asked the old German, smiling, and waiting to see whether Ernest would detec-

what from their own standpoint he regarded as the ethical fallacy of Harry Oswald's argument.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Herr Schurz," answered Ernest, in his deliberate, quiet way, "I don't think I've envisaged the subject to myself from quite the same point of view as Oswald has done. I have rather asked myself whether it was right of a man to accept a function in which he would really be doing nothing worthy for humanity in return for his daily board and lodging. It isn't so much a question who exactly is to get certain sums out of the Exmoors' pockets, which ought no doubt never to have been in them; it's more a question whether a man has any right to live off the collective labour of the world, and do nothing of any good to the world on his own part by way of repayment."

"That's it, friend Ernest," cried the old man, with a pleased nod of his big grey head; "the socialistic Iliad in a nutshell! That's the very root of the question. Don't be deceived by capitalist sophisms. So long as we go on each of us trying to get as much as we can individually out of the world, instead of asking what the world is getting out of us, in return, there will be no revolution and no millennium. We must make sure that we're doing some good ourselves, instead of sponging upon the people perpetually to feed us for nothing. What's the first gospel given to man at the creation in your popular cosmogonies? Why, that in the sweat of his face shall he eat bread, and till the ground from which he was taken. That's the native gospel of the toiling many, always; your doctrines of fair exchange, and honest livelihoods, and free contract, and all the rest of it, are only the artificial gospel of the political economists, and of the *bourgeoisie* and the aristocrats into whose hands they play—the rascals!"

"Then you think I oughtn't to take the post?" asked Ernest, a little ruefully.

"I don't say that, Le Breton—I don't say that," said Herr Schurz, more quietly than before, still grinding away at his lens. "The question's a broad one, and it has many aspects. The best work a man can do is undoubtedly the most useful work—the work that conduces most to the general happiness. But we of the proletariat can't take our choice always: as your English proverb plainly puts it, with your true English bluntness, 'beggars mustn't be choosers.' We must, each in his place, do the work that's set before us by the privileged classes. It's impossible for us to go nicely discriminating between work that's useful for the community, work that's merely harmless, and work that's positively detrimental. How

can we insure it? A man's a printer, say. There's a generally useful trade, in which, on the whole, he labours for the good and enlightenment of the world—for he may print scientific books, good books, useful books; and most printing, on the average, *is* useful. But how's he to know what sort of thing he's printing? He may be printing 'Gold and the Proletariate,' or he may be printing obscurantist and retrogressive treatises by the enemies of humanity. Look at my own trade, again. You'd say at first sight, Mr. Oswald, that to make microscopes must be a good thing in the end for the world at large: and so it is, no doubt; but half of them—ay, more than half of them—are thrown away: mere wasted labour, a good workman's time and skill lavished needlessly on some foolish rich man's caprices and amusement. Often enough, now, I make a good instrument—an instrument, with all its fittings, worth fifty or a hundred pounds. That takes a long time to make, and I'm a skilled workman; and the instrument may fall into the hands of a scientific man who'll use it in discovery, in verification, in promoting knowledge, in lessening disease and mitigating human suffering. That's the good side of my trade. But, mark you, now," and the old man wiped his forehead rapidly with his sleeve, "it has its bad side too. As often as not, I know some rich man will buy that machine, that cost me so much time and trouble to make, and will buy a few dozen stock slides with it, and will bring it out once in a moon to show his children or a few idle visitors the scales on a butterfly's wing, or the hairs on the leg of a common flea. Uta sets those things up by the thousand for the dealers to sell to indolent *dilettanti*. The appetite of the world at large for the common flea is simply insatiable. And it's for that, perhaps, that I'm spoiling my eyesight now, grinding and grinding and grinding at this very lens, and fitting the thing to an accurate fraction of a millimètre, as we always fit these things—we who are careful and honest workmen—to show an idle man's friends the hairs on a flea's fore-leg. If that isn't enough to make a man ashamed of our present wasteful and chaotic organisation, I should think he must be a survival from the pre-glacial epoch—as, indeed, most of us actually are!"

"But, after all, Herr Schurz," said Harry, expostulating, "you get paid for your labour, and the rich man is doing better by encouraging your skill than by encouraging the less-useful skill of other workmen."

"Ah, yes," cried Herr Schurz, warmly, "that's the doctrine of the one-eyed economists; that's the capitalist way of looking at it; but *it isn't our way*—it isn't ours. Is it nothing, think you, that all that

toil of mine—of a sensible man's—goes to waste, to gratify the senseless passing whim of a wealthy nobody? Is it nothing that he uselessly monopolises the valuable product of my labour, which in other and abler hands might be bringing forth good fruit for the bettering and furthering of universal humanity? I tell you, Mr. Oswald, half the best books, half the best apparatus, half the best appliances in all Europe, are locked up idle in rich men's cabinets, effecting no good, begetting no discoveries, bringing forth no interest, doing nothing but foster the anti-social pride of their wealthy possessors. But that isn't what friend Ernest wants to ask me about to-day. He wants to know about his own course in a difficult case; and instead of answering him, here am I, mauding away, like an old man that I am, into the generalised platitudes of 'Gold and the Proletariate.' Well, Le Breton, what I should say in your particular instance is this. A man with the fear of right before his eyes may, under existing circumstances, lawfully accept any work that will keep him alive, provided he sees no better and more useful work equally open to him. He may take the job the capitalists impose, if he can get nothing worthier to do elsewhere. Now, if you don't teach this young Tregellis, what alternative have you? Why, to become a master in a school—Eton, perhaps, or Rugby, or Marlborough—and teach other equally useless members of prospective aristocratic society. That being so, I think you ought to do what's best for yourself and your family for the present—for the present—till the time of deliverance comes. You see, there is one member of your family to whom the matter is of immediate importance."

"Ronald," said Ernest, interrupting him.

"Yes, Ronald. A good boy; a socialist, too, though he doesn't know it—one of us, born of us, and only apart from us in bare externals. Well, would it be most comfortable for poor Ronald that you should go to these Exmoor people, or that you should take a mastership, get rooms somewhere, and let him live with you? He's not very happy with your mother, you say. Wouldn't he be happier with you? What think you? Charity begins at home, you know: a good proverb—a good, sound, sensible, narrow-minded, practical English proverb!"

"I've thought of that," Ernest said, "and I'll ask him about it. Whichever he prefers, then, I'd better decide upon, had I?"

"Do so," Herr Max answered, with a nod. "Other things equal, our first duty is to those nearest to us."

What Herr Max said was law to his disciples, and Ernest went his way contented.

"Mr. Oswald seems a very nice young man," Uta Schurz said, looking up from the microscope slides she had begun to mount at the moment her regular translating work was interrupted by their sudden entry. She had been taking quiet glances at Harry all the while, in her unobtrusive fashion; for Uta had learned always to be personally unobtrusive—"the prophet's donkey," those irreverent French exiles used to call her—and she had come to the conclusion that he was a decidedly handsome and manly fellow.

"Which do you like best, Uta—Oswald or Le Breton?" asked her father.

"Personally," Uta answered, "I should prefer Mr. Oswald. To live always with Mr. Le Breton would be like living with an abstraction. No woman would ever care for him; she might just as well marry Spinoza's Ethics or the Ten Commandments. He's a perfect model of a socialist, and nothing else. Mr. Oswald has some human nature in him as well."

"There are two kinds of socialists," said Herr Max, bending once more over his glasses: "the one kind is always thinking most of its rights; the other kind is always thinking most of its duties. Oswald belongs to the first, Le Breton to the second. I've often observed it so among men of their two sorts. The best socialists never come from the *bourgeoisie*, nor even from the proletariat: they come from among the voluntarily *déclassés* aristocrats. Your workman or your bourgeois who has risen, and who interests himself in social or political questions, is always thinking, 'Why shouldn't I have as many rights and privileges as these other people have?' The aristocrat who descends is always thinking, 'Why shouldn't these other people have as many rights and privileges as I have?' The one type begets aggressive self-assertion, the other type begets a certain gentle spirit of self-effacement. You don't often find men of the aristocratic class with any ethical element in them—their hereditary antecedents, their breeding, their environment, are all hostile to it; but when you do find them, mark my words, Uta, they make the truest and most earnest friends of the popular cause, of any. Their sympathy and interest in it is all unselfish."

"And yet," Uta answered firmly, "I still prefer Mr. Oswald. And if you care for my opinion, I should say that the aristocrat does all the dreaming, but the bourgeois does all the fighting; and that's the most important thing practically, after all."

An hour later, Ernest was talking his future plans over with his brother Ronald. Would it be best for Ronald that he should take a mastership, and both should live together, or that he should go for

the present to the Exmoors', and leave the question of Ronald's home arrangements still unsettled ?

"It's so good of you to think of me in the matter, Ernest," Ronald said, pressing his hand gently ; "but I don't think I ought to go away from mother before I'm twenty-one. To tell you the truth, Ernest, I hardly flatter myself she'd be really sorry to get rid of me ; I'm afraid I'm a dreadful thorn in her side at present ; she doesn't understand my ways, and perhaps I don't sympathise enough with hers : but still, if I were to propose to go, I feel sure she'd be very much annoyed, and treat it as a serious act of insubordination on my part. While I'm a minor, at least, I ought to remain with her ; the Apostle tells us to obey our parents, in the Lord ; and as long as she requires nothing from me that doesn't involve a dereliction of principle, I think I must bear with it, though I acknowledge it's a cross, a heavy cross. Thank you so much for thinking of it, dearest Ernest." And his eyes filled once more with tears as he spoke.

So it was finally arranged that for the present at least Ernest should accept Lady Exmoor's offer, and that as soon as Ronald was twenty-one he should look about for a suitable mastership, in order for the two brothers to go immediately into rooms together. Lady Le Breton was surprised at the decision ; but as it was in her favour, she wisely abstained from gratifying her natural desire to make some more uncomplimentary references to the snuffy old German socialist. Sufficient unto the day was the triumph thereof ; and she had no doubt in her own mind that if once Ernest could be induced to live for a while in really good society, the well-known charms and graces of that society must finally tame his rugged breast, and wean him away from his unaccountable devotion to those horrid continental communists.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE CAMP OF THE PHILISTINES.

DUNBUDE CASTLE, Lord Exmoor's family seat, stands on the last spurs of the great North Devon uplands, overlooking the steep glen of a little boulder-incumbered stream, and commanding a distant view of the Severn Sea and the dim outlines of the blue Welsh hills beyond it. Behind the house, a castle only by courtesy (on the same principle as that by which every bishop lives in a palace), rises the jagged summit of the Cleave, a great weather-worn granite hill, sculptured on top by wind and rain into those fantastic lichen-covered

pillars and tors and logans in which antiquarian fancy used so long to find the visible monuments of Druidical worship. All around, a wide brown waste of heather undulates and tosses wildly to the sky; and on the summit of the rolling moor, where it rises and swells in one of its many-rounded bosses, the antlered heads and shoulders of the red deer may often be seen etched in bold relief against the clear sky-line to the west, on sunny autumn evenings. But the castle itself and the surrounding grounds are not planned to harmonise with the rough moorland English scenery into whose midst they were unceremoniously pitchforked by the second earl. That distinguished man of taste, a light of the artistic world in his own day, had brought back from his Grand Tour his own ideal of a strictly classical domestic building, formed by impartially compounding a Palladian palace, a Doric temple, and a square red-brick English manor-house. After pulling down the original fourteenth-century castle, he had induced an eminent architect of the time to conspire with him in giving solid and permanent reality to this his awful imagining; and when he had completed it all, from portico to attic, he had extorted even the critical praise of Horace Walpole, who described it in one of his letters as a "singular triumph of classical taste and architectural ingenuity." It still remains unrivalled in its kind, the ugliest great country-seat in the county of Devon—some respectable authorities even say in the whole of England.

In front of the house an Italian garden, with balustrades of very doubtful marble, leads down by successive terraces and broad flights of steps to an artificial octagonal pool, formed by carefully destroying the whole natural beauty of the wild and rocky little English glen beneath. To feed it by a fitting conduit, the moss-grown boulders that strew the bed of the torrent above and below have been carefully removed, and the unwilling stream, as it runs into the pool, has been coerced into a long straight channel, bordered on either side by bedded turf, and planed off at measured intervals so as to produce a series of eminently regular and classical cascades. Even Lord Exmoor himself, who was a hunting man, without any pretence to that stupid rubbish about taste, did not care for the hopeless exterior of Dunbude Castle: he frankly admitted that the place was altogether too doosid artificial for the line of country. If they'd only left it alone, he said, in its own native condition, it would have been really pretty; but as they'd doctored it and spoilt it, why, there was nothing on earth to be done but just put up with it and whistle over it. What with the hounds, and the mortgages, and the settlements,

and the red deer, and Goodwood, the estate couldn't possibly afford any money for making alterations down in the gardens.

The dog-cart was in waiting at the station to carry Ernest up to the castle ; and as he reached the front door, Lady Hilda Tregellis strolled up the broad flight of steps from the garden to meet him. Lady Hilda was tall and decidedly handsome, as Ernest had rightly told Edie, but not pretty, and she was also just twenty. There was a free, careless, bold look in her face, that showed her at once a girl of spirit ; indeed, if she had not been born a Tregellis, it was quite clear that she would have been predestined to turn out a strong-minded woman. There was nothing particularly delicate in Lady Hilda's features ; they were well-modelled, but neither regular nor cold, nor with that peculiar stamp of artificial breeding which is so often found in the faces of English ladies. On the contrary, she looked like a perfectly self-confident handsome actress, too self-confident to be self-conscious, and accustomed to admiration wherever she turned. As Ernest jumped down from the dog-cart she advanced quickly to shake hands with him, and look him over critically from head to foot, like a schoolboy taking stock of a new fellow.

"I'm so glad you've come, Mr. Le Breton," she said, with an open smile upon her frank face. "I was dreadfully afraid you wouldn't care for our proposition. Dunbude's the dullest hole in England, and we want somebody here to brighten it up, sadly. Did you ever see such an ugly monstrosity before, anywhere?"

"The country about's lovely," Ernest answered, "but the house itself *is* certainly rather ugly."

"Ugly ! It's hideous. And it's as dull as it's big," said Hilda vehemently. "You can't think what a time we have of it here half the year ! I'm always longing for the season to come. Papa fills the house here with hunting men and shooting men—people without two ideas in their heads, you know, just like himself ; and even *they* go out all day, and leave us women from morning till night to the society of their wives and daughters, who are exactly like them. Mr. Walsh—that's Lynmouth's last tutor—he was a perfect stick, a Cambridge man ; Cambridge men always *are* sticks, I believe ; you're Oxford, of course, aren't you ? I thought so. Still, even Mr. Walsh was a little society, for I assure you, if it hadn't been for him, I should never have seen anybody, to talk to, from year's end to year's end. So when Mr. Walsh was going to leave us, I said to manma, 'Why not ask one of the Mr. Le Bretons ?' I wanted to have somebody sensible here, and so I got her to let me write to your brother Ronald

about the tutorship. Did he send you the letter? I hope you didn't think it was mine. Mamma dictated it, for I don't write such formal letters as that on my own account, I can tell you. I hate conventionality of any sort. At Dunbude, we're all conventional, except me; but I won't be. Come up into the billiard-room, here, and sit down awhile; William will see about your portmanteau and things. Papa's out, of course, and so's Lynmouth; and mamma's somewhere or other, I don't know where; and so there's nobody in particular at home for you to report yourself to. You may as well come in here while I ring for them to get you some lunch ready. Nobody ever gets anything ready beforehand in this house. We lunched ourselves an hour ago."

Ernest smiled at her volubility, and followed her quickly into the big bare billiard-room. He walked over to the fire and began to warm himself, while Hilda took down a cue, and made stray shots in extraordinary angles at impossible cannons, all the time, as she went on talking to him. "Was it very cold on the way down?" she asked.

"Yes, fairly. I'm not sorry to see the fire again. Why, you're quite an accomplished player."

"There's nothing else to do at Dunbude, that's why. I practise about half my lifetime. So I wrote to your brother Ronald, as I was telling you, from mamma's dictation; and when I heard you were really coming, I was quite delighted about it. Do you remember, I met you twice last year, once at the Dolburys', and once somewhere else; and I thought you'd be a very good sort of person for Dunbude, you know, and about as much use to Lynmouth as anybody could be, which isn't saying much, of course, for he's a dreadful pickle. I insisted on putting in my letter that he was a dreadful pickle (that's a good stroke off the red; just enough side on), though mamma didn't want me to; because I thought you ought to know about it beforehand. But you remember him at Marlborough, of course; he was only a little fellow then, but still a pickle. He always was and he always will be. He's out shooting, now, with papa; and you'll never get him to settle down to anything, as long as there's a snipe or a plover hanging about on the moor, anywhere. He's quite incorrigible. Do you play at all? Won't you take a cue till your lunch's ready?"

"No, I don't play," Ernest answered, half hesitating, "or at least very little."

"Oh, then you'll learn here, because you'll find nothing else to do. Do you shoot?"

"Oh no, never. I don't think it right."

"Ah, yes, I remember. How delightful! Lady Le Breton told me all about it. You've got notions, haven't you? You're a Nihilist or a Fenian or something of that sort, and you don't shoot anything but czars and grand dukes, do you? I believe you want to cut all our heads off and have a red republic. Well, I'm sure that's very refreshing; for down here we're all as dull as sticks together; Tories, every one of us to a man; perfect unanimity; no differences of opinion; all as conventional and proper as the vicar's sermons. Now, to have somebody who wants to cut your head off, in the house, is really delightful. I love originality. Not that I've ever seen anybody original in all my life, for I haven't, but I'm sure it would be delightful if I did. One reads about original people in novels, you know, Dickens and that sort of thing; and I often think I should like to meet some of them (good stroke again; legs, legs, legs, if you please—no, it hasn't legs enough); but here, or for the matter of that, in town either, we never see anybody but the same eternal round of Algies, and Monties, and Berties, and Hughs—all very nice young men, no doubt; exceedingly proper, nothing against them; good shots, capital partners, excellent families, everything on earth that anybody could desire, except a single atom of personal originality. I assure you, if they were all shaken up in a bag together and well mixed, in evening clothes (so as not to tell them apart by the tweeds, you know), their own mothers wouldn't be able to separate them afterwards. But if you don't shoot and don't play billiards, I'm sure I don't know what you'll ever find to do with yourself here at Dunbude."

"Don't you think," Ernest said quietly, taking down a cue, "one ought to have something better to do with one's time than shooting and playing billiards? In a world where so many labouring people are toiling and slaving in poverty and misery on our behalf, don't you think we should be trying to do something or other in return for universal humanity, to whom we owe so much for our board and lodging and clothing and amusement?"

"Well, now, that's just what I mean," said Hilda ecstatically, with a neat shot off the cushion against the red and into the middle pocket; "that's such a delightfully original way of looking at things, you see. We all of us here talk always about the partridges, and the red deer, and the turnips, and the Church, and dear Lady This, and that odious Lady That, and the growing insolence of the farmers, and the shocking insubordination of the lower classes, and the difficulty of getting really good servants, and the dreadful way those

horrid Irish are shooting their kind-hearted indulgent landlords ; or else we talk—the women especially—about how awfully bored we are. Lawn-tennis, you know, and dinners, and what a bad match Ethel Thingumbob has made. But you talk another kind of slang ; I dare say it doesn't mean much ; you know you're not working at anything very much more serious than we are ; still it's a novelty. When we go to a coursing meeting, we're all on the hounds ; but you're on the hare, and that's so delightfully original. I haven't the least doubt that if we were to talk about the Irish, you'd say you thought they ought to shoot their landlords. I remember you shocked mamma by saying something like it at the Dolburys'. Now, of course, it doesn't matter to me a bit which is right ; you say the poor tenants are starving, and papa says the poor landlords can't get in their rents, and actually have to give up their hounds, poor fellows ; and I don't know which of you is the most to be believed ; only, what papa says is just the same thing that everybody says, and what you say has a certain charming freshness and variety about it. It's so funny to be told that one ought really to take the tenants into consideration. Exactly like your brother Ronald's notions about servants !”

“Your lunch is ready in the dining-room, sir,” said a voice at the door.

“Come back here when you've finished, Mr. Le Breton,” Hilda called after him. “I'll teach you how to make that cannon you missed just now. If you mean to exist at Dunbude at all, it's absolutely necessary for you to learn billiards.”

Ernest turned in to lunch with an uncomfortable misgiving on his mind already that Dunbude was not exactly the right place for such a man as he to live in.

During the afternoon he saw nothing more of the family, save Lady Hilda ; and it was not till the party assembled in the drawing-room before dinner that he met Lord and Lady Exmoor and his future pupil. Lynmouth had grown into a tall, handsome, manly-looking boy since Ernest last saw him ; but he certainly looked exactly what Hilda had called him—a pickle. A few minutes' introductory conversation sufficed to show Ernest that whatever mind he possessed was wholly given over to horses, dogs, and partridges, and that the post of tutor at Dunbude Castle was not likely to prove a bed of roses.

“Seen the paper, Connemara ?” Lord Exmoor asked of one of his guests, as they sat down to dinner. “I haven't had a moment *myself to snatch a look at the Times* yet this evening ; I'm really too

busy almost even to read the daily papers. Anything fresh from Ireland?"

"Haven't seen it either," Lord Connemara answered, glancing towards Lady Hilda. "Perhaps somebody else has looked at the papers?"

Nobody answered, so Ernest ventured to remark that the Irish news was rather worse again. Two bailiffs had been murdered near Castlebar.

"That's bad," Lord Exmoor said, turning towards Ernest. "I'm afraid there's a deal of distress in the West."

"A great deal," Ernest answered; "positive starvation, I believe, in some parts of County Galway."

"Well, not quite so bad as that," Lord Exmoor replied, a little startled. "I don't think any of the landlords are actually starving yet, though I've no doubt many of them are put to very great straits indeed by their inability to get in their rents."

Ernest couldn't forbear gently smiling to himself at the misapprehension. "Oh, I didn't mean the landlords," he said quickly: "I meant among the poor people." As he spoke, he was aware that Lady Hilda's eyes were fixed keenly upon him, and that she was immensely delighted at the temerity and originality displayed in the notion of his publicly taking Irish tenants into consideration at her father's table.

"Ah, the poor people," Lord Exmoor answered with a slight sigh of relief, as who should say that *their* condition didn't much matter to a philosophic mind. "Yes, to be sure; I've no doubt some of them are very badly off, poor souls. But then they're such an idle, improvident lot. Why don't they emigrate now, I should like to know?"

Ernest reflected silently that the inmates of Dunbude Castle did not exactly set them a model of patient industry; and that Lady Hilda's numerous allusions during the afternoon to the fact that the Dunbude estates were "mortgaged up to the eyelids" (a condition of affairs to which she always alluded as though it were rather a subject of pride and congratulation than otherwise) did not speak very highly for their provident economy either. But even Ernest Le Breton had a solitary grain of worldly wisdom laid up somewhere in a corner of his brain, and he didn't think it advisable to give them the benefit of his own views upon the subject.

"There's a great deal of rubbish talked in England about Irish affairs, you know, Exmoor," said Lord Connemara confidently. "People never understand Ireland, I'm sure, until they've actually

lived there. Would you believe it now, the correspondent of one of the London papers was quite indignant the other day because my agent had to evict a man for three years' rent at Ballynamara, and the man unfortunately went and died a week later on the public roadside. We produced medical evidence to show that he had suffered for years from heart disease, and would have died in any case, wherever he had been; but the editor fellow wanted to make political capital out of it, and kicked up quite a fuss about my agent's shocking inhumanity. As if we could possibly help ourselves in the matter! People must get their rents in somehow, mustn't they?"

"People must get their rents in somehow, of course," Lord Exmoor assented, sympathetically; "and I know all you men who are unlucky enough to own property in Ireland have a lot of trouble about it nowadays. Upon my word, what with Fenians, and what with Nihilists, and what with Communards, I really don't know what the world is coming to."

"Most unchristian conduct, I call it," said Lady Exmoor, who went in for being mildly and decorously religious. "I really can't understand how people can believe such wicked doctrines as these communistic notions that are coming over people in these latter days."

"No better than downright robbery," Lord Connemara answered. "Shaking the very foundations of society, I think it. All done so recklessly too, without any care or any consideration."

Ernest thought of old Max Schurz, with his lifelong economical studies, and wondered when Lord Connemara had found time to turn his own attention from foxes and fishing to economical problems; but, by a perfect miracle, he said nothing.

"You wouldn't believe the straits we're put to, Lady Exmoor," the Irish earl went on, "through this horrid no-rent business. Absolute poverty, I assure you—absolute downright poverty. I've had to sell the Maid of Garunda this week, you know, and three others of the best horses in my stable, just to raise money for immediate necessities. Wanted to buy a most interesting missal, quite unique in its way, offered me by Menotti and Cicolari, dirt cheap, for three thousand guineas. It's quite a gem of late miniaturist art—vellum folio, with borders and head-pieces by Giulio Clovio. A marvellous bargain!"

"Giulio Clovio," said Lord Exmoor, doubtfully. "Who was he? Never heard of him in my life before."

"Never heard of Giulio Clovio!" cried Lord Connemara, seizing

the opportunity with well-affected surprise. "You really astonish me. He was a Croatian, I believe, or an Illyrian—I forget which—and he studied at Rome under Giulio Romano. Wonderful draughtsman in the nude, and fine colourist; took hints from Raphael and Michael Angelo." So much he had picked up from Menotti and Cicolari, and, being a distinguished connoisseur, had made a mental note of the facts at once, for future reproduction upon a fitting occasion. "Well, this missal was executed for Cardinal Farnese, as a companion volume to the famous *Vita Christi* in the Towneley collection. You know it, of course, Lady Exmoor?"

"Of course," Lady Exmoor answered faintly, with a devout hope that Lord Connemara wouldn't question her any further upon the subject; in which case she thought it would probably be the safest guess to say she had seen it at the British Museum or in the Hamilton Library.

But Lord Connemara luckily didn't care to press his advantage. "The Towneley volume, you see," he went on fluently—he was primed to the muzzle with information on that subject—"was given by the Cardinal to the Pope of that time—Paul the Third, wasn't it, Mr. Le Breton?—and so got into the possession of old Christopher Towneley, the antiquary. But this companion folio, it seems, the Cardinal wouldn't let go out of his own possession; and so it's been handed down in his own family (with a bar sinister, of course, Exmoor—you remember the story of Beatrice Malatesta?) to the present time. It's very existence wasn't suspected till Cicolari—wonderfully smart fellow, Cicolari—unearthed it the other day from a descendant of the Malatestas, in a little village in the Campagna. He offered it to me, quite as an act of friendship, for three thousand guineas; indeed, he begged me not to let Menotti know how cheap he was selling it, for fear he might interfere and ask a higher price for it. Well, I naturally couldn't let such a chance slip me—for the credit of the family, it ought to be in the collection—and the consequence was, though I was awfully sorry to part with her, I was absolutely obliged to sell the Maid for pocket-money, Lady Hilda—I assure you, for pocket-money. My tenants won't pay up, and nothing will make them. They've got the cash actually in the bank; but they keep it there, waiting for a set of sentimentalists in the House of Commons to interfere between us, and make them a present of my property. Rolling in money, some of them are, I can tell you. One man, I know as a positive fact, sold a pig last week, and yet pretends he can't pay me. All the fault of these horrid

communists that you were speaking of, Lady Exmoor—all the fault of these horrid communists.”

“You’re rather a communist yourself, aren’t you, Mr. Le Breton?” asked Lady Hilda boldly from across the table. “I remember you told me something once about cutting the throats of all the landlords.”

Lady Exmoor looked as though a bombshell had dropped into the drawing-room. “My dear Hilda,” she said, “I’m sure you must have misunderstood Mr. Le Breton. You can’t have meant anything so dreadful as that, Mr. Le Breton, can you?”

“Certainly not,” Ernest answered, with a clear conscience. “Lady Hilda has put her own interpretation upon my casual words. I haven’t the least desire to cut anybody’s throat, even metaphorically.”

Hilda looked a little disappointed: she had hoped for a good rattling discussion, in which Ernest was to shock the whole table—it does people such a lot of good, you know, to have a nice round shocking; but Ernest was evidently not inclined to show fight for her sole gratification, and so she proceeded to her alternative amusement of getting Lord Connemara to display the full force of his own inanity. This was an easy and unending source of innocent enjoyment to Lady Hilda, enhanced by the fact that she knew her father and mother were anxious to see her Countess of Connemara, and that they would be annoyed by her public exposition of that eligible young man’s intense selfishness and empty-headedness.

Altogether, Ernest did not enjoy his first week at the Exmoors’. Nor did he enjoy the second, or the third, or the fourth week much better. The society was profoundly distasteful to him: the world was not his world, nor the talk his talk; and he grew so sick of the perpetual discussion of horses, dogs, pheasants, dances, and lawn tennis, with occasional digressions on Giulio Clovio and the Connemara gallery, that he found even a chat with Lady Hilda (who knew and cared for nothing, but liked to chat with him because he was “so original”) a pleasant relief, by comparison, from the eternal round of Lord Exmoor’s anecdotes about famous racers or celebrated actresses. But worst of all, he did not like his work; he felt that, useless as he considered it, he was not successfully performing even the useless function he was paid to fulfil. Lynmouth couldn’t learn, wouldn’t learn, and wasn’t going to learn. Ernest might as well have tried to din the necessary three plays of Euripides into the nearest lamp-post. Nobody encouraged him to learn in any way, *indeed*. Lord Exmoor remembered that he himself had scraped

through somehow at Christ Church, with the aid of a private tutor and the magic of his title, and he hadn't the least doubt that Lynmouth would scrape through in his turn in like manner. And so, though most young men would have found the Dunbude tutorship the very acme of their wishes—plenty of amusements and nothing to do for them—Ernest le Breton found it to the last degree irksome and unsatisfactory. Not that he had ever to complain of any unkindliness on the part of the Exmoor family; they were really in their own way very kind-hearted, friendly sort of people—that is to say, towards all members of their own circle; and as they considered Ernest one of themselves, in virtue of their acquaintance with his mother, they really did their best to make him as happy and comfortable as was in their power. But then he was such a very strange young man! “For what on earth can you do,” as Lord Exmoor justly asked, “with a young fellow who won't shoot, and who won't fish, and who won't hunt, and who won't even play lansquenet?” Such a case was clearly hopeless. He would have liked to see more of Miss Merivale, little Lady Sybil's governess (for there were three children in the family); but Miss Merivale was a timid, sensitive girl, and she did not often encourage his advances, lest my lady should say she was setting her cap at the tutor. The consequence was that he was necessarily thrown much upon Lady Hilda's society; and as Lady Hilda was laudably eager to instruct him in billiards, lawn tennis, and sketching, he rapidly grew to be quite an adept at those relatively moral and innocuous amusements, under her constant instruction and supervision.

“It seems to me,” said that acute observer, Lord Lynmouth, to his special friend and confidante, the lady's-maid, “that Hilda makes a doocid sight too free with that fellow Le Breton. Don't you think so, Euphemia?”

“I should hope, my lord,” Euphemia answered demurely, “that Lady Hilda would know her own place too well to demean herself with such as your lordship's tutor. If I didn't feel sure of that, I should have to mention the matter seriously to my lady.”

Nevertheless, the lady's-maid immediately stored up a mental note on the subject in the lasting tablets of her memory, and did not fail gently to insinuate her views upon the question to Lady Exmoor, as she arranged the pearls in the false plaits for dinner that very evening.

(To be continued.)

ST. JEANNET.

FROM every height in the neighbourhood of Nice, one most remarkable object meets the eye looking westwards. This is the rock of St. Jeannet, called by some the Sorcerer. It rises above the hoary, olive-covered ridges which bound the low horizon in that direction with startling abruptness, and is by far the most striking feature in the landscape. It seems more like a huge headland, breasting the stormy waves of the ocean, than an inland bluff terminating a long mountain ridge. And this impression which its weird appearance conveys to the imagination is confirmed by its strange geological history. It is in fact an old coral crag, that long ages ago looked down directly upon the Mediterranean at its foot like an ocean-sphinx, and mocked the foaming billows that dashed against it with its impassive defiance. Inch by inch every particle of the rock was secreted out of the brine, and built up into this enormous precipice by the labours of tiny corals; creatures so soft and minute that a child's hand could squash hundreds of them. The mode in which it was formed may be illustrated by comparatively recent examples. Darwin found upon Keeling Atoll in the Indian Ocean evidences of change going on in the structure of the coral, passing gradually as he penetrated below the surface into a crystalline sparry structure, which was very hard and compact and rang under the hammer. Greater changes still must have taken place in the older and lower parts of the reef; and there can be no doubt that if such a reef could again be examined after a period as long as that which has elapsed between the deposit of the coralline oolite and the present day, it would be found presenting very much the same appearance as that formation. In the same way the transformation of the old coral during untold ages into the present solid Jurassic limestone rock can be satisfactorily accounted for; and it is an interesting example of what the labours of zoophytes aided by enormous pressure, the chemical forces of nature, and the slow effects of time, can accomplish in forming part of the massive foundations of the earth. It is strange to think that this great rock and the familiar land-marks of Mont Chauve, the crags of Mont Gros and Mont Vinaigrier, and the long barren

ridge of Mont Boron, all having the same mineralogical structure, were once coral reefs in the midst of the Mediterranean, when its waters submerged all the intermediate region of stately hills and grand ravines, and lapped directly against the great barrier of the Maritime Alps. The same sea penetrated far into Central Europe ; and the Dolomites of the Tyrol, those wonderful fantastic peaks, with their outlandish names belonging to a forgotten language, were also coral reefs in its waters, out of which a large portion of the Swiss Alps themselves was raised.

Marvellous are the effects of weathering and atmospheric colouring on the rock of St. Jeannet. Dark and forbidding as it looks in the distance, when standing out against the background of the western mountains and casting its shadow before it, near at hand it presents a most beautiful and fascinating appearance. It is broken up into a rich variety of forms. While its face is extremely precipitous and some parts are almost overhanging, it is diversified by so many rifts and ledges that it affords a fine field for the play of light and shade. The broken parts are clothed with the softest and bluest shadows ; while the more exposed and prominent surfaces are lit up with that rich warmth of colouring peculiar to southern climates. In some places the rock glows like a coal in the heart of a furnace, and seems to radiate warmth around it ; in others the white limestone looks so cool and pure in the noonday refulgence, showing every outline wonderfully distinct through the soft clear atmosphere. To an artist it would afford ample materials for the study of weeks. For two successive hours it is never the same. It varies with the varying heavens and with the nearer or farther distance of the view-point. Fancy, quickened by its presence, could work its outlines into all kinds of mystic shapes, ghostly hints of gigantic figures which primitive art apparently copied from rocks like this, wizards and sphinxes and gods of old, fantastic as any poet's dream. What a rich variety of hues does it exhibit from morn to eve ! At dawn the sunrise warms it with a rosy kiss, and one almost expects it to tinkle Memnon-like at the touch of the level rays into unearthly music. At noon it lifts up its calm cool brow against the blazing blue of heaven, like one of its own white clouds. In the afternoon its haggard features soften down with the dim mist-like shadows that veil them into an indescribable tenderness. At sunset it is incarnadined, like a snow peak that flushes in the glow of the slanting beams, and seems like a portal-pillar of the Delectable Mountains, beyond whose limit is the heavenly city and bliss ineffable. And at night to see its dusky mass relieved *against the palpitating splendour of the stars, gaining in*

majesty and size what it loses in colour and detail, is a sight to fill the soul with a mysterious awe and wonder. Not one of her pages does Nature love more to paint her pictures and write her runes upon; which only those who are in fullest sympathy with her, and who have therefore the insight that reads the "open secret" of the universe, can adequately interpret. That rock, when I could only see it from a great distance, and the Var rolled its turbid waters between us, was to me the great mystery of the place—the sphinx whose riddle I could not solve. Whenever I got a glimpse of its familiar precipice rising above the horizon, it seemed to mock me by its nearness and inaccessibility. A great longing came over me to stand beside it, and see what it looked like when under the shadow of its immediate presence. That longing I was able to gratify a few days before leaving Nice. It formed the appropriate closing incident of a chapter of my life full of the happiest memories.

The road to St. Jeannet begins a short distance west from the long bridge over the Var, along which both the high road and the railway run side by side. It ascends gradually among olive woods and lemon gardens and all manner of rich cultivation, till it reaches the picturesque village of St. Laurent, well known in the old posting days as the custom-house station on the frontier between France and Italy. The annexation of Nice to France, and the construction of the railway, carrying all the traffic past it, have, however, deprived it of its old occupation; and now it has a forlorn melancholy air about it, a look of decay, as if it had been shunted aside from the highway of life, and the only reason for its continued existence was simply the *vis inertia*. The northern horizon opens up as we ascend, and far ahead above the valley of the Var, above the dusky pines and hoary olives of the remotest uplands, above the desolate mountain tracts where the heaths and rosemaries finally end in bare grey rocks, one snowy peak after another rears itself right royally against the cloudless sky, clear cut like a cameo. The sun is shining with almost tropical warmth; the road is white and glaring; and the dust rests thick upon the wayside flowers, and upon the leaves of the cork trees and the pines and the yellow and orange hawk-weeds; but in the hot shade of the trees overarching the road it cools and invigorates one to gaze upon the spotless outline of that majestic range. It is the crowning glory of the view.

Nothing can be more picturesque than the position of the village of St. Jeannet. It lies on the precipitous slope at the foot of the great rock which rises above it considerably more than a thousand feet sheer into the air. In the forenoon the rock casts upon it a

warm glow from its rosy surface ; in the afternoon it throws the mantle of its shadow over it. Instead of being built upon the top of the rock, like the numerous other hill-villages in the neighbourhood, the labour of man thus dominating and crowning the labour of nature appropriately, the village of St. Jeannet kneels at the foot of the rock, as at the footstool of some great throne, on which is seated some mighty power, the embodiment of the spirit of Nature to which it does homage. But the sympathy between the two is perfect. They are so closely identified with each other that it is hard to say where man's work begins and nature's ends. The buildings and the lower ledges of the crag have almost the same outlines, and very much the same colouring. In some lights the rock looks artificial, like a haughty feudal castle, and in others the houses of the village look like the natural ruins that have fallen from the cliff—a mere *débris* of the rock strewing the slope at its foot. Nature here grows into some likeness to humanity ; and the close connection of the rock with the human lives that flourished and faded at its foot has given to the village something of the grandeur and stability of the rock, while it has given to the rock something of the touching interest that belongs to the changeableness of human life. Year after year, age after age, the rock has stood erect and unchanged, while the fleeting generations of man, like broken billows of the sea, have spent themselves at its foot. The village can afford to have one half its horizon shut out by the rock, the distant view of the northern sky obliterated by the near view of one of the earth's most sublime pillars. More than an equal space of clear sky would have done for it, that rock does for the village ; for it reflects and concentrates the sunshine upon it, and creates a semi-tropical climate, in which the verdure and fruitfulness are wonderfully luxuriant. The houses are embowered in a rare wealth of orange and lemon trees ; and the olives display a shapeliness of trunk and a rich fulness of foliage uncommon elsewhere. Through the narrow roughly paved streets, with their overhanging dwellings, we climbed up, grateful for the cool shade which they afforded. Although a French village, it had a distinctly Italian look, and was decidedly more like the hill-villages to the east than those to the west of the Var. It had a quaint mediæval individuality about it, although it had none of the squalor or dirt usually associated with such places. An artist might find in it scores of picturesque little bits for pictures. The few people we met seemed well-to-do, and were busily engaged in garden work and in pruning their olives. The air was sweetened with the breath of the orange blossoms, and seemed to lend a poetic fascination to each sight and sound. Beside

the village fountain, whose rejoicing water, filling the basin to overflowing and sparkling in the sunshine, was like an ever-new heart of gladness in the place, a sweet-looking maiden, dressed in rustic simplicity, gazed shyly at us with large dark eyes flashing their light over her olive cheeks, as she held her primitive pitcher to the liquid crystal. A very old woman, wrinkled and withered with the labours and sorrows of fourscore years, sat on the threshold of her home, her hands folded, as if the business of life for her were over. Curiosity and all human interest seemed to have died out of her, for she hardly looked up as we passed by and our shadow rested for a moment upon her door. A half-defined thought was awakened by the encounter, as to the strangeness of human lives thus touching each other like two circles only at one casual incidental point, and then vanishing into the far separate mystery out of which they came for a moment together. What an accident it all seems, whom we shall thus meet or come into contact with, out of all the vast human crowd! What is the purpose—if there be any design of Providence in it? A stranger from a far land passes through a mountain village, and sees in the heart of it a young maiden beside a well, and an old woman upon the door-step of her house; and henceforth that picture remains a possession of his memory for ever; those two lives become embalmed as an inseparable part of his life. Why should it have been these two, and not any other two, out of the population of the village?

Hiring a guide, a smart youth who was working in a garden close by, and who very gladly put aside the hot labour of the mattock for a holiday, we quickly surmounted the highest part of the village, and struck to the right where a path afforded a comparatively easy way of getting to the top of the mighty rock. The path was very rough, covered with small sharp stones, which rendered walking somewhat painful and sadly battered our shoes. It quickly left the village behind and passed into an upland valley, where the last waves of the luxuriant vegetation below expired amid the bare grey rocks, upon which not even a lichen could grow. On the other side rose up the gaunt rugged cliff of La Gaude, at whose foot are the vineyards which produce one of the better wines of Provence; the most easterly of a row of four great calcareous cliffs extending to the Var, each more than two thousand feet above the sea. A torrent flowed down this valley between the two rocks in a series of cascades, during the rainy season; but at the time of our visit it was quite dry, and the air felt hotter and the ground seemed more parched by the presence of that arid torrent-bed, suggesting what did
and making the all-pervading consciousness of the drought

such a visible palpable reality. But, in spite of the universal desiccation, some fields of young sprouting wheat and beans managed to preserve a wonderful greenness in the midst of the grey rocks ; and the odour of the bean-blossoms that was wafted to us had a tender sweetness and suggestiveness of home about it. Far up the distant slopes straggling clumps of brushwood were putting forth their first fresh leaves, and a herd of cattle was trying to pick up a scanty subsistence among them ; the tinkling of their bells as they moved along producing a music redolent of the Alpine pastures, infinitely mellow and plaintive in that pure upland air. Winding in a series of zigzags up the steep sides of the rock, finding small but perfect ammonite shells embedded in the large blocks of stone which formed steps for our feet, we reached the top in about an hour after setting out.

How altogether different was the aspect of things from what we could have expected from below. We found a wide upland country, undulating away in a series of long slopes and rounded hills to the horizon, and presenting a brown barren appearance, softened with sunshine and shadow, exactly like that of a Scottish moor. Not a tree nor a shrub was visible. I could have fancied myself suddenly transported to the west of Perthshire ; and the illusion was completed by the distant call of the cuckoo that seemed to come unchanged from the far-off world of my childhood. It was the first and last time I heard the magic voice in the Riviera. I had seen the earliest swallows wheeling in the morning air at Nice a month previously ; and both these birds were on their way to gladden the northern summer and awaken the primrose in the wood and the cowslip on the river bank ; and my thoughts and affections winged their flight with them. The eastern part of the wide plateau at the top, shaded by outstanding rocks, is covered with short smooth turf, over which it is exceedingly pleasant to walk. But as you advance westward to the edge of the rock immediately over the village, the nature of the ground changes. The rock comes everywhere to the surface, and is broken up in the most extraordinary way. It is honeycombed with projecting edges and sunken hollows exceedingly sharp and ragged. We have here a revelation of the true nature and origin of the cliff. Either the rock has been weathered into the shapes characteristic of its formation, or the top of the coral reef has been left all these ages very much as it was when it was upheaved into the air, and, the sea retiring, left it an inland height. It is exactly what we should imagine the top of an old coral reef to be. I have never seen anything like it elsewhere. We had the greatest difficulty in making our way over this ridge. The utmost precaution was needed ; for a single false step would

result in a sprained ankle or a broken leg. The sharp holes in the rocks were often hidden by low clumps of brushwood and soft shrubby vegetation. Dwarf myrtles with their glossy foliage concealed the asperities of the surface ; and dense cushions of the little woody Euphorbia (*Euphorbia spinosa*), whose dry spiny stems of the preceding year project among the young pale green leaves of the present, afforded here and there a grateful resting-place for the uncertain foot. Plants, whose blossoming was long past on the low grounds, at this altitude flowered anew, and turned again the floral time-glass whose sands had run down. Globularias made patches of blue sky among the stones ; crimson orchids glowed wherever a portion of spongy soil accumulated ; and snow-white saxifrages spoke of cooler breezes and severer skies. The spiny smilax or wild sarsaparilla entwined its creeping thorny stems over the tufts of rosemary and thyme, and mingled its heart-shaped rigid leaves and clusters of scarlet berries with their fragrant foliage and purple blossoms. Dark pink patches of a calcareous lichen bespattered the smooth rocks, as if flasks of wine had been spilt there by some bacchanalian party ; and many of the hollows in the rocks were filled with the beautifully scolloped sulphur-coloured fringes and curls of the endive-leaved cup-moss, one of the rarest of our lichens, but one of the commonest ornaments of the upland woods and rocks of the Riviera. Thus the productions of the pole and the equator grow side by side on this plateau. The saxifrage of Greenland and the Euphorbia of Africa extract nourishment from the same soil, and arrest the eye by their startling contrasts. The absence of rain gives to the northern flowers a weary look, and the saxifrages seem as if they missed something. The snow about which they usually grow was afar off on the alpine summits, and here they had only a distant Pisgah-view of it. Much of the charm of such elevated situations belongs to simple things ; and flowers and weeds that would not elsewhere be noticed are here greeted with deep interest, as they seem to have a conscious independent life of their own, and exhibit the patient triumph of life over many difficulties, the scorching sun and the biting air of night, and the keen winds that blow down from the alpine snows—and above all, the universal consuming drought which only the evening dews partially mitigate. They participate, too, in the grandeur of their circumstances ; and their lowliness is redeemed by the glory of the wide heavens and the everlasting hills that seems to have passed into their frail lives, and made them conscious of a beauty higher than their own.

On the rocky plateau I found a few specimens of very interesting

land-shells ; among them the *Helix Niciensis*, one of the most characteristic species of the Riviera, dating back from the Pleiocene conglomerate, and having undergone very little change during the intervening period ; and the *Helix aspersa*, which varies in size according to the altitude at which it occurs, reversing the usual rule that dwarf specimens affect the mountains and larger forms the littoral zone. In the neighbourhood of Nice this last shell attains an ordinary size ; but here on the top of the rock of St. Jeannet it is a gigantic tumid form, like that which it usually assumes in Algeria. I also found a few shells of the *Clausilla solida*, the animal of which is much darker near the sea than it is at this height. Numerous extinct or sub-fossil land-shells have been found in the neighbourhood of Nice and Mentone, which must have been living in the spots where they now occur before the deposit of the remarkable Pleiocene conglomerate which is so characteristic of the region. They were buried *in situ* by the large masses of this formation brought down by some enormous glacier from the high neighbouring Alps. And they prove by their extraordinary abundance that the climate at this remote period was as cold and damp at the sea level as it is now on the mountain peaks which form the backbone of the Riviera, and are from 3,000 to 5,000 feet in height ; while at these heights the temperature must then have been perfectly boreal. They were contemporaneous probably with the large mammals, the tiger, rhinoceros, and gigantic stag—whose bones have been discovered by Monsieur Rivière and others in great profusion in the celebrated *balzi rossi* or red caves of Mentone. Human beings may perhaps have gathered the largest and most beautiful of them ; for in one of the caves, associated with the extinct mammals, were found the fossilized skeleton of a man, who wore a necklace of the marine shell cyclonassa, which still clung in a pathetic manner to the petrified neck, and buried near him were two shells still identical with living species, one of which, the *Helix Niciensis*, I gathered on the rock of St. Jeannet.

Cautiously approaching the edge of the mighty precipice, we gazed down. But instead of finding it sheer as we anticipated, it was broken into broad ledges like so many steps and stairs. A hundred feet or so below the summit there was a broad platform carpeted with a thin layer of soil, on which a few bushes of lentiscus and arbutus managed to live. Twining round them with its slender leafy stems were clusters of *Convolvulus althæoides* covered with large campanulate blossoms of the most brilliant crimson ; and clinging to the hottest and driest crevices clumps of shrubby Helianthemums, lovers of intensest sunlight, displayed *myriads* of soft yellow flowers. The presence of

these shrubs and blossoms on the platform took away from the awful effect of looking over, and gave a feeling of confidence to the brain that would otherwise have turned giddy. The view, though grand and extensive, was not what we had expected from such a bold and outstanding pinnacle. To the back the scene was a series of low rounded hills and valleys, dimpling away to the horizon without any special feature or character. In front was one vast expanse of olive woods, sloping down to the sea, with ravines indicated by darker lines, and swelling acclivities brightening in the sun with varied vegetation. Nice is hid by the folds of the low hills, and the ranges beyond look tame. The only features that redeem the monotony of the landscape are the far-off peaks of purest white, standing out against the stainless sky, and in the opposite direction the deep-blue waters of the Mediterranean blending with the heavens on the distant horizon.

After waiting on the summit a short time, we descended by the same path by which we had climbed up. We then drove along a romantic road for about five miles to the interesting old town of Vence. On the way we descended into a deep ravine through which flowed a considerable mountain stream called the Cagne. It was crossed by a most picturesque bridge, with a rustic mill beside it, and some of the finest elements of scenery around. On one side rose up the vertical wall of the rock of St. Jeannet; on the other the equally lofty and precipitous wall of the Rocher Noir, in whose side, near the top, there is an immense cave, called the Riou, containing a large basin of water, from which descends in one white line of foam a copious torrent with great force, falling into the Cagne at the bridge. The view up the gorge between the two lofty rocks is singularly wild and grand; the bed of the stream being formed of great boulders, over and among which the waters rush in many a foaming waterfall and swirling pool, filling all the air with a merry music, and in this land of drought producing a keen sensation of pleasure. Below the bridge the ravine expands into a wider valley with richly wooded slopes on both sides, in some places terminating in sheer rocky precipices. Near Vence the fields by the roadside were exceedingly fertile, and the olive trees old and magnificent. The air was heavy with the fragrance of the large double Parma violets, which are cultivated here in hollows between furrows, and sold to the perfume makers. We saw several women busy gathering them for this purpose as we passed by. The ascent to Vence, which occupies the summit of a hill about eleven hundred feet above the level of the sea, is very charming. The foliage is so rich and varied, the grass so green and the water so abundant, that

it seemed like an English paradise in early summer after the insufferably bare and arid rocks among which we had been wandering.

None who see Vence even from a distance can fail to be struck with its imposing aspect, as it lies stretched on its long hilly ridge, surrounded by mountain slopes covered with olive trees, and studded with villas and clusters of houses, and dominated by the mighty cliff of the Rocher Blanc, which rises at a little distance above it, as the rock of St. Jeannet towers above its village. But within the walls of the town there is much to attract the student of ancient history. Who first marked out this storied spot for human habitation we cannot tell. We know from Ptolemy that it was at a very early period the capital of a primitive Ligurian tribe called the Nerusii. They had a series of forts, which are still standing, and called by the people *castellaras*, built in a very massive manner of huge blocks of stone without cement, crowning the tops of the high rocks and hills in the neighbourhood; and to these they fled for refuge when hard pressed by the Roman legions. But by-and-by the town was conquered by the Romans, and, under the name of *Vintium Horreum Caesaris*, speedily attained to great importance as a central commissariat depot for victualling the army. It was one of the eight principal cities of the Province of the Maritime Alps, and possessed a forum, aqueducts, temples, and palaces, and, in consequence, included among its inhabitants many persons of high rank, besides a large body of priests and magistrates. At the beginning of the Christian era it was connected by a splendid road, a branch of the old Via Julia Augusta, with Cimiez Vado, and the southern Italian routes, along which an extensive traffic was carried. Vence has still about it a sense of the presence of eternal Rome, whose sons found in this place a second Italy; for the chancel of the cathedral was formerly a Roman temple, of which two columns survived; and numerous Roman inscriptions on stones built into the walls of a courtyard near the Hôtel de Ville, remind the visitor of the ancient Vintium. Indeed the ghost of the dead Empire seems to me more real in this place than the flesh and the blood of the present régime. Its ecclesiastical history is also exceedingly interesting, for it has had a bishop continuously since the fourth century; and one of its bishops, St. Lambert, has a tomb with a Latin inscription in the cathedral. No less interesting is its civil history, when it was under the rule of the lords of Vence, whose ancient palace is at the northern entrance of the town, with a massive square tower built in the fifteenth century in the style of the palaces of Florence, and a huge old ash tree, sadly mutilated, overshadowing it, imparting to it a still

gloomier aspect. Large portions of the old walls and ramparts, with massive square towers of the eleventh century next the gates, still remain, and testify to its former strength and importance. The Knights Templars, too, invest the place with the romance of the Middle Ages; for the ruins of one of their castles may be seen perched half-way up the mighty precipice of the Rocher Blanc, in the midst of beds of rosemary and bushes of prickly broom, whose golden blossoms shed a perpetual halo around it. Vence is now, however, more a snail-shell than a bee-hive. Its streets are wonderfully quiet; and the houses look as if they were too big for the inhabitants, who stand in their doorways and gaze after the tourist as if the visit of a stranger was a rare event. Very picturesque lanes, overarched like those of Bordighera and San Remo, keep a grateful twilight in the glowing noon, and run in and out from the one long central street with its queer little shops and tall houses. Its old historic name is all the grandeur that now clings to the town. But yet, in spite of its shrunken and withered look, there is a wonderful charm about it. Its decay is the long autumn of a very ancient civilisation; and we who were barbarians, living in wattled huts, during the height of its renown, cannot but feel a profound respect for it. The little incidents of to-day sink into insignificance beside the memories of the past that overpower us here.

In one of the quaintest of the auberges in the principal square, near the great historic ash tree, we found our friends, who had come by a different route and were trysted to meet us here. They had made good use of their waiting-time, for they had spread out for us a beautiful feast, which thirst and hunger and the fatigues of a day of much enjoyment made exceedingly welcome. Before starting home, we paid a visit to the kitchen to see the grandmother of the establishment, who was ninety-four years of age. Her face was one network of brown wrinkles, and her figure was bent and withered; but there was a keen look in the still dark eye, and a firm grip in the hand, as she grasped ours, which showed that the fire of life had not yet spent itself. In the twilight atmosphere that was about her, she seemed no unmeet personification of the spirit of the town itself. They were in thorough harmony with each other; and both have gone on living from the sheer force of habit, and have sunk into final decrepitude and decay together.

The drive home at night was peculiarly enjoyable. There was no moon, and yet a dim light pervaded the horizon, against which dusky olive trees and motionless pine-woods looked vaguely large and mysterious. The dry white road glimmered before us through

the gloom, like a track of moonlight cast upon the land instead of upon the waters. It helped to light us on better than our carriage lamps, which seemed to radiate darkness rather than light. What a soft coolness fell upon us out of heaven after the hot dusty day ! There was no dew ; the air felt so dry, and fanned our face like the wafture of some downy wing. Dusky shapes flitted past us like embodied shadows, and strange wild cries now and then startled the stillness of the slumbering night. Descending into picturesque valleys with steep richly wooded sides, the darkness deepened, and the ghostly illumination of the road became feebler, obscured by the shadows of over-arching trees. In these lower grounds, where dews were distilled and moisture was stored up, the noise of the frogs and the grillos was perfectly astounding. It seemed incredible that such sounds could have been produced by creatures so small—which made up in multitudes for their individual insignificance. The chorus, however, gave an air of cheerfulness to the deep gloom of the woods, but it sadly dispelled the mystery and romance of the night. On a height overhanging the road the lights of the village of St. Paul glimmered through the trees ; and at a little distance beyond, a spark or two of human life showed us where the smaller village of La Colle hid itself in the shadows of the woods. But these human tapers, suggestive as they were of the warmth and pathos of human life, did not interest us nearly so much as the tiny lamps which the glow-worm kindled here and there on the wayside walls. Larger and more brilliant than those at home, they each showed a small planet of indescribably soft greenish light among the tufts of moss, and illumined a wide space around them. Thoughts of elfins and fairies, and all the phantasmagoria of the credulous world of childhood, came back to us with something of the old thrilling sweetness, and we felt for a moment young again. My little boy had never seen a glowworm before, and to him it was a mystery of delight, a star fallen from heaven and still burning among the moss !

Human habitations now became more numerous and frequent ; and high against the sky-line on the left loomed the serrated outline of the old town of Cagnes, with its polygonal tower, the sole relic of the hoary castle of the Grimaldi, crowning the highest point, and the ruins of the abbey church of St. Veran, which has stood there since the sixth century, giving a sanctity to the mean houses crowding the slopes around it. We passed through the low or modern town, and as we came near the railway station of the Var we saw what formed the climax to the enjoyment of the day—the first fireflies of the season. They always appear in this neighbourhood a week or a

fortnight earlier than at Nice or Cannes. Why this is so is hardly known, unless it be that this region is warmer and more sheltered, and contains in larger abundance the peculiar food upon which the insects live. It was a most exciting thing to watch their airy motions among the thick plantations on either side of the road. Suddenly a flash appeared, like a minute rocket, lighting up vividly the fresh young foliage; then in a series of pulsations it passed up through the cloud of leaves, with intervals of darkness and spaces accentuated by fire. The motion was not continuous, like the ascent of sparks from a chimney, but jerky and spasmodic, like that of skates on the ice. As we advanced the green masses of filmy April foliage burst into atoms of lambent fire around us, and in an instant they were quenched. Suddenly, a little farther on, they appeared in every direction among the bushes, now rising, now falling, vanishing here, reappearing there, converging into a central increased flame, and dispersing in brilliant spangles. No description can give any idea of the magic beauty of the spectacle. Nothing in prose or verse that I ever read had prepared me for the reality. It was a vision of the tropics, a glimpse of the "Better Land" of my youthful dreams, where the fireflies light up the mystic night and ancient rivers roll over sands of gold. I was scarcely less ecstatic than the little child by my side. A few weeks later on and every garden and orange grove about Nice would be illumined night after night with the brilliant scintillations. But as we should then be far away, under darker and colder skies, and amid more prosaic surroundings, we were truly glad that, at the very end of our visit to the Riviera, this display of living fireworks should wind up our bright experiences. Recrossing the viaduct of the Var, we soon entered into the din and crowd of the long Rue de France with its dark suburban shops and rustic cabarets, and exchanged with a sigh the beautiful silence and solitude of Nature for the noisy human hive of Nice.

Since then, the memory of these incidents has been consecrated by the sad death of the kind friend with whom we enjoyed them. Edward Cazalet, of Tunbridge Wells and Liserb, died last May of fever at Constantinople, to which city he had gone for the purpose of securing the Sultan's consent to a scheme for which he had worked very hard, and upon which he had written admirably—the Euphrates Valley Railway. He was greatly esteemed by a wide circle of friends; and, owing to his familiarity with the Eastern Question, was fast coming to the front in the political world. Let me lay this little tribute upon his grave.

HUGH MACMILLAN.

*TRADES, CRAFTS, AND CALLINGS,
OLD AND NEW.*

THERE is always some interest in comparing occupations past and present ; and the interest perhaps is not diminished, although the subject is narrowed, if the comparison instituted be merely between old and new in the pursuits of our own race. The records of births, deaths, and marriages, which according to statutory provision have been kept in England for forty-six years past, yield excellent materials for such a comparison. In the first place, they embrace full information as to our national surnames. Of these, as every one knows, a large number have been created by occupations. It would doubtless be going too far to say that every detail of duty which engaged the energies of the people during the time when surnames were becoming hereditary has given its denomination to permanent family nomenclature ; but it may be stated without hesitation that the occupations of the later middle ages—that is, speaking broadly, of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries—find in our existing cognomens a faithful general reflection. In the registers, again, we have authentically recorded the pursuits of Englishmen at the present time. The instructions given to registrars as to the naming of these pursuits are to the effect that the descriptions should be specific, but that the terms used by informants should when practicable be adhered to. Hence in the registration of current employments generalisations are as far as possible avoided, while the trade phrase, or local designation, takes its place among words of wider use and more ordinary sound. For example, the work formerly done by the Sheffield “cutler” appears in the register-books under many different titles, each representing, it may be, a single process in a special branch of cutlery manufacture ; the Yorkshire flax-dresser is registered as “heckler,” and the Northumbrian farmers’ foreman as “hind.”

Such then is the twofold material for the comparison of which we have spoken. That comparison cannot, within such limits as are here at the writer’s disposal, be more than slightly prosecuted. It

must needs be suggested by means of exemplary cases rather than effected by exhaustive evidence. Just a few witnesses must be called to speak for thousands more whose testimony cannot be heard.¹

To feed, clothe, shelter, and warm themselves and their fellows are objects which must always have engaged more or less directly the efforts of the majority of Englishmen. Let us extract from the registers a few of the facts which they give concerning the former and present exertions of our countrymen in these directions. In doing so we must necessarily deal largely with what is homely and familiar enough among existing pursuits; but we shall endeavour for the sake of variety to carry our comparison from time to time into the region of occupations less everyday in character.

The registers abound in the surnames *Miller* and *Milner*, both of which represent the indispensable worker who in bygone times ground the heaven-given grain into flour for human food. The latter form of the word is the older, and from this shape the name has been sometimes corrupted into *Milliner*, which denomination accordingly must not be associated with lace and ribbons. It may here be fitly remarked that those who desire to trace surnames to their sources must expect to encounter striking variations in spelling. Perhaps the uncertainties of orthography which have notoriously prevailed amongst us down to quite a recent period are nowhere so abundantly or so curiously illustrated as in the volume of family nomenclature. Several surnames, besides the two above-mentioned, commemorate the mediæval mill, and testify by their frequency to the numbers of its workers, as *Attmill*, *Mill*, *Mills*, *Milman*, *Milne*, *Milnes*, and *Milward* otherwise *Millard*. Steam-power is now supplanting the ancient forces of wind and water as the miller's agent, and by enlarging his milling capabilities is doubtless making him relatively a rarer man than he used to be. *Baker* is well known as a common surname. In a table once framed by the Registrar General,² giving fifty family denominations found to be of most frequent occurrence in the registers, it was shown to stand in the thirty-second place. As a trade description, the word has not in some parts of the country—Yorkshire, for instance—been common until within the last few years, the reason being that baking has been

¹ Such a comparison has been very amply suggested, and in part worked out, in *English Surnames*, by the Rev. C. W. Bardsley (Chatto & Windus.) We are indebted to this interesting volume for most of the explanations of surnames given in the present article, as well as for other information here made use of.

² See *Annual Report of the Registrar General for 1853.*

in those districts mainly a domestic operation. The cognomens *Bagster* and *Baxter* would seem to point to the former agency of women in professional as well as home baking, for they answer to "bakester," the feminine form of "baker"—as "spinster" is of "spinner," and "maltster" of "malter"; but the feminine termination "ster" lost its distinctive meaning in the fourteenth century, and we shall presently find it appended to names indicating pursuits which could scarcely have been followed by females at any time. The name *Pantry*—originally *De la paneterie*—represents the officer having charge of the bread-store in large establishments of olden time. If there be now no calling exactly answering to his, we may, by the exercise of a little fancy, trace a parallel to it in an existing one which was certainly unknown when his became a surname—that of the "Relieving Officer," the agent and representative of our modern Poor Laws, who, so to speak, keeps the bread-room established by statute, and opens it for the needy of the great national household. In the cognominal oddity *Bacchus* we have the baker again, though in disguise. The word refers to him as a resident or worker at the mediæval *bakehouse*; "thus the provider of bread has assimilated himself to the tutelary divinity of wine,"¹ and we may at this point appropriately pass for a moment from occupations connected with the staff of life, to those relating to what working men have jocularly called "Life itself," taking that expression to stand for alcoholic refreshment in general. *Brewer*, a frequently registered surname, must not be understood as always setting forth the occupation of beer-brewing, for it has been shown to be sometimes traceable to another origin; nevertheless it often means what it looks like. The English brewing trade has now reached dimensions little dreamt of in the days of surname settlement; but we may note that the source of the greatness of the firms of Bass and Allsopp was in some measure understood so far back as the thirteenth century, when fame had already begun to trumpet the virtue of the waters of Burton-on-Trent in connection with beer-making. In the appellation *Mead* we have perhaps a reminder of an extinct industry, that of the manufacture of mead, the ancient fermented liquor made from honey. What a contrast between that potent and often spice-laden drink of early days and the airy beverages—not indeed without their own frequent association with something stronger—that are prepared by the numerous "Mineral water manufacturers" whose business is so marked a feature of present trade in England! *Taverner*, with its group

¹ Lower's *Patronymica Britannica*.

of corruptions, *Tavener*, *Tavernor*, *Taviner*, *Tavinor*, *Tavner*, &c., is a familiar family name to registrars, and, though now disused as a description, it has plenty of synonyms to be met with only too often among existing occupative terms. The *Tipplers* of family nomenclature nearly answer to the *Taverners*, tippling having formerly meant merely the selling of strong drink. To the registers of very recent years belong exclusively such trade designations as "cocoa-rooms manager" and "cocoa-stall keeper." Many people who are far from being committed to teetotalism will be disposed to hope that these may increase largely, feeling that such as "licensed victualler," "publican," "alehouse-," "beerhouse-," and "dramshop-keeper" might in many cases give way to them with advantage. To return to solids. In the name-columns of the registers we find *Flesher*, a cognomen handed down by those who furnished our mediæval forefathers with animal food; and also *Fletcher*, a surname into which the former is known to have been frequently corrupted. The real *Fletchers*, it has been shown, are the descendants of featherers or fledgers of arrows, workmen who, with the *Bowyers*, *Stringers* or bow-string makers, *Arrowsmiths*, and others, would find in our day their truest representatives among manufacturers of rifles, cartridges, &c. "Flesher" belongs to Scotland rather than to England as a current trade-description, "butcher," the Norman *boucher*, being of course the designation more familiar in English registers, where it figures largely among family names as well as among occupations. The *Fishers*, so often presenting themselves for entry on the national name-rolls, are the offspring of fishermen, as we now call them; but the surname is held to cover our fishmonger also. The *Poulters*, whose name is comparatively seldom recorded, owe their origin to the mediæval dealers in poult or poultry. The modern followers of this business are styled *poulters* inaccurately, the duplication of the "er"—observable also in many other words, as "caterer," "upholsterer," &c.—being erroneous.¹ So far we have had occasion to notice but little difference between dietary materials mediæval and modern; but by setting down a few common occupations of to-day which are unrepresented in family nomenclature, we shall easily remind our readers of dissimilarities—all of them arising from additions made to the national *menu* since surnames were settled. Turning over the registers, we soon light on the descriptions "potato merchant" and "potato dealer," to make us thankful for the nutritious root now so essential in the cookery both of rich and poor, but which our fathers did without until the six-

¹ Trench's *English Past and Present*. 11th edition, p. 259, footnote.

teenth century; "coffee-roaster" and "tea-dealer," to awaken our gratitude for the fragrant beverages of still later introduction so closely connected with some of the pleasantest scenes of modern social and domestic life; and "hop-factor" and "hop merchant," to suggest a grateful appreciation of the aromatic plant which came into common use in Elizabeth's reign, and did much to make English beer the refreshing drink it now is. We trust the reader's faith in our chronology will not be shaken when we admit that *Tea*, *Teapot*, *Coffee*, *Hopps*, and *Hopper*¹ are all surnames. Without pretending to be able to explain every one of these and other like oddities, we may remark that no surprise need be felt because the names of things that are entirely modern sometimes appear in family nomenclature. One way in which they may obtain admission to it is as follows:—A surname having slight likeness to the name of such an article or object as we refer to is imported for the first time into a neighbourhood where it is not understood. The bearer of the surname is, we must assume, an unlettered person. His new associates cannot resist the temptation of shaping his title into that which it somewhat resembles. It is first pronounced, and subsequently written, like the word to which it bears but trifling similarity and no relationship, the owner's illiterate condition disqualifying him from preventing the transformation. Beyond question many false novelties are thus still being added to the list of our family appellations.

Among industries involved in the provision of clothing we may properly speak first of those connected with the manufacture of wool, the original great staple of this country, the conversion of which into textile fabric has exerted, as needing a high degree of skill and patience, a large influence on the national progress. To comb out the tangled fibres of the material is an early and important process in its manufacture, and the registers show in their name-columns many *Combers* and *Carders* whose ancestors performed this task. It is now executed, not as it was in the days when these names were first acquired, by human hands, wielding combs of bone or metal, but by steam-impelled machines, furnished with delicate steel points, which do their duty with marvellous precision and despatch. The first carding machine in present use is known as the "Scribbler," and hence some occupative descriptions that would be puzzling to the uninitiated, as "Scribbling Overlooker," which seems as though it might be applied to a village schoolmaster. The surname *Spinner*, to be met with in our records, takes us a stage further in the manufacture. That docile and sure-footed servant of man,

¹ *Hopper* is understood to represent a dancer of olden time.

the "self-acting mule," now does this work for his master, and only needs, like other beasts of burden, to be fed and "minded." When we compare the "self-actor-minder" of contemporary Yorkshire registers with the "spinner" of the middle ages, we find but little resemblance between the actual duties of the two, and the different rates of progress in the spinning operations under their respective charges is astonishing. "Every spool"—that is, reel—"and spindle of a self-acting mule may be said to represent one of the old-fashioned spinning-wheels, except that the produce is ten times greater; and as mules with two hundred spindles are common, the work of one of these machines equals that of two thousand hand-spinners."¹ The *Webbs*, *Webbers*, and *Websters* so often inscribing their patronymics in the register-books have been shown to be the progeny of the middle-age weavers, who worked, of course, with the hand-loom. "Power-loom-weaver" is the phrase denoting the parallel occupation now. The *Fullers*, too, are the recognised descendants of those mediæval toilers whose labour it was to pound the woven cloth, so that it might be compactly felted; and the *Walkers* bear denominational testimony to the ancient practice of accomplishing this by means of treading. The thickening or fulling-mill is now to a great extent superseded by a machine through which the web, saturated with soap and water, is drawn, and in which it is subjected to great pressure. The descriptions "Teazle merchant," "Teazle labourer," &c., lead us to say a word about the curious vegetable product that is employed to raise a nap or pile upon the cloth. The teazle has been used for this purpose from earliest times, and it is a fact of interest in industrial history that, even in these days of elaborate mechanical invention, no efficient substitute can be devised for its hooked and elastic points, which resist and yield exactly in the degree required. It is believed that the "Teazlers" of former days gave their designation to family nomenclature, but that it has been merged in the name of *Taylor*. The nearest approach to "Teazler" that we have found among modern surnames is *Tisler*, which, however, occurs in suspicious proximity to the German *Tischler*, and may perhaps be merely an anglicised version of that name. *Teasel* is to be seen in the registers as a cognomen. There would be no difficulty in accounting for the title on the supposition that it referred to the plant; for, in order to do so, we should only have to imagine it as originally conferred by way of nickname on some unamiable and irritating person. But we

¹ *British Manufacturing Industries.* Art.: *Wool and its Applications*, Stanford.

incline to the belief that *Teasel* is a *local* surname in disguise, viz. *Teesdale*, which, by rustic pronunciation, would become *Tees'le*, as *Garsdale* in Yorkshire becomes *Gars'le*, and *Botesdale* in Suffolk *Botes'le*. *Teesdale* exists cognominally in other corrupted forms which lead easily on to *Teasel*; among them are *Teasdale* and *Teasdel*. The "handle-setter" of Leeds registers is the worker in the woollen trade who now arranges the teazles for use, setting them—divided into halves—in the frames prepared to receive them, so that a large surface of their spines may be brought to bear upon the cloth on which their teasing action is required. Selecting from among many more registered descriptions indicating minute subdivisions of labour in the later processes of worsted and woollen manufacture, we pass to the somewhat enigmatical description, "Piece-percher." This designates the man employed to examine pieces of worsted or woollen goods before they are finished for sale, in order that any imperfections of manufacture may be detected. He throws the end of the "piece" to be inspected over a roller, popularly styled a "perch," which is suspended in a strong light, and, drawing the material onwards by means of this roller, examines it as it passes down before him. We have, of course, no surnames to produce answering to such occupations as this, for they belong only to the highly developed labour systems of the modern age. The cognomen *Taylor*, which was just now mentioned as having absorbed the "teazlers" of former days, brings us to the final application of wool to the backs of mankind. We shall only stay to remark on the present large employment of female labour on the making up of the "ready-made" cloth clothes with which most of our fellow-countrymen are obliged to content themselves. The registers say comparatively little about the occupations of women, but they are not entirely silent on the subject, and at Hebden Bridge, Colchester, and many other places they point clearly to the fact that nearly all the females of the lower classes are tailoresses.

We pass on to another important clothing industry—the manufacture of linen. *Flaxman*, a name not uncommon in registration, must be taken as denoting generally the mediæval workers in flax; but there are other family appellations which point to several branches of the industry. After the flax-plant has undergone a regular course of preparatory treatment, it has to be scotched, or "scutched," to separate the woody from the fibrous part. It is first threshed with a mallet, and the woody portion is then struck from the rest with a scutching-knife. These are the processes of hand-scutching, still practised in some places; but in the scutching-mills

of our day rollers accomplish the work of the mallet, and a revolving shaft fitted with wooden blades performs that of the hand-knife. The registered surnames *Scotcher*, *Scutcher*, and *Scutchery*, which appear to relate to this occupation as pursued in the middle ages, are not uncommon. "Flax-scutcher" is an ordinary description of the modern scutching-mill "hands." At a later period the flax-fibre has to undergo a process somewhat analogous to that of combing in the case of wool. This is called "hackling" or "heckling"—we have already spoken of the latter term—and by it the filaments of the flax are split to their finest fibres, and arranged in parallel order. Both *Hackler* and *Heckler* appear in the registers as surnames, and also as industrial descriptions, the modern way of doing the work having made no difference in the terms used to designate it. *Swingler*, another word still employed to describe the flax-dresser, is likewise a registered cognomen. Finally, we have the family name *Lynner* to commemorate the business of the former dealer in the manufactured line or flax, the linen-draper as we now call him. Silk-weaving came too late upon the scene in England to be represented in family nomenclature; but a few names—*Thrower*, *Throwster*, and *Trower*—are believed to have been created by the occupation of throwing or twisting silken threads for embroidery. It is, however, with regard to the manufacture of cotton that we find the most striking discrepancy—so far as textile fabrics are concerned—between the pursuits of the surname-creating days and of our own times. This great industry, so important in its results on English wealth and population, not having had its origin amongst us until about the middle of the seventeenth century, the many occupative descriptions connected with it which fill the Lancashire registers of to-day are in their distinctive terms necessarily without parallel among family denominations. It is noteworthy, however, that "Manchester cottons" and "fustians" had been heard of in England long before the date mentioned. This had been the case, because foreign cotton goods had been imitated in woollens by our manufacturers. The term "fustian" had been applied to Norwich woollen fabrics so early as the beginning of the 14th century; and if at that time the nomenclature of manufacturing pursuits had been as minute as it is now, or as that of agricultural occupations was then, the word might easily have become the basis of a surname.

In connection with mediæval shoemaking the registers show us as surnames *Cordner*, which has been identified with cordwainer, originally the description applied to the worker in Cordovan leather, and at present the registered designation of the shoemaker in many

country districts; *Shoewright*, now obsolete as a descriptive term; and *Cobbler*, which in our day conveys the insinuation that he to whom it is applied is a coarse, if not a bungling, operator on shoe-leather. To these we must add *Clouter*, formerly the shoemaker,¹ and *Shoemaker* itself, which is occasionally found as a name. If we turn to the registers of Northamptonshire—the head-quarters of nineteenth-century shoemaking in England—we observe in lieu of these general titles such detailed descriptions as “rough-stuff cutter,” indicating the workman who cuts out soles and heel-pieces; “shoe-pressman,” denoting him who works a press for effecting the same object by stamping; “clicker,” applied to one who cuts out the upper leathers; “machine-closer,” which describes the person sewing the different parts of the “uppers” together with a sewing-machine; “shoe-rivetter” and “sole machine operator,” these two terms signifying those who attach, by the different methods of rivetting and sewing, the uppers to the sole; and then, finally, “shoe finisher”; while “shoe manufacturer” distinguishes the master who conducts the business now divided into all these and many other branches of labour. The mediæval shoewright, himself beginning and ending his leathern creations, may easily have felt pride and pleasure in his toil; but it must be difficult for the modern Northampton artisan to take an interest in his one small contribution to countless undertakings, of none of which can he know either the history or the issue. The word *Hosier*, as a surname and as a current trade description, has different meanings. As the former it represents the maker of leathern breeches. Two hundred years ago it had come to signify a tailor who sold ready-made clothes. Now we know it as describing a trader whose trade excludes both the branches of business at different former times implied in the expression. *Hatter* is on record cognominally. Since the twelfth century, when the “hatte of biever” was a mark of distinction in England, fashion has not only largely increased the trade, but repeatedly modified the craft of the hatter, and perhaps never in a worse direction than at the introduction, some fifty years ago, of the silk hat now in use, of whose demerits the public have lately been forcibly reminded by Dr. Carpenter. One word as to that modern instrument of protection for our habiliments as well as our persons—the umbrella. The registers have a good deal to say about the pursuits connected with this familiar article, from the trade of those who provide the public with the more finished examples of it, not only to the handicraft of the humble peripatetics who restore disabled specimens in the streets, but to

¹ *Lower's Patronymica Britannica.*

the toil of each separate set of workers concerned in producing the several parts of the machine. Thus we learn from the Sheffield records that there are workmen who bestow all their labour upon the *hardening of umbrella ribs*. We must not leave the subject of clothing-industries without a special reference to the "sewing machine manufacturers," "agents," &c., whose designations figure among the registered occupations of the day, recalling, as they do, an important industrial revolution of recent years—hitherto only incidentally referred to in these pages—in which all those engaged in bringing human apparel to its ultimate forms have been involved.

It is the roof of the dwelling that most completely embodies the idea of *shelter*. The surnames which have arisen out of the employments connected with roofing are many. *Decker* is one; to deck meaning to cover as well as to adorn. With *Decker* analogy leads us to associate *Dexter*, that is, as we suppose, "deckster"; but this would seem to be one of the cases where the once feminine termination must have lost its original force before it came to be applied. *Hilyer* is another surname describing the mediæval roofers generally. It appears in many forms, such as *Hellier*, *Hellyar*, *Hellyer*, *Helyar*, *Helyer*, *Hilliar*, *Hillier*, *Hillyer*, &c. The word is said to be still used as a description of the craft in the West of England, but we have not met with it in registration; the others above mentioned have, we believe, been abandoned. Among surnames, again, is the more specific *Reader*, which should be dissociated from study and spelt "reeder," as it denotes the mediæval thatcher with reeds. The designation is disused, but reed-thatching is still sometimes practised. It may be met with in some fen districts, in parts of Essex, &c.; but modern drainage has greatly reduced the opportunities for the growth of the plant, which nevertheless makes excellent thatch of great durability, cool in heat and warm in cold. *Thatcher* is a cognomen; so is *Thacker*, the north country form of the word. The latter has some variations, among them the familiar *Thackeray* or *Thackery*, which in its termination answers to *Scutchery* already mentioned, and to many other surnames. *Thaxter* as a denomination seems to stand in the same relation to *Thacker* that we have supposed *Dexter* to do to *Decker*. "Thatcher" is a craft-description of course appearing often in rural registers. The occupation, needing no little skill, is a well-paid one; but it has its "slack times," and is therefore often conjoined as a pursuit with hay-trussing, or cutting and binding of hay in trusses for the market, and sometimes with the more incongruous arts of rat-catching and mole-trapping. The "shingler," or former roofer

with oaken tiles, has given his description to family nomenclature ; but we believe his craft is now obsolete, though the designation "shingler" as being synonymous with "hammerman" is common enough in the registers of the iron districts. Among recorded surnames, too, are *Tyler*, *Tileman*, and *Slater*, and the first and last of these words continue to be used as descriptive of those who follow the occupations. "Slater," however, does not always mean the worker with such fissile material as comes from the Penrhyn quarries ; it is sometimes applied to the layer of stone tiles. Occasionally, "blue-slater" is the term employed for describing the slater proper, in contradistinction to the grey slater or roofer with stones or flags. Among the other mediæval occupations connected with building which have become surnames is that of the *Quarrier*, the word being a familiar description now, as formerly. In some parts of the West Riding a quarry is a "delf," and the quarryman is registered "delver." The special application of these words is likely to date back a long distance, and would lead one to look for *Delver* among surnames ; but as a surname we have never found it, although *Delf*, *Delph*, *Delve*, and *Delves*—pointing to the residence of the former bearers of these names at or near quarries or diggings of some kind—are frequent family denominations. *Stonehewer* and *Stoneman* are cognomens ; so too are *Builder* and *Waller* ; while *Mason*, as a surname, is known to every one. The progenitors of the *Waller*s were not, it would seem, housebuilders. The word "waller" at any rate is now used to describe only the raiser of those rude unmortared fences of roughly dressed stone, or of stone not dressed at all, which are common among the mountains of Cumberland, the dales of Yorkshire and Durham, and other of the wilder parts of the country. "Stonewaller," "Dry-waller," and "Dry-fence-waller" are parallel descriptions also to be found in the registers of such districts. *Hodder*, *Hodman*, and *Hodsman* appear among registered surnames, and in all probability represent the hod-bearers of the middle ages ; and *Plaister*, *Plaster*, &c., are denominations pointing to those workmen of former days who approximately answered to the "plasterer" of our time, whose designation, by the by—like some other words already referred to—has incorrectly doubled its last syllable. The correspondence, however, is far from complete, as the mediæval "plaster" exercised his skill in a far less wholesale and indiscriminate fashion than does his modern representative. The older craftsman was sometimes known as the "dauber," and we have the surname *Dawber*—of frequent occurrence in Lancashire—to perpetuate in nominal shape this now abandoned style. The more

ornamental plaster-worker of the middle ages was the "pargetter," who adorned dwellings both internally and externally with raised decorative figures, such as may be seen still on the walls of half-timber houses. This artist, too, has given his description to family nomenclature, *Pargeter* being a surname which, with several variations in spelling, often makes its appearance in the register-books. *Sawyer*, *Carpenter*, *Joiner*, *Plummer* (i.e. plumber), *Painter*, and *Glazier* are all recorded surnames; and each denotes the mediæval craftsman corresponding to him who is similarly called now. On the other hand, the occupation-columns of the registers abound in descriptions telling of present callings, trades, and handicrafts in connection with house-building, fitting, and finishing, which assuredly have never been represented denominationally. Let us mention a few of these descriptions. "Building Society Manager" recalls the speculative co-operation in building which has been caused by the rapid growth of urban populations during our century. "Corrugated iron manufacturer" reminds one of the many needs which have latterly arisen for cheap temporary shelter in connection with commerce, engineering, public worship, &c., as well as in the way of human residence itself. "Saw mill proprietor" of course points to the owner of a business in which the latter-day force of steam is employed in the preparation of timber for the builder's and carpenter's use. "Sash-maker" represents the man who produces an entirely modern form of window. "Grainer" describes him who counterfeits on inferior substances the markings of a superior kind of wood, and assuredly this sort of device for disguising poor material was not practised in the middle ages. "Paperhanger" tells of the workman who now decorates with sheets of ready-made adornment those mural surfaces which in the days when surnames were acquiring permanency would have been covered with panels, painting, or tapestry, or would perhaps have been left undecorated altogether. Lastly, "Gasfitter" indicates the application to domestic uses of a means of lighting which was scarcely known before 1810, and not generally introduced into dwelling houses until much later. These are miscellaneous but perhaps not unrepresentative examples. Some of the descriptions cited are such as, supposing them to have been required for denominational purposes, would not readily have shaped themselves into names; but human ingenuity would doubtless have been equal to the task of moulding them into appellative form, had the effort been called for.

In a climate such as ours the getting and distribution of fuel must ever have formed a most important branch of labour, though it

need hardly be pointed out that modern civilisation is far more largely dependent upon fuel supply than was the simpler existence of the middle ages. Among family names is found *Graver*, which perhaps may be ranked with those created by the industry referred to. To grave is to dig; and those who get out from the moors about Thorne and Crowle the black blocks of peat are still called "peat-gravers." *Peatman* exists as a surname; so does *Turver*, which there is good reason to believe represents the former hawker of turves from the peat-moss, and the "turf dealer" and "turf and sedge merchant," who figure in the registers of some fen districts now, are no doubt kindred toilers. The last-named is but a humble tradesman notwithstanding his ambitious title, which has probably been conferred on him by himself. He sells from house to house the dried water-side vegetation that is used for kindling fires, as well as the more solid matter for sustaining them. There are yet many wide tracts of country in which turf-digging is a familiar occupation. Ramsey in Huntingdonshire is the centre of one such. The digging being done in summer, the men engaged upon it turn their hands at other times to ordinary agricultural pursuits, and the operation of turf-digging not being their sole employment is seldom ascribed to them in the registers at all. It is likely that the same cause operates similarly with regard to some other occupations, and that the current descriptions "farm labourer" and "agricultural labourer" cover several industries which would formerly have been distinguished. Surnames give their testimony to the truth that in the middle ages agricultural labour was greatly subdivided, whereas it is now every year becoming less so, while the reverse is the case in the manufacturing industries. We spoke above of fire-kindling, and may pause for a moment to refer to the useful instrument by which in our day the process is effected, and to the many East Londoners and others who are engaged in preparing the indispensable article, as we now deem it to be. Many people scarcely yet old can remember the days when the flint and steel, the tinder-box, and the slips of wood dipped in sulphur for raising a flame from the smouldering linen were the means commonly employed to obtain fire. The lucifer match and the industry to which it gave rise are scarcely half a century old. Some who saw its introduction may live to see it superseded by the electric lighter now coming into use. Both instruments would have been almost equal marvels to our fathers who lived in the days when the name-lists were made up. To return once more to those name-lists: we discover therein as apparently to be associated with fuel-providing the appellations *Coalman*, *Coleman*,

Collier, and *Coker*. The first two of these are not unlikely to be in some cases different forms of an old personal name ;¹ but this admission made, we may probably claim them as frequently belonging to the same class as the remaining two. When wood was the only fuel in general use coal meant charcoal, and the four names mentioned most likely denote mediæval charcoal-burners—workers amidst sylvan surroundings, erecting and firing under the open sky their conical and turf-covered heaps of wooden billets, and owning probably but little superficial likeness to the dusky and slightly clad burrowers in the modern coalpit, whom we of the upper world meet “Davy” or “Geordie” in hand, climbing the steeps of South Wales, flocking along the murky streets of Wigan, or slouching wearily to their unlovely homes at Bedlington or Hetton-le-Hole. It must not indeed be overlooked that the fuel of fossil forests was known, and to some extent used, in England long before surnames became hereditary ; but while the supply of wood lasted, the underground stores of carbon were not largely or generally drawn upon, and hence the names mentioned are probably to be interpreted as we have stated. *Coleman* also sometimes stands for the *dealer* in charcoal, as Coleman Street in the City of London indicates the spot where that description of trader used to dispose of his goods. *Charker* is a recorded cognomen pointing once more to the charcoal-burner, to “chark” being synonymous with to char. *Hewer*, *Hacker*, and *Hackman* have been shown to indicate those who formerly prepared wood for firing purposes, and *Woodyer*, *Woodman*, &c., have been pointed out as relative appellations. Necessity at length broke down the prejudice which had existed against coal so long as wood was able to compete with it ; and a striking train of improvements and discoveries—among which the employment of coal in iron manufacture towards the beginning of the last century, and the introduction of Watt’s steam-engine in 1769, are conspicuous—have since brought the English coal-mining industry to its present vast proportions. Had the settlement of surnames been delayed for some four centuries, the registered terms expressing in detail the systematic operations of modern coal-mining and coal-distribution would no doubt have been largely reproduced cognominally. There is the “hewer,” who in the depths of the mine “gets out” the coal with his pickaxe ; the “putter,” who places the “tubs” or “corves” (originally actual baskets) to be filled with coal, and removes them when they are filled ; the “banksman,” who, stationed at the pit’s mouth, shifts the filled tubs from the cage, and replaces them with

¹ See Miss Yonge’s *History of Christian Names*, vol. i. p. 388.

empty ones ; the "weighman," of whom two are employed at a colliery—one representing the master and one the men—to check the amount of work done ; the "screener," who presides at the screen or sieve of inclined iron bars upon which the coals are thrown to sort them ; the "bank-head-man," who starts and receives the coal trucks at the top of a tramway slope ; the "brakesman," who travels with and stops the trucks ; and finally the Tyne "coal-trimmer," who distributes the cargoes of coal as they are shot down into the loading colliers, and whose toil perhaps is as severe as that of any labourer that could be mentioned. These are a few, and only a few, of the terms by which the various workers in connection with coal are now described, and most of them would have been available as surnames—*Hever*, as we have seen already, exists as such in relation to wood-hewing, and *Trimmer* indeed is, as the reader will remember, to be found among family names, but this last is supposed to be a corruption of the place-name Tremere, pointing therefore to no pursuit. If, then, the deferment which we have imagined had taken place, the name- as well as the occupation- columns of the registers might and probably would have included many a *Weighman*, *Banksman*, *Screener*, &c. Nor would it have been found that all the bearers of these cognomens of humble origin would lastingly have been associated in the registration rolls with such lowly positions as their progenitors once occupied. Taken in connection with the present rank of those who own them, surnames furnish numberless independent proofs of the tendency of Englishmen to rise ; and some of the *Screeners* and others whom we have been hypothetically supplying with family names based upon their own obscure pursuits, would doubtless ultimately have attained to a good standing, and would have accomplished distinguished service, like the *Walters* long since found high up in social life, or the *Napiers* of illustrious repute, whose fathers respectively once raised rude moorland fences, and bore the indispensable napkin at those feasts of olden time whereat fingers did duty for forks.

EDWARD WHITAKER.

SOME FRENCH QUOTATIONS.

La dernière chose qu'on trouve en faisant un ouvrage est de savoir celle qu'il faut mettre la première.—*Pascal.*

IT is proposed in this paper to collect a few of the well-known lines in verse and sayings in prose of the principal French writers of the seventeenth century, and, with their assistance, to relate some morsels of literary history, and also some of the anecdotes current among men of letters of the time. Many of these quotations have become as household words in France. Those from Molière and from La Fontaine are the most popular. Boileau, "le législateur du Parnasse," has given us much excellent advice. And La Rochefoucauld has left sayings that are now considered among the commonplaces of literature, because of their sententiousness, or because of the happy expression of the phrase.

Let us begin with Molière: "Les gens de qualité savent tout sans avoir jamais rien appris." This was uttered with all the splendid effrontery of a sham marquis before two girls, the daughters of worthy townspeople, who were making themselves ludicrous by trying to give themselves the manners of ladies of fashion. For our own part, we have always thought that the old man who, on the night of the first representation of "Les Précieuses Ridicules," cried aloud in the pit of the theatre, "Bravo, Molière! Voilà la bonne comédie," knew something of the nature of dramatic art. Tradition, never to be lightly cast aside, has declared this far-sighted critic to have been an old man; otherwise Boileau might have been suspected. In his first published poem, written before he was twenty-two, Boileau gave strong evidence of the principles which habitually guided the practice of his life.

J'appelle un clat un chat et Rolet un fripon.

Rolet was a lawyer in large practice in Paris known for dishonourable conduct, but Boileau was among the first who publicly spoke of his dishonesty. Nowadays an action for libel would be brought against any one who wrote such a line.

Il se tue à rimer. Que n'écrit-il en prose?

So Boileau wrote of Jean Chapelain, a man as well known in the

literary circles of Paris two hundred and twenty years ago as was John Dryden in London at the same period. Chapelain was the great literary oracle of his day. He had been one of the first members of the French Academy, and among that body of men he exercised much influence. It was Chapelain who persuaded the Academicians, in spite of their better judgment, to submit their will to that of Richelieu by examining, that is, by passing censure upon, Corneille's new tragedy, "Le Cid," though it was at the time receiving the popular approbation of the town; and Chapelain wrote the report upon the play. This was in 1637. Some years previously Corneille had been one of Richelieu's five pensioned authors—men whom he paid to write verses for him. Corneille was not always so docile as the others, and Richelieu told him roundly, "il fallait avoir un esprit de suite": meaning that he, like his colleagues, should do what he was told. The autocratic Cardinal-Minister died in 1642, and Corneille, who always feared his power, wrote some few months after his death:—

Qu'on parle mal ou bien du fameux Cardinal,
Ma prose ni mes vers n'en diront jamais rien :
Il m'a fait trop de bien pour en dire du mal,
Il m'a fait trop de mal pour en dire du bien.

Chapelain, though he seldom wrote a high-spirited line, and never a witty one, was a learned grammarian. It was he who determined that the principal aim of the French Academy should be to labour towards the improvement of the language. This was a Utopian theory, and quite impracticable; for the language of any country must be made by the people who speak it and write it, not by the members of an Academy, sitting as a board of directors, determining how their company shall be managed. Let us, however, give Chapelain the credit for good intentions, though he did not show much evidence of strenuous efforts of his own. Chapelain made a mistake in life. He wished to be an epic poet, though he had no warmth of imagination, no lively fancy, and no pleasant mode of expression. An amusing chapter of literary history might be written about him, but this is not the place for it. Boileau, who has handled him roughly more than once, was one day asked to be less severe. The mediator urged that Chapelain had a noble duke for his patron, and that Colbert, the minister, used sometimes to visit him. Boileau answered: "But if the Pope himself were to visit him, would that make his verses better?"

Soyez plutôt maçon si c'est votre talent !

Poor Chapelain had mistaken his vocation !

Second to Boileau, no French writer of the seventeenth century saw his own works reprinted so often as La Fontaine, and no two writers are much more dissimilar.

Un auteur gâte tout quand il veut trop bien faire,

wrote La Fontaine. There are Frenchmen who think their fabulist is the first among his countrymen for a piquant originality of thought combined with a terseness of poetical expression. One of his fables he dedicated to the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, the author of the "Maximes," and he began by a very smart line :—

Un homme qui s'aimait sans avoir de rivaux,

La Rochefoucauld deserved the shot. He was a man of parts. Witty, of keen observation, and good address, he was made welcome in every drawing-room in Paris. But love, ambition, and intrigue were strong within him, and in all three he played a poor part. He was irresolute, was a cynic, an egoist, and a poltroon. Ambition moved him to take part in that petty civil war known as the Fronde, and selfishness made him engage the services of Madame de Longueville. She was Condé's sister, and was therefore of royal blood. Moreover, she was singularly beautiful. She had the qualities in which La Rochefoucauld was most wanting : a high courage and a warm heart ; and her love of adventure, backed by her high position, enabled La Rochefoucauld to make others think that he was fighting her battle as her faithful knight. He applied to himself two lines taken from a play, now forgotten, by Du Ryer. The verses are pretty :—

Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois, je l'aurais faite aux dieux.

Misfortune overtook La Rochefoucauld. He was wounded in a skirmish, and nearly lost his eyesight. He then deserted the woman who had hazarded her own reputation by engaging herself on his behalf, and the chivalrous lines of Du Ryer he parodied thus :—

Pour ce cœur inconstant, qu'enfin je connais mieux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois ; j'en ai perdu les yeux.

We do not love La Rochefoucauld, but we believe that in the kind of literature which he attempted no other writer has used his pen more skilfully. We will give half a dozen of his maxims, choosing those which please principally by the excellence of expression, or by their wit :—"On n'est jamais si ridicule par les qualités que l'on a, que par celles que l'on affecte d'avoir."—"C'est une espèce de

coquetterie que de faire remarquer qu'on n'en fait jamais."—" Il n'y a guère de gens qui ne soient honteux de s'être aimés quand ils ne s'aiment plus."—" Ce qui se trouve le moins dans la galanterie, c'est de l'amour."—" La civilité est un désir d'en recevoir et d'être estimé poli."—" Un sot n'a pas assez d'étoffe pour être bon."

Pascal was contemporary with La Rochefoucauld, but the only faculty they had in common was a singular lucidity of expression. The quality is a rare one, and is to be valued all the more highly when we find it in writers who lived more than two hundred years ago. Pascal and Descartes have both been called the fathers of modern French prose. Descartes published his "Discours de la Méthode" in 1637, and Pascal his "Lettres Provinciales" in 1657. But the twenty years' interval did not alone give to Pascal the greater advantage of making what he wished to say at once intelligible to the reader. In his short and very pleasant biography, written by his sister, we read: "Not only he said what he wished, but he said it in the way that he wished, and his speech produced the effect that he had intended." Most of us will probably agree in thinking that this praise can be given truly to few speakers and to few writers. Descartes' famous axiom: "Cogito, ergo sum," is known everywhere; and the basis of the Cartesian philosophy sprang from his maxim: "Ne recevoir jamais aucune chose pour vraie que je ne la connusse évidemment telle." In worldly matters Pascal's genius did not appear to soar so high, but with most of us it will find a more homely acceptance. He wrote: "Quand on voit le style naturel on est tout étonné et ravi, car on s'attendait de voir un auteur et on trouve un homme." Pascal did not like authors who put up their "signboard." There are traits in his character which we find also in Molière. Humour and melancholy were common to both, but of sharp irony Pascal was the greater master. When through priestly influence the "Tartufe" was forbidden on the stage, Molière replied by writing "Don Juan" (for, as the unmasking of a sensuous hypocrite was thought to be an act of impiety, he gave us instead the frank libertine and the unbeliever). So also, when Pascal about a year before his death was asked whether he was sorry he had written the "Lettres Provinciales," he replied: "Bien loin de m'en repentir, si j'étais à les faire je les ferais encore plus fortes." Small pedantry, and the power obtained over the ignorant by those who possessed a little poor learning, were things offensive in the eyes of Pascal and of Molière. Molière's "Mariage Forcé" is an admirable satire on the ignorance of those who had learned how to sputter a few words of the scholastic philosophy of the ancients, as the "Médecin malgré lui" and other comedies are admirable in their

railleries against the quack doctors of the day. It was this same horror of pretence that caused Pascal to say in his "Pensées": "Se moquer de la philosophie, c'est vraiment philosopher." And again: "La vraie éloquence se moque de l'éloquence, la vraie morale se moque de la morale." He meant, no doubt: let a man say or do forthwith that which he has to say or do. But as sententious aphorisms were then in vogue, Pascal followed the fashion of the day by writing small sharp sayings in which a touch of wit was never considered amiss.

In spite of ourselves we have been led into criticism, though this is hardly the place for it. And as an excuse for some remarks that seem to betray an easy and off-hand manner of judging, we must plead the difficulty of bringing together our quotations without some expression of opinion. We do not agree with those who find Racine to be cold and always walking upon stilts. The conditions of the French drama and ours, taking each at its richest time, were very different. In two well-known lines Boileau, writing at a time when Racine was at the zenith of his fame, told us that throughout every French drama there should be unity of place, unity of time, and unity of interest:—

Qu'en un lieu, qu'en un jour, un seul fait accompli
Tienne jusqu'à la fin le théâtre rempli.

Therefore Racine, like Corneille, whose great success had come a generation earlier, and like Molière, who was more nearly his contemporary, had to work according to received laws. Voltaire speaks distinctly of Racine as "the one of our poets who came the nearest to perfection." We need not now discuss this opinion, but we do think that, dating from "Andromaque," his first successful tragedy, there are few scenes in Racine's plays which do not give evidence of the skill of a practised writer. In England Racine is not looked upon with much favour. We have not yet made our ear familiar with the measure of the Alexandrine verse. And, though we may not like to recognise the fact, until this has been acquired our judgments are imperfectly formed and are often subject to caprice. The rhyming verse is peculiarly unsuitable to tragedy; but if we choose to read Racine we may recollect that he was hampered by many laws, and that he produced work that still finds favour among those of his countrymen, whose ear for harmonious expression has not been upset by the wild vagaries of the Romantic School.

C'est Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée.

What a clenching force there is in these words! They remind us

of Raphael's picture of St. Michael in the Salon Carré of the Louvre. The angel is there shown descending, spear in hand, upon Satan in the form of a dragon, and crushing him to the ground without the possibility of escape. This verse is the keynote to "Phèdre." Fate, according to the old Pagan doctrine, has willed that Phèdre should love her stepson, and the woman made wretched by her crime draws from us our pity at her unhappy condition. We should have liked much to have seen Rachel as Hermione, in "Andromaque."

"Je t'aimais inconstant ; qu'aurais-je fait fidèle?"

she says to Pyrrhus. Racine has, perhaps, not written a finer scene than the fifth scene of the fourth act in this tragedy. We think the epithet "cold" when applied to Racine is not well chosen ; and it is not well chosen because it does not express truly what it is intended to express. Boileau wrote :

Qui dit froid écrivain dit détestable auteur.

The satirist may have been right, but we have too much appreciation for Racine to put him into this category. And we doubt if any writer may fairly be called "cold" if he says forcibly that which he means to say. In "Britannicus" the Roman emperor Néron offers marriage to Junie, a young girl, who fears him and who loves his brother ; and in her answer she says :

. . . . je n'ai mérité
Ni cet excès d'honneur ni cette indignité.

In the long monologue at the commencement of the "Plaideurs," Racine's only comedy, we find many popular sentiments put into verse, and the expressions have remained proverbial. We may mention a few :

Tel qui rit vendredi, dimanche pleurera.

On apprend à hurler, dit l'autre, avec des loups.

Most young Frenchmen who have seen a little of the world understand the significance of the phrase: "Point d'argent, point de suisse." And also, "Qui veut voyager loin ménage sa monture."

There are many who place Corneille above Racine ; but there are certainly greater inequalities in his work. It was these inequalities—when they came on the right side—that so delighted Madame de Sévigné. What she liked in Corneille was, to use her own words, 'ces tirades qui font frissonner.' Writing to her daughter on the 16th March, 1672, she warns her not to be led into comparing Racine with Corneille. "Racine," she says, "will never go further than

'Alexandre' or 'Andromaque.'" "Alexandre" is now deservedly forgotten. But in "Andromaque" we have Hermione, one of the finest female characters on the French stage. It was after 1672 that Racine wrote "Phèdre" and "Athalie." And there is a phrase, curiously enough attributed to Madame de Sévigné, which she certainly never uttered: "Racine passera comme le café." As we have said, she was not a very warm admirer of Racine, and, four years after she had written to her daughter expressing her opinion in favour of Corneille, she said in another letter, also to her daughter: "Vous voilà donc bien revenue du café. Mademoiselle de Méri l'a aussi chassé." In this later letter, dated the 10th of May, 1676, Madame de Sévigné was not thinking of Racine. His name, at any rate, is not mentioned. And it is difficult to see the connection of ideas. But Voltaire, on the Irish principle, that there never was a good story without a lie in it, puts his wits to work, and writes: "Madame de Sévigné thinks that Racine will not go far; she had the same opinion of him as she had of coffee." Thereupon La Harpe improves Voltaire's story, and boldly attributes to Madame de Sévigné the words: "Racine passera comme le café." It may interest some to know that we know from the registers that, from the latter years of the seventeenth century down to 1870, Racine was oftener represented at the Comédie Française than his rival Corneille.

Corneille has certainly some grand lines, which give a great relief in reading his plays; and which, when there have been actors capable of tragedy, have at all times been eagerly waited for in the theatre by the lovers of the classical drama. For ourselves, we do not like his tragedy the "Cid," though there is in it some fine dramatic poetry. Rodrigue is a young hero of romance; all fire and flame for his mistress. Her father, a bombastic Spanish nobleman, insults his father, an old enfeebled warrior, and Rodrigue considers himself bound to redress the wrong. He challenges the man whose daughter he would win, and says with high courage:

Je suis jeune, il est vrai; mais aux âmes bien nées
La valeur n'attend point le nombre des années.

The story of the battle of the Horatii and the Curiatii is so well known that we may introduce a line of Corneille's with little explanation. He has taken this incident as the plot for one of the best of his tragedies. Horace, a Roman, is already married to Sabine, an Alban woman, and the sister of Curiace. In his turn Curiace is betrothed to Camille, the sister of Horace. Curiace bewails their unhappy fortune in that they two men should be

chosen to fight against each other for their country's cause. Horace is of sterner complexion. Though he married the sister, with equal ardour he will fight the brother. Then we have the two lines :

Hor. Albe vous a nommé ; je ne vous connais plus.
Cur. Je vous connais encore, et c'est ce qui me tue.

In his commentary on Corneille, Voltaire says that "at these words, 'je ne vous connais plus . . . je vous connais encore,' every one exclaimed with admiration ; nothing so sublime had ever been heard. . . . It is for such lines as these Corneille has deserved the name of *great*, not only to distinguish him from his brother, but from mankind." "Le grand Corneille" was an appellation perhaps more generally known in France during the last century than now. For the French playwrights of the present generation certainly draw more sympathetic audiences than do the tragedies of the writers of the *grand siècle*. We may say with Molière : "Nous avons changé tout cela." There is another line in this play which, dramatically, has a very good effect :

Faites votre devoir et laissez faire aux dieux.

Thomas Corneille, a younger brother of the better known dramatist, was a facile writer of poor plays that had at any rate the merit of putting money for the while into his purse. He wrote one good verse which has become proverbial :

Le crime fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud.

Both the Corneilles were very poor when they died. Yet they were industrious men, and worked up to the last. There is a story that they both lived in the same house, one in the apartment above the other, and that they worked together, communicating their ideas by means of a trap-door through the floor and ceiling. Pierre Corneille was a high-spirited man ; and we will conclude this mention of him by repeating the well-known proud verse he wrote of himself :

Je ne dois qu'à moi seul toute ma renommée.

There is no English dramatist whom we can fairly compare with Molière. He is more like Shakespeare than any other. Both looked with open and honest eyes upon Nature's dealings with men, and both knew instinctively what was the work proper to the playwright—what he should set down and what he should avoid. Among modern playwrights, who also deserve the larger name of dramatists, they are the chief. We in England are justly proud of

our Shakespeare ; but our pride is often contemptuous and supercilious when any foreign author is mentioned beside him. But for a knowledge of what would be popular with an audience, we do not think he has surpassed Molière. "Les Femmes savantes" is an admirable acting comedy, and it is as true to nature now as two hundred years ago.

De leurs vers fatigants lecteurs infatigables.

The mode has changed ; that is all. Gentlemen do not now read aloud their bad verses in drawing-rooms ; but instead, ladies have become æsthetical. Through more frequent intercourse with society, our girls have been taught better than to follow the caprices of Cathos and Madelon in the "Précieuses Ridicules," and the intelligence of the women in our upper classes is higher than that of the *femmes savantes*. But we think there is, nevertheless, a similarity between the extreme high-art school of to-day and the affected ladies whom Molière has ridiculed. "Nul n'aura de l'esprit hors nous et nos amis," is true now in many circles in London.

We read a play of Molière's to be amused, and the enjoyment obtained is often very good. "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" is a glorious extravaganza, though in it there are some admirable scenes of lighter comedy. Many of us have laughed at the various transpositions of "Belle marquise, vos beaux yeux me font mourir d'amour." In the "Médecin malgré lui" we have, "Il y a fagots et fagots,"—a saying that has become popular everywhere, and is made to apply to all things. But Molière was not a witty writer in the sense of a maker of witty phrases. His character was too sympathetic and his mind too robust for such trials of skill. Pascal, who was often a sound judge of human nature, has said, "Diseur de bons mots, mauvais caractère." We began this article with a quotation from one of Molière's plays, and we will end it with a line of Boileau's relating to Molière which we believe was not untrue concerning the man and his work :

Il plaît à tout le monde, et ne saurait se plaire.

HENRY M. TROLLOPE.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

THIRTY years ago there passed from amongst us a poet who has been aptly styled by a contemporary writer the "Laureat of Ames."

Mortimer Collins was, at the time of his death, known perhaps very limited and, we might even say, a select class of readers. Reasons which we shall presently show, his novels were not popular to ordinary novel-readers, and it is probable that his name would have remained in comparative obscurity but for the indefatigable accomplished lady who was for the last eight years of his life his wife and fellow-worker.

1. Mortimer Collins has from time to time since her husband's death collected his fugitive pieces and published them in volume after volume thus attracting the more thoughtful readers who do not go to the theatre for amusement. From these works it was discovered that the author was a man of no common mind, and many persons were induced to inquire into what he had done. The novels, which had only appeared in the usual three-volume edition in the author's lifetime, were now eagerly sought for, and copies of some of the earlier ones, though only about ten years old, fetched high prices, one being sold for £100. This naturally led to the production of a cheap edition of the greater part of the novels, and Mortimer Collins's works are now likely to gain the popularity which they deserved long ago. They are free from fault no one can admit, but that they are works of genius no one can deny. They can never be called works of the imagination for the stories are wild and improbable, containing too many characters and too many incidents, but they are all decidedly good. The ordinary young lady novel-reader, who skips at the rate of ten pages a minute, would probably not care for them, but the thoughtful reader, who looks for something more than mere plots, will not fail to appreciate the graceful diction, the wise and tender sentiment, the fresh descriptive passages, the quaintly humorous remarks, and the sparkling lyrics—songs of love and *badinage*—which lie carelessly scattered through the pages of every volume. The novels are indeed, as it were, a reflex of the author's own mind—

psychological studies rather than stories, pictures of himself and what he wished to be, full of bright refreshing bits that may be read again and again. They are readable if only for their terse, epigrammatic English, their original thought, and the purity of the moral tone which pervades them throughout. They depict all that is best and noblest in human nature, showing us the higher types of manhood in preference to the lower. The aim of the author seemed always to be directed against the follies of life; he stirs up all the manlier qualities of our nature, and those who read must needs feel refreshed in spirit.

We have heard of more than one young man who has said that Mortimer Collins's works have made him take a different and a nobler view of women from what he had hitherto held.

Perhaps no author ever received so much abuse from the critics as did Mortimer Collins. The reason is not far to seek. The ordinary critic objects to anything extraordinary, and is irritated by what he cannot understand, so he condemns a clever book to show his superior knowledge; moreover, from the critic's point of view there is good cause for objection to be taken to various points in the novels. Besides the want of art in the construction of the stories, there is another very grave defect—a defect that constitutes the chief charm of the book to many. A novel to be purely a work of art should be simply narrative and descriptive from beginning to end; the attention should be kept entirely to the characters and to whatsoever is connected with them. But Mortimer Collins breaks off at the most unreasonable times to deliver his opinion on subjects and incidents that have nothing to do with the story. No wonder the critics found fault with him. But then, it happens that his opinions on any and every subject are worth reading. As we said before, we see the reflex of the man's mind. Mrs. Mortimer Collins, in a preface to the new edition of "From Midnight to Midnight," apologises for this fault in her husband, but she adds: "I think most readers will agree with me, that it is not the characters in these works that interest them most, but the man Mortimer Collins himself, who seems ever present." That there are signs of carelessness and haste in his works is only natural when we consider under what pressure they were written. "I write novels for money, and verse because I like it," he was wont to say. Under better conditions he would perhaps have written more carefully, though it is also probable that he would never have written at all had he not been under the necessity of making a living.

His history is a curious one. Commencing life as a tutor, he

afterwards became mathematical master of Queen Elizabeth's College, Guernsey, where he remained for five years, dabbling in literature meanwhile. At eight-and-twenty he left Guernsey and devoted himself entirely to literature.

He soon became known and noted in the journalistic haunts of London, for he not only wielded a vigorous pen, but his tall figure with the broad shoulders was a familiar and noticeable object in the purlieus of the Strand and Fleet Street. His keen shafts of epigram both in prose and verse can still be recognised in the pages of the *Owl*, the *Realm*, the *Press*, the *Church and State Review*, and other forgotten papers, to which he contributed at this time. To his associates he seemed to be leading an easy, happy, reckless life. Money was quickly earned and more quickly spent; in fact, it was then he laid the foundation of those debts and difficulties which afterwards gave him so much trouble. But whatever subsequent trouble he may have brought upon himself, he at least gained a good deal of worldly knowledge, which he used to good purpose in his novels. He was so thoroughly unconventional in his tastes and mode of life that he was called the King of Bohemia; and no small astonishment was expressed amongst his friends when he disappeared suddenly from his Bohemian haunts in the summer of 1868. The reason of his disappearance was soon apparent. He had married, for the second time, and was persuaded by his bride to settle down at his cottage in Berkshire and give up the wear and tear of a journalistic life in London.

His habits now entirely altered, and for the remaining eight years of his life he was the most domestic of husbands, never quitting his pretty cottage save for a few brief visits; and during the whole of this time he and his wife were inseparable companions.

In their pleasant home at Knowl Hill, with its lovely stretch of garden ground, its fragrant flower-beds, its dewy lawn, its long leafy avenue of scented lime-trees, where the nightingale sang in June—amid these beautiful surroundings life was a joyous poem, an idyl, in spite of the hard work and worry with which it was attended.

The man who could be the gayest boon companion in London could also appreciate the delights of the country. All things in the natural world gave him unbounded interest, the meanest objects affording food for gravest thought. He loved all living things, especially birds and trees and flowers, and would observe and point out hundreds of facts in connection with them which others would not notice.

Mortimer Collins has himself given us a picture of these eight

years of idyllic life in his works, and also in the "Letters" which have been published by his wife. The late Mr. Tom Taylor, in referring to these "Letters" in *Punch*, says, "It is worth reading these volumes to know how sunshine may be extracted, not from cucumbers in Laputa, but from trees and flowers and birds, and all pleasant natural sights and sounds enjoyed along with a congenial spirit, and enlivened by warm friendships, in a quiet Berkshire village. The feat was only possible in a household blessed by love, where the husband was quick-witted, warm-hearted, and happy-tempered, and the wife affectionate, sympathetic, and cheerful, each able to appreciate all that was good in the other, their friends, and all about them; both ready to make the most of whatever was pleasurable in their lives, and the least of whatever was hard and painful. Even the very hard work of light literature, under such conditions, appears to have helped to happiness, till the pages, as we read, seem to set themselves to music, and bubble up in song as spontaneous as that of birds."

The amount of literary work that was done during these eight years seems almost incredible. In 1869 was published "The Ivory Gate"; followed by "The Vivian Romance" in 1870; "Marquis and Merchant" in 1871; "Two Plunges for a Pearl" in 1872; "Princess Clarice" in 1872; "Squire Silchester's Whim" in 1873; "Miranda" in 1873; "Mr. Carington" in 1873; "Transmigration" in 1874; "Frances" in 1874; "Sweet and Twenty" in 1875; "Blacksmith and Scholar" in 1875; "A Fight with Fortune" in 1876; and "A Village Comedy," published posthumously. The last-named novel was barely half written when the author died, and his widow concluded the story. Besides these novels there were also published "The British Birds" in 1872, a remarkably clever satire in verse, after Aristophanes; a short volume of essays entitled "The Secret of Long Life" in 1871; and "The Inn of Strange Meetings," a volume of poems containing some of the best of his lyrical pieces which had been written up to 1870.

Since his death have appeared "Pen Sketches by a Vanished Hand" and "Thoughts in my Garden," a most delightful collection of the more thoughtful and philosophical of his essays; and a novel written conjointly with his wife, entitled "You Play me False." The best of his later lyrical pieces have not yet been collected.

His gift of song was as natural as a bird's, and as sweet. He literally overflowed with poetry. Such pure spontaneity and ease in versification is very rarely met with. Mere ordinary every-day letters to his friends were oftener written in verse than in prose, and

just as readily. He also amused his friends by sending them poetical valentines, birthday remembrances, Christmas cards, &c., and this notwithstanding the amount of serious hard work he had to get through. There was perhaps a lack of polish about much of his poetical work. He took little pains in writing (for time was precious to him), and never troubled to preserve anything that he had written, always saying that there was "plenty more where that came from." Poetry to him was only a recreation, to be indulged in after the dull, hard work of prose, for he could not live by it.

He has left no great work behind him, but many of his lyrics will outlast some of the heavier poetical work of his contemporaries. What can be more perfect than these few lines, which he calls "A Conceit":

Oh, touch that rosebud ! it will bloom,
 My lady fair !
 A passionate red in dim green gloom,
 A joy, a splendour, a perfume
 That sleeps in air.

You touch'd my heart ; it gave a thrill
 Just like a rose
 That opens at a lady's will ;
 Its bloom is always yours until
 You bid it close.

Or, again, these dainty lines, which were addressed "To my Sweet-heart, with some White Violets":—

O happy buds of violet !
 I give them to my sweet, and she
 Puts them where something sweeter yet
 Must ever be.

White violets find whiter rest :
 For fairest flowers how fair a fate !
 For me remain, O fragrant breast !
 Inviolatè.

He possessed one of those comprehensive intellects that can at once embrace the highest truths and yet be alive to all the commonplaces of human life. Variouslly read, he had a keen appreciation of the works of others and a humble reverence for everything great and good. He had neither conceit nor envy in his composition, nor was he ambitious for fame, except so far as it might help to brighten his material welfare. He was a frank, genial, open-hearted man, and had a kindly, buoyant nature, as may be plainly seen from his writings. He was always happy, bore troubles patiently, and never

grumbled at the hardness of his lot ; was most helpful to others when they needed help, firm and affectionate in his friendships, a cheery companion and a delightful host, as those who visited him at Knowl Hill can testify. He was never ill-tempered nor unsociable, was incapable of any kind of meanness or malice, and hated hypocrisy in every form ; he was full of happy, wholesome life, believing that existence held more of joy than of misery.

His death, in 1876, which was ascribed to overwork, was caused by the rupture of the right auricle of the heart. He had made a great strain to disencumber himself of the debts which he had incurred in his reckless days, and it seems sad that he should have broken down when he had nearly attained his object.

But after reading his works, and learning what happiness he found in life, we can neither blame nor pity him, but only admire.

CHARLES E. HALL.

GREEK BRIGAND AND VILLAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

THE brigands of the Balkan Peninsula, both Muslim and Christian, have, besides all the common superstitions, a great many peculiar to themselves, and more directly concerning their profession. These vary somewhat according to locality, but in the main are very similar all over the country. Before engaging in any important enterprise, a sheep is sacrificed by the assembled band, and a careful examination made of its entrails. Certain appearances these may present are construed as denoting the success of their plans, while others denote an attack by soldiers. If the marks or signs are interpreted as decidedly adverse, the hardiest band will abandon their project. Another favourite form of divination is by means of the shoulder-blade of a sheep or lamb. The thin bone is scraped clean and held up to the light, and the lights and shades exhibited on its surface are interpreted according to certain rules known to those who consult this augury.

On the occasion of a marriage which lately took place in Macedonia between the son of one brigand chief and the daughter of another, notice was sent to a village that the brigands intended to honour it by having the ceremony performed there. Promises of protection were made if the villagers maintained silence with regard to the intended visit, and dire threats of vengeance if they betrayed them to the Turkish authorities. On the appointed day the wedding party arrived, accompanied by a Greek priest, and the ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Orthodox Church. This concluded, the bands formed a circle round their chiefs. The latter then bared their left arms; an incision was made in each; the blood that flowed from them was allowed to mingle; and a solemn vow of brotherhood administered by the priest. Festivities of various kinds followed; sheep and goats were roasted, and the villagers invited to join the feast. Then, amid many mystic ceremonies, a sheep was sacrificed, and libations of wine were poured out. The customary auguries were drawn from the appearance of the intestines, and the villagers

were then informed that pursuit would be made after them ; but if the soldiers came to the village or market town the brigands would come to their rescue. Three days afterwards a detachment of soldiers, commanded by an officer, arrived and began to ill-treat and arrest the peasants, as is customary in such cases, besides demanding money from them. Signals were made to the brigands, who were not far off, and they shortly returned and attacked the soldiers, several of whom were killed.

On the formation of a new band, the attendance of a Muslim imam or Greek priest, or both, according to the creed and nationality of its members, is procured by fear or favour. Under his auspices a few drops of blood from the arm of each outlaw are mixed with flour and made into pills. As each man swallows this emblem of unity, he pronounces a solemn oath, confirmed by cross or sword, according to the faith he professes.

In some districts, when the death of a hostage has been decided upon, every member of the band deals a blow at the victim. If one fails to conform to this rule, he is expected to be killed in the first encounter with troops. But in other localities, one man is chosen to fill the office of executioner, and it is considered of the highest importance that one stroke of the curved sword used for the purpose should sever the head from the body of the captive.

When the brigands are desirous of possessing themselves of money or treasure they suspect to have been hidden out of their reach, they kill or mutilate the person supposed to have concealed it. A portion of his body is taken to some crafty old hag whose ostensible profession is the manufacture of tapers for religious ceremonies. The fat is extracted, and, mixed with wax or tallow, is made into a candle. Armed with this, the brigand commences his search, in the belief that the light of his taper will be extinguished when he approaches the spot where the treasure is secreted. This superstition accounts for the fingers of captives having been cut off even when they were not required to send to their friends to stimulate their zeal in procuring the ransom. One of the murderers of a family of seven persons was detected by his applying to have one of these candles made. The crime had been committed for the sake of plunder ; and, as the sum found in the house was smaller than the murderers had expected, recourse was had to supernatural aid to discover the remainder.

Almost every brigand wears an amulet. If a Greek, it is frequently an old copy, or a few pages, of the Gospels. "Cham," once a notorious but now a pardoned brigand, always attributed a serious

misfortune which befell him to his having laid his aside for a few minutes—a very old copy, which he carried in an elaborately chased silver case, suspended round his neck by a chain.

One of the most ghastly Greek superstitions is that of the *Vrykolokas*, or Vampire. It is customary to visit the grave of a deceased relation at the expiration of three years after burial, and ascertain if the body is decomposed. If this process has been performed to their satisfaction, the bones are collected and, after a further religious service, placed in a mortuary. But should this not be the case, the dead man is supposed to be possessed, and, in punishment of his known or unknown crime, walks the earth at night as a *Vrykoloka*. The Klephtic legends are full of this terrible spectre, and many of their songs tell of the midnight visits of murdered men to their oppressors and tyrants, heralded by the ghostly *kukuwaghia*, or owl of ill-omen. For though it is popularly supposed that this unrest after death is a consequence of an evil life, men also who have been the victims of a terrible wrong cannot lie quietly in their graves, but revisit the scenes of their woes.

An interesting custom is observed on St. John's Eve in the villages of Thessaly, called "Klithona." It is, however, as a rule, performed only in the family circle, and many people long resident in the country are ignorant of it. At sunset a large jar or bowl is filled with water and placed in the garden. Round it the family assemble, each with a leaf or flower, which he or she throws in. A wild dance and chant is kept up all the time. The jar is then covered with a linen cloth and the youngest of the party goes through the fictitious ceremony of "locking" it with the house-key. It is then carefully set aside until the following day at noon, when the party assemble for the "unlocking." The cloth is carefully removed, and each looks anxiously to see if his or her leaf or flower is floating on the water, as that foretells a long life, and an immersed leaf or flower an early death. A general sprinkling then ensues: the young people chase each other with glasses of water from the bowl, and consider a thorough drenching good luck. Singing is kept up all the time, and an occasional improvised couplet or two containing sly personal allusions add to the merriment.

In Macedonia the ceremony differs a little. Each person places a ring or some other small object in the jar, and they are withdrawn, one by one, by a girl who, before she dips her hand in, repeats some prophetic, complimentary, or depreciatory rhyme. Supper over, the bonfire is lighted before the gate; and, after taking down and casting into it the now faded garlands hung over the doors on May Day, the

young people leap through the flames, fully persuaded that "the fire of St. John will not burn them."

Many of the local superstitions take the form of offerings to the spirits of the earth, air, or water. A bride invariably drops her *obole* into the well before entering upon her household duties; and the village women, when going for water to the wells or springs in the woods, always carry with them some offering, if only a leaf or a flower. Pins are favourite gifts, and also bits of bright-coloured cotton. In many of the stone fountains are nooks, apparently destined for the reception of these gifts, and containing the accumulations of years.

When a vine is planted, a glass of wine is thrown in "for good luck." Wine spilt on the ground or the table is also considered a good omen. Oil, on the contrary, denotes the approach of evil.

A child, stunned by a fall, was picked up by an English lady, who brought him to consciousness by sprinkling water on his face. His mother came to claim him shortly afterwards, and, after assuring herself that no bones were broken, poured a pail of water on the spot where he had fallen, and added a handful of sugar, "to satisfy the demon."

Thunder is believed to be produced by the demons of the upper regions, and bells are rung during a storm to drive them away.

Saturday is considered an unlucky day on which to begin work of any kind, and equally unlucky to finish work upon.

No money must be paid on Monday, "or Saturday will find your purse empty."

On certain feast days a large cake, called a *pita*, is prepared; one is also made for the beggars, and to refuse a piece to any one who asks for it would bring down all manner of misfortune. A beggar is never sent away from the poorest door empty-handed. Even the poorest will give a few olives or an onion; and during the scarcity of food that was felt in Thessaly a few years ago it was no uncommon sight to see a beggar exchanging his surplus of bread for an apple or vegetable. At Smyrna, however, it is considered unlucky to give directly from one's table to the poor, as "yours may also be bare as theirs."

The almost universal superstition of the "evil eye" flourishes supreme in the East. Blue or grey eyes are supposed to possess the power of causing misfortune in a much greater degree than brown or black eyes, and it is not safe for any one with orbs of those colours to look intently at, or admire, anything. Sickness, death, loss of beauty, affection, and wealth are all ascribed to the evil eye having been cast

by some envious or malicious rival. To admire a child causes the greatest consternation to its mother, and the caps of infants are often decorated with coins or other bright objects to distract the attention of any evil eye they may chance to meet from the child. An expression of approval or admiration, even of the most trivial thing, is met with the entreaty *Μὴ τὸ ματιάζῃς*—"Don't give it the evil eye!" and two fingers are immediately pointed at the object or person in question, accompanied by the word *σκόροδον*—garlic. Indeed, garlic is considered a sovereign antidote against this malign power. It may be seen hung on any favourite object of furniture or ornament, or fastened to a horse's harness; over the door of a house, in company with the horseshoe; and tied to a broomstick in the corner of a room containing a new-born child, to counteract any laudatory remarks that may be made by ill-natured visitors. The infant of an English lady living at Smyrna was one day noticed to have lost its usual liveliness, and to have become fretful and uneasy, without any ostensible cause. The nurse, a Greek woman from Nicaria, attributed this to the evil eye, and begged her mistress to allow her to send for a compatriote known for her skill in such cases. The wise woman came. She spread a square of red cloth on a bed, undressed the baby, and laid it on this. A little pile of hemp was placed at each corner of the cloth, accompanied by sundry signs of the cross and other symbolic performances. The hemp was then lighted, and a series of gymnastic contortions performed with the child's limbs, in the midst of the fumes, interspersed with breathings and more crossings. It was then pronounced cured. It had undoubtedly recovered its wonted liveliness, and during the whole performance had crowed and laughed at the old *mayissa*.

A lady, watching the flight of a stork to his nest in a cypress-tree in the little town of Bournabat, near Smyrna, was suddenly assailed with a torrent of abuse from two Greeks who were passing on donkey-back, and who imagined themselves to be the objects of her attention. They anathematised "her grey eyes, that would cause them evil," with a fluency of vituperation of which a low-class Greek alone is capable.

The old proverb "A hair of the dog that bit you" is daily illustrated in Thessaly. Savage dogs, noted for their biting propensities, may be seen deprived of patches of hair cut from their shaggy coats, to cure the incisions made by their teeth—no other remedy being considered so efficacious.

THE NEW ABELARD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so! Give me thy hand, celestial; so!

Merry Wives of Windsor.

IT was the close of a bright sunshiny day in the spring of 18—. The sun was setting crimson on the lonely peak of the Zugspite in the heart of the Bavarian Highlands, and the shadows of the pine-woods which fringed the melancholy gorges beneath were lengthening towards the valleys.

Through one of these mountain gorges, following a rocky foot-path, a man was rapidly walking. He was roughly, almost rudely, dressed in a sort of tourist suit. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed felt hat of the shape frequently worn by clergymen, and in his hand he carried a staff like a shepherd's crook.

Scarcely looking to left or right, but hastening with impatient paces, he hurried onward less like a man hastening to some eagerly sought shelter than like one flying from some hated thing behind his back. His cheeks were pale and sunken, his eyes wild and sad. From time to time he slackened his speed, and looked wearily around him—up to the desolate sunlit peaks, down to the darkening valley with its green pastures, belts of woodland, and fields of growing corn.

But whichever way he looked, he seemed to find no joy in the prospect, indeed hardly to behold the thing he looked on, but to gaze through it and beyond it on some sorrowful portent.

Sometimes where the path became unusually steep and dangerous, he sprang from rock to rock with reckless haste, or when its thread was broken, as frequently happened by some brawling mountain

stream, he entered the torrent without hesitation, and passed recklessly across. Indeed, the man seemed utterly indifferent to physical conditions, but labouring rather under some spiritual possession, completely and literally realising in his person the words of the poet :—

His own mind did like a tempest strong
Come to him thus, and draw the weary weight along.

The wild scene was in complete harmony with his condition. It was still and desolate, no sound seeming to break its solemn silence ; but pausing and listening intently, one would in reality have become conscious of many sounds—the deep under-murmur of the mountain streams, the “sough” of the wind in the pine-woods, the faint tinkling of goat-bells from the distant valleys, the solitary cry of rock doves from the mountain caves.

The man was Ambrose Bradley.

Nearly a year had elapsed since his sad experience in Rome. Since that time he had wandered hither and thither like another Ahasuerus ; wishing for death, yet unable to die ; burthened with the terrible weight of his own sin and self-reproach, and finding no resting-place in all the world.

Long before, as the reader well knows, the man's faith in the supernatural had faded. He had refined away his creed till it had wasted away of its own inanity ; and when the hour of trial came, and he could have called upon it for consolation, he was horrified to find that it was a corpse, instead of a living thing. Then, in his horror and despair, he had clutched at the straw of spiritualism, only to sink lower and lower in the bitter waters of *Marah*. He found no hope for his soul, no foothold for his feet. He had, to use his own expression, lost the world.

It was now close upon night-time, and every moment the gorges along which he was passing grew darker and darker.

Through the red smokes of sunset one lustrous star was just becoming visible on the extremest peak of the mountain chain. But instead of walking faster, Bradley began to linger, and presently, coming to a gloomy chasm which seemed to make further progress dangerous, impossible, he halted and looked down. The trunk of an uprooted pine-tree lay close to the chasm's brink. After looking quietly round him, he sat down, pulled out a common wooden pipe, and began to smoke.

Presently he pulled out a letter bearing the Munich post-mark, and with a face as dark as night began to look it through. It was dated from London, and ran as follows :—

“Reform Club, *March 5, 18—*.”

“My dear Bradley,—Your brief note duly reached me, and I have duly carried out your wishes with regard to the affairs of the new church. I have also seen Sir George Craik, and found him more amenable to reason than I expected. Though he still regards you with the intensest animosity, he has sense enough to perceive that you are not directly responsible for the unhappy affair at Rome. His thoughts seem now chiefly bent on recovering his niece's property from the clutches of the Italian Jesuits, and in exposing the method by which they acquired such dominion over the unhappy lady's mind.

“But I will not speak of this further at present, knowing the anguish it must bring you. I will turn rather to the mere abstract matter of your letter, and frankly open my mind to you on the subject.

“What you say is very brief, but, from the manner in which it recurs in your correspondence, I am sure it represents the absorbing topic of your thoughts. Summed up in a few words, it affirms your conclusion that all human effort is impossible to a man in your position, where the belief in personal immortality is gone.

“Now, I need not go over the old ground, with which you are quite as familiar as myself. I will not remind you of the folly and the selfishness (from one point of view) of formulating a moral creed out of what, in reality, is merely the hereditary instinct of self-preservation. I will not repeat to you that it is nobler, after all, to live impersonally in the beautiful future of Humanity than to exist personally in a heaven of introspective dreams. But I should like, if you will permit me, to point out that this Death, this cessation of consciousness, which you dread so much, is not in itself an unmixed evil. True, just at present, in the sharpness of your bereavement, you see nothing but the shadow, and would eagerly follow into its oblivion the shape of her you mourn. But as every day passes, this desire to die will grow less keen; and ten years hence, perhaps, or twenty years, you will look back upon to-day's anguish with a calm, sweet sense of spiritual gain, and with a peaceful sense of the sufficiency of life. Then, perhaps, embracing a creed akin to ours, and having reached a period when the physical frame begins slowly, and without pain, to melt away, you will be quite content to accept—what shall I say?—Nirwâna.

“What I mean, my dear friend, is this, simply: that death is only evil when it comes painfully or prematurely; coming in the natural order of things, in the inevitable decay of Nature, it is by no means evil. And so much is this the case that, if you were to dis-

cover the consensus of opinion among the old, who are on the threshold of the grave, you would find the majority quite content that life should end for ever. Tired out with eighty or a hundred years of living, they gladly welcome sleep. It is otherwise, of course, with the victims of accidental disease or premature decay. But in the happy world to which we Positivists look forward, these victims would not exist.

“Day by day Science, which you despise too much, is enlarging the area of human health. Think what has been done, even within the last decade, to abolish both physical and social disease! Think what has yet to be done to make life freer, purer, safer, happier! I grant you the millennium of the Grand Être is still far off; but it is most surely coming, and we can all aid, more or less, that blessed consummation—not by idle wailing, by useless dreams, or by selfish striving after an impossible personal reward, but by duty punctually performed, by self-sacrifice cheerfully undergone, by daily and nightly endeavours to ameliorate the condition of Man.

“Men perish; Man is imperishable. Personal forms change; the great living personality abides. And the time must come at last when Man shall be as God, certain of his destiny, and knowing good and evil.

“‘A Job’s comforter!’ I seem to hear you cry. Well, after all, you must be your own physician.

No man can save another’s soul,
Or pay another’s debt!

But I wish that you, in your distracted wandering after certainty, would turn your thoughts *our* way, and try to understand what the great Founder of our system has done, and will do, for the human race. I am sure that the study would bring you comfort, late or soon.

“I am, as ever, my dear Bradley,
“Your friend and well-wisher,
“JOHN CHOLMONDELEY.

“P.S.—What are you doing in Munich? I hear of curious doings this year at Ober-Ammergau, where that ghastly business, the Passion Play, is once more in course of preparation.”

Bradley read this characteristic epistle with a gloomy frown, which changed before he had finished to a look of bitter contempt; and, as he read, he seemed once more conscious of the babble of literary club-land, and the affected jargon of the new creeds of the future.

Returning the letter to his pocket, he continued to smoke till it was almost too dark to see the wreaths of fume from his own pipe.

The night had completely fallen before he rose and proceeded on his way.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANOTHER OLD LETTER.

Love ! if thy destined sacrifice am I,
Come, slay thy victim, and prepare thy fires ;
Plunged in thy depths of mercy, let me die
The death which every soul that lives desires.

Madame Guyon.

“ I AM writing these lines in my bedroom in the house of the Widow Gran, in the village of Ober-Ammergau. They are the last you will receive from me for a long time ; perhaps the last I shall ever send you, for more and more, as each day advances, I feel that my business with the world is done.

“ What brought me hither I know not. I am sure it was with no direct intention of witnessing what so many deem a mere mummery or outrage on religion ; but after many wanderings hither and thither, I found myself in the neighbourhood, and, whether instinctively or of set purpose, approaching this lonely place.

“ As I have more than once told you, I have of late, ever since my past trouble, been subject to a kind of waking nightmare, in which all natural appearances have assumed a strange unreality, as of shapes seen in dreams ; and one characteristic of these seizures has been a curious sense within my own mind that, vivid as such appearances seemed, I should *remember* nothing of them on actually *awaking*. A wise physician would shake his head and murmur ‘ diseased cerebration ’ ; nor would his diagnosis of my condition be less gloomy, on learning that my physical powers remain unimpaired, and seem absolutely incapable of fatigue. I eat and drink little ; sleep less ; yet I have the strength of an athlete still, or so it seems.

“ I walked hither across the mountains, having no other shelter for several nights than the boughs of the pine-woods where I slept. The weather was far from warm, yet I felt no cold ; the paths were dangerous, yet no evil befell me. If I must speak the truth, I would gladly have perished—by cold, by accident, by any swift and sudden means.

“ But when a man thirsts and hungers for death, Death, in its

dull perversity, generally spares him. More than once, among these dizzy precipices and black ravines, I thought of suicide ; one step would have done it, one quick downward leap ; but I was spared that last degradation—indeed, I know not how.

“It was night time when I left the mountains, and came out upon the public road. The moon rose, pale and ghostly, dimly lighting my way.

“Full of my own miserable phantasy, I walked on for hours and descended at last to the outlying houses of a silent village, lying at the foot of a low chain of melancholy hills. All was still ; a thin white mist filled the air, floating upward from the valley, and forming thick vaporous clouds around the moon. Dimly I discerned the shadows of the houses, but in none of the windows was there any light.

“I stood hesitating, not knowing which way to direct my footsteps or at which cottage door to knock and seek shelter, and never, at any moment of my recent experience, was the sense of phantasy and unreality so full upon me. While I was thus hesitating I suddenly became conscious of the sound of voices coming from a small cottage situated on the roadside, and hitherto scarcely discernible in the darkness. Without hesitation I approached the door and knocked.

“Immediately the voices ceased, and the moment afterwards the door opened and a figure appeared on the threshold.

“If the sense of unreality had been strong before it now became paramount, for the figure I beheld wore a white priestly robe quaintly embroidered with gold, and a golden headdress or coronet upon his head. Nor was this all. The large apartment behind him—a kind of kitchen, with rude benches around the ingle—was lit by several lamps, and within it were clustered a fantastic group of figures in white tunics, plumed headdresses of Eastern device, and mantles of azure, crimson, and blue, which swept the ground.

“‘Who is there?’ said the form on the threshold in a deep voice, and speaking German in a strong Bavarian patois.

“I answered that I was an Englishman, and sought a night’s shelter.

“‘Come in!’ said the man, and thus invited I crossed the threshold.

“As the door closed behind me, I found myself in the large raftered chamber, surrounded on every side by curious faces. Scattered here and there about the room were rudely carved figures for the most part representing the Crucifixion, many of them unfinished,

and on a table near the window was a set of carver's tools. Rudely coloured pictures, all of biblical subjects, were placed here and there upon the walls, and over the fireplace hung a large Christ in ebony, coarsely carven.

"Courteously enough the fantastic group parted and made way for me, while one of the number, a woman, invited me to a seat beside the hearth.

"I sat down like one in a dream, and accosted the man who had invited me to enter.

"'What place is this?' I asked. 'I have been walking all night, and am doubtful where I am.'

"'You are at Ober-Ammergau!' was the reply.

"I could have laughed had my spirit been less oppressed. For now, my brain clearing, I began to understand what had befallen me. I remembered the Passion Play and all that I had read concerning it. The fantastic figures I beheld were those of some of the actors still attired in the tinsel robes they wore upon the stage.

"I asked if this was so, and was answered in the affirmative.

"'We begin the play to-morrow,' said the man who had first spoken. 'I am Johann Diener the *Chorführer*, and these are some of the members of our chorus. We are up late, you see, preparing for to-morrow, and trying on the new robes that have just been sent to us from Annheim. The pastor of the village was here till a few minutes ago, seeing all things justly ordered amongst us, and he would gladly have welcomed you, for he loves the English.'

"The man's speech was gentle, his manner kindly in the extreme, but I scarcely heeded him, although I knew now what the figures around me were—the merest supernumeraries and chorus-singers of a tawdry show. They seemed to me none the less ghostly and unreal—shadows acting in some grim farce of death.

"'Doubtless the gentleman is fatigued,' said a woman, addressing Johann Diener, 'and would wish to go to rest.'

"I nodded wearily. Diener, however, seemed in some perplexity.

"'It is not so easy,' he returned, 'to find the gentleman a shelter. As you all know, the village is overcrowded with strangers. However, if he will follow me, I will take him to Joseph Mair, and see what can be done.'

"I thanked him, and, without staying to alter his dress, he led the way to the door.

"We were soon out in the open street. Passing several *châlets*, Diener at last reached one standing a little way from the roadside, and knocked.

“ ‘Come in,’ cried a clear kind voice.

“ He opened the door and I followed him into an interior much resembling the one we had just quitted, but smaller, and more full of tokens of the woodcutter’s trade. The room was dimly lit by an oil lamp swinging from the ceiling. Seated close to the fireplace, with his back towards us, engaged in some handy-work, was a man.

“ As we entered the man rose and stood erect, looking towards us. I started in wonder, and uttered an involuntary cry.

“ It was Jesus Christ, Jesus the son of Joseph, in his habit as he lived.

“ I had no time, and indeed I lacked the power, to separate the true from the false in this singular manifestation. I saw before me, scarce believing what I saw, the Christ of History, clad as the shape is clad in the famous fresco of Leonardo, but looking at me with a face mobile, gentle, beautiful, benign. At the same moment I perceived, scarcely understanding its significance, the very crown of thorns, of which so many a martyr since has dreamed. It was lying on the coarse table close to a number of wood-carving tools, and close to it was a plate of some red pigment, with which it had recently been stained.

“ Johann Diener advanced.

“ ‘I am glad to find you up, Joseph. This English gentleman seeks shelter for the night, and I scarcely knew whither to take him.’

“ ‘You will not find a bed in the place,’ returned the other; and he continued addressing me. ‘Since this morning our little village has been overrun, and many strangers have to camp out in the open air. Never has Ober-Ammergau been so thronged.’

“ I scarcely listened to him; I was so lost in contemplation of the awful personality he represented.

“ ‘Who are you?’ I asked, gazing at him in amaze.

“ He smiled, and glanced down at his dress.

“ ‘I am Joseph Mair,’ he replied. ‘To-morrow I play the Christus, and as you came I was repairing some portion of the attire, which I have not worn for ten years past.’

“ Jesus of Nazareth! Joseph Mair! I understood all clearly now, but none the less did I tremble with a sickening sense of awe.

“ That night I remained in the house of Joseph Mair, sitting on a bench in the ingle, half dying, half dreaming, till daylight came. Mair himself soon left me, after having set before me some simple refreshment, of which I did not care to partake. Alone in that

chamber, I sat like a haunted man, almost credulous that I had seen the Christ indeed.

"I *have* seen him! I understand now all the piteous humble pageant! I have beheld the Master as He lived and died; not the creature of a poet's dream, not the Divine Ideal I pictured in my blind and shadowy creed; but Jesus who perished on Calvary, Jesus the Martyr of the World.

"All day long, from dawn to sunset, I sat in my place, watching the mysterious show. Words might faintly foreshadow to you what I beheld, but all words would fail to tell you what I felt; for never before, till these simple children of the mountains pictured it before me, had I realised the full sadness and rapture of that celestial Life. How faint, miserable, and unprofitable seemed my former creed, seen in the light of the tremendous reality foreshadowed on that stage, with the mountains closing behind it, the blue heaven bending tranquilly above it, the birds singing on the branches round about, the wind and sunshine shining over it and bringing thither all the gentle motion of the world. Now for the first time I conceived that the Divine Story was not a poet's dream, but a simple tale of sooth, a living experience which even the lowliest could understand and before which the highest and wisest must reverently bow.

"I seem to see your look of wonder, and hear your cry of pitying pain. Is the man mad, you ask? Is it possible that sorrow has so weakened his brain that he can be overcome by such a summer cloud as the *Passionspiel* of a few rude peasants—a piece of mummerly only worthy of a smile? Well, so it is, or seems. I tell you this 'poor show' has done for me what all intellectual and moral effort has failed to do—it has brought me face to face with the living God.

"This at least I know, that there is no *via media* between the full acceptance of Christ's miraculous life and death, and acquiescence in the stark materialism of the new creed of scientific experience, whose most potent word is the godless Nirwâna of Schopenhauer.

"Man cannot live by the shadowy gods of men—by the poetic spectre of a Divine Ideal, by the Christ of Fancy and of Poesy, by the Jesus of the dilettante, by the Messiah of a fairy tale. Such gods may do for happy hours; their ghostliness becomes apparent in times of spiritual despair and gloom.

"'Except a man be born again, he shall not enter the kingdom of Heaven!' I have heard these divine words from the lips of one who seemed the Lord himself; nay, who perchance *was* that very Lord, putting on again the likeness of a poor peasant's humanity, and

clothing himself with flesh as with a garment. I have seen and heard with a child's eyes, a child's ears; and even as a child I question no longer, but believe.

"*Mea culpa! mea culpa!* In the light of that piteous martyrdom I review the great sin of my life; but out of sin and its penalty has come transfiguration. I know now that my beloved one was taken from me in mercy, that I might follow in penitence and live. Patience, my darling, for I shall come;—God grant that it may be soon!"

CONCLUSION.

The following letter, written in the summer of 18—, by John Cholmondeley to Sir George Craik, contains all that remains to be told concerning the fate of Ambrose Bradley, sometime minister of Olney, and a seceder from the Church of England:—

"My dear Sir,—You will remember our conversation, when we last met in London, concerning that friend of mine with whose fortunes those of your lamented niece have been unhappily interwoven. Your language was then sufficiently bitter and unforgiving. Perhaps you will think more gently on the subject when you hear the news I have now to convey to you. The Rev. Ambrose Bradley died a fortnight ago, at Ober-Ammergau, in the Bavarian highlands.

"From time to time, during his wanderings in the course of the past year, we had been in correspondence; for, indeed, I was about the only friend in the world with whom he was on terms of close intimacy. Ever since the disappearance of Miss Craik his sufferings had been most acute; and my own impression is that his intellect was permanently weakened. But that, perhaps, is neither here nor there.

"Some ten days ago I received a communication from the village priest of Ober-Ammergau, informing me that an Englishman had died very suddenly and mysteriously in the village, and that the only clue to his friends and connexions was a long letter found upon his person, addressed to me, at my residence in the Temple. I immediately hastened over to Germany, and found, as I had anticipated, that the corpse was that of my poor friend. It was lying ready for interment in the cottage of Joseph Mair, a wood-carver, and a leading actor in the Passion Play.

"I found, on inquiry, that Mr. Bradley had been in the village for several weeks, lodging at Mair's cottage, and dividing his time between constant attendance at the theatre, whenever the Passion Play was represented, and long pedestrian excursions among the

mountains. He was strangely taciturn, indifferent to ordinary comforts, eating little or nothing, and scarcely sleeping. So at least the man Mair informed me, adding that he was very gentle and harmless, and to all intents and purposes perfectly sane.

“Last Sunday week he attended the theatre as usual. That night he did not return to the cottage of his host. Early next morning, Joseph Mair, on going down to the theatre with his tools, to do some carpenter's work upon the stage, found the dead body of a man there, lying on his face, with his arms clasped around the mimic cross ; and turning the dead face up to the morning light, he recognised my poor friend.

“That is all I have to tell you. His death, like his life, was a sad affair. I followed him to his grave in the little burial-place of Ober-Ammergau—where he rests in peace. I am, &c.,

“JOHN CHOLMONDELEY.

“Judging from some talk I had before leaving with the village priest, a worthy old fellow who knew him well, I believe poor Bradley died in full belief of the Christian faith ; but as I have already hinted to you, his intellect, for a long time before his death, was greatly weakened. Take him for all in all, he was one of the best men I ever knew, and might have been happy but for the unfortunate ‘set’ of his mind towards retrograde superstitions.”

The End.

SCIENCE NOTES.

HAVE THE SOLAR ENERGIES BEEN RECENTLY AUGMENTED?

MY reply to this is as decided an affirmation as such a question permits. The great comet of 1882, with a nucleus very much larger than our globe, and surrounded by a coma large enough to envelop a few hundred of such worlds, actually struck the sun, not point blank, but obliquely, and in such wise that a large amount of its coma must have commingled with the solar atmosphere. The nucleus of the comet was afterwards seen to have been broken into at least three pieces, just in the manner that it should break had one side of it been retarded in its flight by some external resistance; not by a blow of solid to solid, but by the frictional resistance produced by a one-sided brush through atmospheric matter.

This could not have happened without a generation of some degree of heat, even if that were all; but it is very improbable, or even impossible, that it was all. Though we know but little of the material of which comets are composed, we do know very positively that such material gravitates;—however flimsy it may be, it travels through space as a mass of metal would do under similar circumstances.

This being the case, some of the outer material of the coma of that comet must have been so much retarded in its collision with the sun's corona as to have been unable to follow the bulk of the comet, and must have joined the sun.

I say "joined the sun" rather than fallen into it, because the retention of some of the comet's original motion would cause such fall to be effected by a curvilinear path of greater or lesser magnitude, amounting in the case of some portions to a complete orbit, which returning always to its starting-place would there suffer renewed retardation, and thus bring the matter in question down to the sun by a spiral course that might be of considerable duration. It appears to me very probable that some of the fragments of that comet are now wheeling round the sun, and contributing to the material of the coronal streams, especially of those which at the last eclipse displayed such curious elliptic or parabolic outlines.

It is now pretty well established that the orbits of great comets are peopled with shoals of comet-fry or comet-spawn; a sort of trail or residuum of humble followers in the path of the monster. We encounter them as shooting stars whenever our earth rushes across the zones of known cometary orbits.

Such bodies probably followed the great comet of 1882—are probably following him still, and striking the solar corona as he did—but on account of their smallness are more influenced than he was by the retarding action of its resistance. Therefore they should ever since have been raining into the sun, and are doing so now, thus gradually adding to the normal “solary fuel” and supplying us with the consequences described in the preceding note.¹

This explanation of the recent meteoric phenomena would be fairly satisfactory but for something else, which is the theme of my next and concluding note on this subject.

CRIMSON FOGS.

BETWEEN Stonebridge Park, where I reside, and Kilburn there is a stretch of nearly three miles of open country, the horizon of which is muffled in a thick mantle of London smoke that is gloomy during the day and luminous at night.

Formerly this luminosity was grey with a brownish tint; latterly, *i.e.* during the last ten or twelve months, it has reddened more and more, and now has frequently a rich crimson colour, best seen on Saturday nights when the shops of Paddington and thereabouts are in full blaze of gas-light.

I have recently observed the same lurid crimson tint covering the whole of the heavens and reaching down to the surface of the earth, the lower extension being shown by the gas-lights when looking horizontally along a street.

This extension has been displayed during the misty weather that has so abundantly prevailed of late. It is well displayed about an hour after sunset, and continues more or less up to midnight, beyond which time my observations have not extended.

It was very remarkable about Christmas time. I find in my diary the following entries: “December 25th, crimson fog. 26th, Crimson fog morning and evening, and shown by gas-lights. 27th, Crimson fog with drizzle, same as 25th and 26th. Warm. Wind, S.W. to W.”

¹ This and the following note were written about the middle of January for publication in the February number, but were crowded out. They should be read in sequence with the February notes.

Another occasion similarly noted was Sunday evening, January 13th, when I was visiting my friend Mr. Ranyard. I pointed it out to him. The glow extended along Hunter Street in both directions from his door, and was seen overhead from his garden and observatory. In "Knowledge," January 4, is a letter from Captain Noble, a trained astronomical observer, who writes from Maresfield, Uckfield, as follows: "Did any of my fellow-readers of 'Knowledge' witness the sunset of Christmas Day? I ask because here, in Sussex, the dense pall of fog, which obscured everything, turned of a distinct crimson at and after the time at which the visible sun would have been setting, and long after dark the fog was markedly red. This last effect was very weird and 'uncanny.' I can only imagine that the after-glow must have been vivid in the extreme to have penetrated such dense mist as blotted out our landscape here."

In this it is evident that Captain Noble regards the crimson fog as a transmission or reflection of the upper glow. If such were the case, my theory, ascribing it all to abnormal solar activity supplying an excess of aqueous vapour in the upper atmosphere, would be satisfied, but my own observations on the continuance of the "uncanny" tint up to midnight, and its production by gas-light, indicate that whatever be its atmospheric source, that material descends to earth-level.

It is true that on all these occasions of crimson fog the air has been supersaturated with aqueous vapour, as shown by the drizzle then prevailing, and the hanging drops on all the tree-twigs next morning; but I have seen similar supersaturation, similar mists, and similar drizzle a few hundred times before, without observing the crimson.

Can it be a case of "eyes and no eyes"? Has the crimson always been there under like circumstances, but I have only seen it lately since my attention has been specially directed to such phenomena? This question will be answered in the affirmative if others have seen these crimson fogs displayed by gas-light at other and much earlier dates when the air has been similarly saturated.

If they have, then an excess of aqueous vapour may account for all, and the theory of abnormal solar activity which I have propounded above may be correct.

For its final settlement, its ignominious extinction or triumphant confirmation, I have only to wait a while. If it is correct, the whole world will enjoy milder winters than usual; this enjoyment tempered, however, by much humidity, and in many places deep snowfalls. The great rivers that are fed by snow-fields will be unusually swollen

in the spring. Summer nights will everywhere be hotter, and summer days more oppressive, as described by a term of which I cannot define the etymology, "muggy." Ferns will flourish and foliage generally will be abnormally luxurious. Arid regions, notably that of Thibet and the rest of the great table-land deserts of Central Asia, will reap great benefit, and their cul-de-sac lakes will be enlarged. The general rainfall may not be greatly increased, so long as the solar activity continues increasing, but the prevalence of mist will be augmented. I might add more prophetic details, but these will suffice for the present.

If nothing of the kind occurs and our atmosphere conducts its business as usual, the comet of 1882 and its followers have not done, in any perceptible degree, the work that I have attributed to them.

THE HEATING OF SOILS BY RAIN,

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Leicester asking for further explanation of my January note on this subject. His main question is whether in the wetting of soils there is any distinct chemical action between the water and the mineral and organic matter of which the soil is composed, and, if not, whence comes the heat?

My reply is that such chemical action may occur, especially with the organic constituents, but the action referred to is independent of this. It is simply due to the adhesion of the liquid to the solid, which adhesion is accompanied by more or less condensation.

The modern theoretical conception of such action is that an attractive energy operates between the two bodies effecting their close contact; that the motion generated by this force is arrested when the contact is completed, and this arrested mechanical or molar motion (*i.e.* motion of mass) is converted into molecular motion or heat; the whole action being analogous to what occurs when gravitation acts instead of adhesion, and the fall of a body is arrested, and heat generated by the consequent collision.

The reality of adhesive energy may easily be demonstrated by simply bringing the bottom of a balanced scale-pan in contact with water (greasiness having been removed by cleaning with soda or other alkali), and then gradually pouring shot into the other scale. A considerable force—measured by the weight of the shots—will be required to detach the scale from the water, and even then it will be the *cohesion* of the water itself, not the *adhesion* of the scale to the water, that yields, as will be proved by the lifting of some of the

water by the scale, and the fracture of the neck of water at some distance from the solid surface.

The adhesion of a gas to a solid is strikingly shown by blackening a card or piece of metal by holding it over a candle-flame ; then (when cooled) immersing the blackened substance in water. The film of air will remain under water in spite of its ordinary buoyancy, and the card or metal will come out quite dry.

Air being absolutely opaque and a perfect reflector of light when viewed with sufficient obliquity through a medium denser than itself, this film when thus viewed under water appears like polished silver, and the soot below it is perfectly invisible through it.

This is an experiment that I devised many years ago for illustrating the optical phenomena of total reflection to my classes in Birmingham. When I have more note-space than at present I will show my readers how by its means to imitate the mirage of the desert and other allied phenomena.

THE FORMATION OF LIMESTONE ROCKS.

ANOTHER correspondent, who writes with an amusing assumption of knowing all about it, is very severe upon my illustration in last December's notes of the mode of formation of limestone rocks by the experiment of blowing through a tube into lime water, and thereby precipitating carbonate of lime ; and my statement on page 610, that "most of the limestone rocks have been formed by chemical action *nearly resembling* this precipitation." As the subject is of considerable intrinsic interest, I will explain it more fully. The critical correspondent says that "no one who has any practical acquaintance with field geology can have failed to observe that a large number of limestones are made up of corals, shells, and other marine organisms." So far he is right enough, but is evidently unable to proceed further, or he would have perceived that my illustration referred directly to rocks thus formed by marine animals.

These animals, like ourselves, exhale carbonic acid. In the experiment I described, the carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs was selected for convenience, but the skin exhales this gas as well as the lungs. Abernethy estimates the quantity exhaled from the skin of a full-grown man at 412 cubic inches per 24 hours. In the lower animals, where "differentiation" of function is carried out to a much smaller extent, or, otherwise expressed, where there is less division of organic labour, the skin does a larger proportion of respiration and excretion ; and thus from the surface of such animals not only

carbonic acid, but other products of organic waste—such as urea, ammonia, &c., are freely exhaled.

In my illustrative experiment, the carbonate of lime was precipitated by the carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs only, but it might be modified so as to obtain such a precipitation by the exhalations of the skin, especially of the skin of the feet of some people, who might effect a deposit of limestone from sea water merely by immersing their feet in it.

Now the shells of molluscs, the framework of corals, of serpulæ, &c., are composed of limestone deposited by the chemical action of respiratory exhalations from the skin surface, the gills, or other respiratory and excretory organs.

Taking a familiar example, such as an oyster, mussel, cockle, or other bivalve, we find the animal covered with an enveloping membrane or skin, which has been named the *mantle*. This mantle terminates in a beautiful ciliated fringe of delicate gills—the beard. The shell grows in area by a deposition or precipitation of carbonate of lime just where the mantle ends and the gills begin—“the fringed circumference of the mantle” (Rymer Jones), *i.e.* just where respiration and excretion are most active. It thickens by a slower deposition of denser pearly carbonate over the general surface of the mantle.

The formation of the tubes of serpulæ, which I have often watched in a small aquarium, is similar. Rings of limestone are deposited just at the base of the beautiful fan of respiratory fringes, the new growth being distinguishable by their lighter colour when the animal is in captivity.

It is true that the whole chemistry of this precipitation from sea water is not yet fully demonstrated, but I am not stepping far into regions of speculation in supposing that carbonate of ammonia is the precipitating agent in all these cases. A cubic foot of sea water contains about $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of lime salts, precipitable as carbonate by carbonate of ammonia.

The formation of the more ancient limestones, those which preceded all these animals, shall form the subject of a future note, in which I will endeavour to summarise the very interesting conclusions of Dr. Sterry Hunt concerning the origin of the enormous supplies of carbonic acid, the action of which must have been chemically identical with that of the breath in the alkaline solution I described.

THE ARTIFICIAL LIGHT OF THE FUTURE.

MY note on this subject last July was preceded by one on the researches of Professor Radziszewski. I learn now that he has actually separated the luminous matter of the *Pelagia noctiluca*, one of the multitude of species of marine animals that appear like little lumps of jelly and produce the phosphorescence of the sea.

He evaporated to dryness 180 specimens, and from the dry residue dissolved out by means of ether a peculiar kind of fat, which, mixed with potassa, gives out when shaken phosphorescent flashes. This is exactly what happens to the living animal. When quiescent it is not luminous, but if shaken or rubbed it flashes.

I have collected and examined a great variety of these animals at different times; the most remarkable occasion being one morning after a magnificent display of marine luminosity in the Mediterranean, a few miles off the shore of Algiers. The surface of the sea was encrusted, I might almost say, with countless millions of small jelly-like creatures of spherical, ovoid, oblong, dumb-bell, and other shapes, varying in size from a mustard seed to a pea; a bucketful of water taken over the ship's side appeared like sago broth. They were all internally dotted with a multitude of what I suppose to be germs, that would be liberated on the death and decay of the parent.

The practical importance which I attach to the study of the luminosity of these creatures is the fact that they supply light without heat. The costliness of all our present methods of artificial illumination is due to the fact that we waste a largely disproportionate amount of energy in producing heat as well as light. This wastefulness may be illustrated by supposing that we obtain a pound of the phosphorescent fat of the noctiluca and divide it into two equal halves, making one half into candles to burn in the ordinary manner, and using the other half to give out its light by cold phosphorescence.

I am not able to give precise figures, but believe that I am well within the truth in estimating that the candle would dissipate 95 per cent. of the potential energy of the fat in the form of heat, giving out but 5 per cent. of the amount of light that the other half-pound would emit as cool phosphorescence.

Let us, then, hope that Professor Radziszewski will continue his researches, and discover the whole secret of both the analysis and synthesis of this fat, and that of the glowworms, the fireflies, &c. Now that we can supply the confectioner with the flavours of almonds, raspberries, jargonel pears, nectarines, &c., and imitate the perfumes and the richest colours of nature's sweetest and brightest flowers, all

by the chemical manipulation of coal tar, we need not despair of solving the chemical problem of transforming mutton suet, or palm oil, or vaseline, into glowworm or noctiluca fat, to be used as suggested in my previous note on this subject.

AN ARCTIC MYSTERY.

BARON NORDENSKJÖLD, in the narrative of his recent expedition, describes a marine luminosity that he regards as totally distinct from the ordinary phosphorescence. Steaming down the narrow fjord of Julianehaab in pitch darkness and perfect calm, he suddenly saw behind the vessel a broad but clearly defined band of light on the surface of the sea. The light was yellowish and steady, and in spite of the speed of the vessel—four to six knots—it came nearer and nearer, and when it reached the ship it seemed, says the Baron, “as though we were steaming through a sea of fire or molten metal.” He adds that “it was beyond doubt of a different nature to the bluish-white phosphorescent light which, throughout its appearance, was seen distinctly in our wake, and as it was perfectly steady it cannot have been caused by the phosphorescence of a passing shoal of fish.” The sea was calm throughout, with no indication of disturbance, and there was no aurora visible.

The “Sophia” steamed through this fiery sea for fifteen minutes, and then the luminous belt passed away ahead of the vessel. Nordenskjöld adds that “maybe it was a phenomenon such as this which made Lig Lodin, of the Greenland Saga, relate to King Harald Sigurdson that he had once sailed over a spot where the sea was on fire.” No explanation is offered. The only one that I can suggest is the possibility of a migrating shoal of deep-sea fish, such as cod or halibut. I have found codfish so abundant at the mouth of an arctic fjord that a line with one double hook, dropped to a depth of about 20 feet and jerked a few times, brought up big fish hooked foul, without the aid of any bait whatever. At this depth no agitation would be visible, and the intervening water might modify the colour of the light as seen on the surface.

DUTCH RUSH.

MANY years ago, when the electrotype process was a novelty, I devoted a considerable amount of time and attention to the reproduction of medallions and other plaster casts in copper, by electro deposition. This brought me in contact with many of those

worthy and industrious immigrants from *Bagni di Lucca* (between Lucca and Pisa) who form a large section of the Italian colony of Leather Lane and its surroundings. These Lucchesi are the image-makers and image-sellers, and general workers in plaster of Paris.

Among other useful lessons I learned from them was the use of the so-called Dutch rushes, which are the dried stems of one of the most abundant species of the equisetum (*equisetum hyemale*), or "horse-tail," which grows on wet ground in this country and Holland. It is well known to practical agriculturists as a tell-tale, indicating want of drainage.

Plaster casts are made by pouring plaster of Paris, mixed to a creamy consistence with water, into a mould made of many pieces, which pieces are again held together in an outer or "case mould" of two or three pieces. When the mould is removed piece by piece the ridges stand up on the cast where the plaster has flowed between these pieces. These ridges are removed by rubbing them obliquely with the surface of the stem of the dried equisetum. It cuts away the plaster as rapidly as a file, but without leaving any visible file marks. The surface left is much smoother than from fine emery or glass-paper, and the rush does not clog nearly so fast as the paper.

In order to find the explanation of this I carefully burned some small pieces of the equisetum stem, mounted the unbroken ash on microscope slides with Canada balsam, and examined its structure. This displayed a flinty cuticle, a scale armour made up of plates of silica, each plate interlocking with its neighbours by means of beautifully regular angular teeth, forming myriads of microscopic saw blades, which become loosened from each other and crumpled up in drying, and thus present their teeth obliquely to the surface. These teeth supply the image-maker with a file of exquisite fineness, and harder than the best Sheffield steel. Their comparative freedom from clogging I think must be due to their loose aggregation while held by the dried and shrivelled woody tissue of the sub-cuticle.

This natural file is used for other purposes, such as the polishing of ivory, hard woods, and metal, but is only understood in certain obscure industrial corners.

I here commend it to the attention of my readers, because I have just discovered a new use for it. Like many others I have been occasionally troubled by minute irregularities of the teeth lacerating the tongue, and producing small ulcerations which, I am told, are dangerous to those who have passed middle age, being provocative of cancer. A friendly dentist has ground down the offending projections with his emery wheel, and thus supplied relief. But in course

of time other sharp angles have stood forth, but so trivial that I felt ashamed of visiting the torture chamber for their removal. I tried emery paper, but it was ineffectual and unpleasant, as the emery rubbed off. Then I tried the Dutch rush, rubbing its surface cross-wise and obliquely against the offending angles. The success was complete, both grinding down and smoothing being effected by one and the same operation.

LORD BROUGHAM ON INSTINCT, &c.

TURNING over some of my old books I came upon one that was given to me by a kind friend when I was a good boy. It is one of the good books of the period, entitled "Dissertations on Subjects of Science connected with Natural Theology," by Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S.; in two volumes. (Published in 1839 in connection with the Bridgewater Treatises: "Science diluted with Bridgewater.")

The student of modern science who is impressed with the deeper reverence that such study inspires may, in spite of the Bridgewater, read Brougham's dissertations without any shock to his veneration, such as he so continually encounters in the writings and discourses of professional theologians, who patronise their Creator by praising Him for the excellent manner in which He has fitted together the bones of the skeleton, and for His perfect workmanship in the general structure of the Universe; who kindly take the Deity under their protection, and zealously defend Him against the assaults of His enemies.

The first volume, devoted to the subject of Instinct, supplies much interesting, and I think instructive, reading to present-day students of biological science. Being pre-Darwinian it is, of course, free from the special and blundering polemics of Darwin's assailants, but, at the same time, offers, I think, a sound corrective to some of Darwin's disciples who, in accordance with a very general law of intellectual evolution, have far out-darwined Darwin by accounting without hesitation for all the peculiarities of structure and habit in plants and animals by the inheritance of freely invented ancestral habits.

A dog wags his tail without obtaining thereby any present material benefit; therefore, the development of the wagging muscles and the wagging habits must be the survival of a habit whereby his ancestors obtained some advantage over their rivals in the struggle for existence. If the explanation only fits the facts, the theory is regarded, like the imaginary ethers and inter-molecular atmospheres

of the ultra-physical mathematician, as demanding no direct evidence of its reality. As it is just possible to carry these speculations a little too far, Brougham's dialogues presenting other views of the subject supply some wholesome reading.

When space permits, I will return to some other interesting features of these dissertations, but, in the meantime, I cannot refrain from expressing my conviction that the scientific attainments and scientific work of the great man who wrote them are not sufficiently appreciated at the present time. His more popular reputation as a lawyer, orator, and statesman seems to have so much dazzled his admirers as to render them unable to see his scientific merits.

The subjects in the second volume are : "The Origin of Evil," "The Doctrine of Ubiquity," "Note upon the Resurrection," "Note on the *Vis Medicatrix*," "Cuvier's Researches on Fossil Osteology," "The Labours of Cuvier's Successors," and "A Popular Abstract of Newton's *Principia*."

Outside of these volumes I may name the many admirable, yet almost forgotten, contributions of Lord Brougham to the "Library of Useful Knowledge" and the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge." If I am not mistaken, "The Penny Cyclopædia" and "Penny Magazine" contain several minor products of his versatile pen. All of them are models of literary composition.

W. MATHIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

THE TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS.

SOMETHING may be said in favour of the recommendation of Mr. Howard Vincent that we should show mercy to young criminals and to those who have taken a first timid step in crime. The present plan of placing the young offender in close association with past masters in the art of crime works deplorably, and is, indeed, a hopeless piece of folly. Let us, whenever it is possible, leave the gate of reformation ajar, that one who, after the first downward step, repents, may be able to re-enter the house of honour. May we not, however, reconcile with this mercy to the acolyte in crime the sharpest dealings with those who are high up in its hierarchy? At the present moment the majority of such offences as garotte robbery, burglary, and the like are committed by men whom the police know—men whose boast it is that they never did a day's honest work in their lives. What reason is there why beings of this stamp—absolute pests of society—should not be told that their next offence will be their last—given to understand that when once more they are convicted the prison doors will shut upon them for ever? That strange and indefinable thing spoken of as public opinion seems to see some hardship in this course. Yet, of the individuals who constitute public opinion, I never met with one who held such views, or who regarded with anything except satisfaction the plan of getting rid, by some measure, of confirmed and hopeless criminals. The sole objection that presents itself to me—the expense—is easily surmounted. Professed thieves live, one way or another, upon the public. It is surely cheaper to keep them in gaol, and compel them to work, than to allow them to squander in vice the products of their constant raids upon the public. According to the showing of Mr. Howard Vincent, sixty offenders out of one hundred are detected and brought to justice, and about seventy-five per cent of these are convicted. Rather less than half our criminals pay, then, the penalty of their crimes. This is far from satisfactory; but the state of affairs is, I suppose, no better in any other country.

BOOK-BUYERS.

THE reading class, according to Mr. Freeman, is larger in the United States than it is in England. To this may probably be attributed the fact that in books dealing popularly with bibliographical subjects our transatlantic kinsmen take the lead. A work like "The Library" of Mr. Lang frees us from the reproach of leaving the subject untouched. Mr. Lang's admirable treatise is, however, better calculated to delight the bibliophile than to teach the love of books to those in whom it is not implanted. No long time has elapsed since I drew attention to the fact that in a cultivated English house the place assigned to books is contemptible. Irony keener than is supplied by comparing the space devoted to bookshelves with that assigned to any form of art is not easily conceivable. An eminent English mathematician is reported to have expressed his astonishment when he heard of two young American ladies having gone out to purchase books, in the words: "Buy books! In England nobody buys a book!" Without being absolutely true, this assertion is unpleasantly near the truth. Our system of reading books in clubs, or borrowing them from circulating libraries, is fatal to close reading. It may almost be maintained that no man who reads thoroughly a book will be content to part with it. He knows where every thought or description that has moved him is to be found; the volume opens of itself at his favourite passages, and his pencil-marks on the blank leaf at the end help his memory when it is at fault. A volume called "The Home Library," included in an American series known as Appleton's Home Books, shows that the value of books is beginning to be felt in America. It might with advantage be circulated in England. In this the opinions I have uttered, with the brevity indispensable to *Table Talk*, are expanded, and a volume is given to the world likely to be of service to the budding bibliophile, and to shame those who have failed hitherto to regard the possession of books as indispensable to refinement and culture.

AMERICAN VIEWS ON THE FORMATION OF A LIBRARY.

IN one section the book to which I have referred would need revision before it could be thoroughly suited to the English public. The list of indispensable books it supplies is conventional and American. The opening words of this section are, "After the Bible, the most important book in a library and the first to be bought is a dictionary." It then proceeds to decide on the

relative value of Webster and Worcester. Next, before any mention of a Shakespeare, comes an Atlas and then an Encyclopædia. Then follow books of reference, such as "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates," "Bartlett's Dictionary of Familiar Quotations" (described rather rashly as "a model work"), "Cruden's Concordance," Mrs. Cowden Clarke's "Concordance to Shakespeare," "Wheeler's Noted Names of Fiction," and others, including "Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," and "Men of the Time." Wretchedly inadequate is the entire list, many of the books which experience has proved to be most useful being altogether omitted. Coming to books to be read the order is first "Shakespeare," next a good History of the United States, then "Dana's Household Book of Poetry," and fourth, a History of England. I cannot follow out a list that becomes more and more American as it proceeds, but "A Household Book of Poetry" strikes me as utterly futile in a library as distinguished from "a few books." In the appendix appears a list of authors whose works should form the "Home Library." About one hundred and seventy names in all are given, and among those one hundred and seventy great names of the world are : Young, Whittier, N. P. Willis, Walt Whitman, Edwin Percy Whipple, Isaac Watts, C. D. Warner, Henry Vaughan (the Silurist), Trowbridge, Timrod, Thoreau, Bayard Taylor, R. H. Stoddard, Stedman, Philip Smith, J. G. Saxe, Francis Parkman, Miss Muloch (Mrs. Craik), D. G. Mitchell, J. B. McMaster, Joseph Le Conte, J. G. Holland, T. W. Higginson, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and J. R. Drake. To see some of these names on a list claiming to be comprehensive, yet omitting all mention of Victor Hugo, Balzac, Erasmus, Rabelais, Calderon, Lamartine, Sismondi, the Schlegels, the Humboldts, and scores of others, is a little surprising. Foreign authors, it must be premised, are inserted, such names as Heine, Montesquieu, Plutarch, Herodotus, Lessing, Michelet, &c., figuring in the list.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1884.

PHILISTIA.

BY CECIL POWER.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WOMEN OF THE LAND.

“**M**R. LE BRETON ! Mr. Le Breton ! Papa says Lynmouth may go out trout-fishing with him this afternoon. Come up with me to the Clatter. I'm going to sketch there.”

“Very well, Lady Hilda ; if you want my criticism, I don't mind if I do. Let me carry your things ; it's rather a pull up, even for you, with your box and easel !”

Hilda gave him her sketch-book and colours, and they turned together up the cleave behind the Castle.

A Clatter is a peculiar Devonshire feature, composed of long loose tumbled granite blocks piled in wild disorder along the narrow summit of a saddle-backed hill. It differs from a tor in being less high and castellated, as well as in its longer and narrower contour. Ernest and Hilda followed the rough path up through the gorse and heather to the top of the ridge, and then scrambled over the grey lichen-covered rocks together to the big logan-stone whose evenly-poised and tilted mass crowned the actual summit. The granite blocks were very high and rather slippery in places, for it was rainy April weather, so that Ernest had to take his companion's hand more than once in his to help her over the tallest boulders. It was a small delicate hand, though Hilda was a tall well-grown woman ; ungloved, too, for the sake of the sketching ; and Hilda didn't seem by any means unwilling to accept Ernest's proffered help, though if it had been Lord Connemara who was with her instead, she would have scorned assistance, and scaled the great mossy masses by herself like a mountain antelope. *Light-footed and lithe of limb was Lady Hilda,*

as befitted a Devonshire lass accustomed to following the Exmoor stag-hounds across their wild country on her own hunter. Yet she seemed to find a great deal of difficulty in clambering up the Clatter on that particular April morning, and more than once Ernest half fancied to himself that she leaned on his arm longer than was absolutely necessary for support or assistance over the stiffest places.

"Here, by the logan, Mr. Le Breton," she said, motioning him where to put her camp-stool and papers. "That's a good point of view for the rocks yonder. You can lie down on the rug and give me the benefit of your advice and assistance."

"My advice is not worth taking," said Ernest. "I'm a regular duffer at painting and sketching. You should ask Lord Connemara. He knows all about art and that sort of thing."

"Lord Connemara!" echoed Hilda contemptuously. "He has a lot of pictures in his gallery at home, and he's been told by sensible men what's the right thing for him to say about them; but he knows no more about art, really, than he knows about fiddlesticks."

"Doesn't he, indeed?" Ernest answered languidly, not feeling any burning desire to discuss Lord Connemara's artistic attainments or deficiencies.

"No, he doesn't," Hilda went on, rather defiantly, as though Ernest had been Lady Exmoor; "and most of these people that come here don't either. They have galleries, and they get artists and people who understand about pictures to talk with them, and so they learn what's considered the proper thing to say of each of them. But as to saying anything spontaneous or original of their own about a picture or any other earthly thing—why, you know, Mr. Le Breton, they couldn't possibly do it to save their lives."

"Well, there I should think you do them, as a class, a great injustice," said Ernest, quietly; "you're evidently prejudiced against your own people. I should think that if there's any subject on which our old families really do know anything, it's art. Look at their great advantages."

"Nonsense," Hilda answered, decisively. "Fiddlesticks for their advantages. What's the good of advantages without a head on your shoulders, I should like to know. And they haven't got heads on their shoulders, Mr. Le Breton; you know they haven't."

"Why, surely," said Ernest, in his simple fashion, looking the question straight in the face as a matter of abstract truth, "there must be a great deal of ability among peers and peers' sons. All *history shows it*; and it would be absurd if it weren't so; for the

mass of peers have got their peerages by conspicuous abilities of one sort or another, as barristers, or soldiers, or politicians, or diplomatists, and they would naturally hand on their powers to their different descendants."

"Oh, yes, there are some of them with brains, I suppose," Hilda answered, as one who makes a great concession. "There's Herbert Alderney, who's member for somewhere or other—Church Stretton, I think—and makes speeches in the House; he's clever, they say, but such a conceited fellow to talk to. And there's Wilfrid Faunthorp, who writes poems, and gets them printed in the magazines, too, because he knows the editors. And there's Randolph Hastings, who goes in for painting, and has little red and blue daubs at the Grosvenor by special invitation of the director. But somehow they none of them strike me as being really original. Whenever I meet anybody worth talking to anywhere—in a railway train or so on—I feel sure at once he's an ordinary commoner, not even Honourable; and he is invariably, you may depend upon it."

"That would naturally happen on the average of instances," Ernest put in, smiling, "considering the relative frequency of peers and commoners in this realm of England. Peers, you know, or even Honourables are not common objects of the country, numerically speaking."

"They are to me, unfortunately," Hilda replied, looking at him inquiringly. "I hardly ever meet anybody else, you know, and I'm positively bored to death by them, and that's the truth, really. It's most unlucky, under the circumstances, that I should happen to be the daughter of one peer, and be offered promiscuously as wife to the highest bidder among half a dozen others, if only I would have them. But I won't, Mr. Le Breton, I really won't. I'm not going to marry a fool, just to please my mother. Nothing on earth would induce me to marry Lord Connemara, for example."

Ernest looked at her and smiled, but said nothing.

Lady Hilda put in a stroke or two more to her pencil outline, and then continued her unsolicited confidences. "Do you know, Mr. Le Breton," she went on, "there's a conspiracy—the usual conspiracy, but still a regular conspiracy I call it—between Papa and Mamma to make me marry that stick of a Connemara. What is there in him, I should like to know, to make any girl admire or love him? And yet half the girls in London would be glad to get him, for all his absurdity. It's monstrous, it's incomprehensible, it's abominable; but it's the fact. For my part, I must say I do like a little originality. And whenever I hear Papa, and Uncle Sussex, and Lord Connemara

talking at dinner, it does seem to me too ridiculously absurd that they should each have a separate voice in Parliament, and that you shouldn't even have a fraction of a vote for a county member. What sort of superiority has Lord Connemara over you, I wonder?" And she looked at Ernest again with a searching glance, to see whether he was to be moved by such a personal and emphatic way of putting the matter.

Ernest looked back at her curiously in his serious simplicity, and only answered, "There are a great many queer inequalities and absurdities in all our existing political systems, Lady Hilda."

Hilda smiled to herself—a quiet smile, half of disappointment, half of complacent feminine superiority. What a stupid fellow he was in some ways, after all! Even that silly Lord Connemara would have guessed what she was driving at, with only a quarter as much encouragement. But Ernest must be too much afraid of the social barrier clearly; so she began again, this time upon a slightly different but equally obvious tack.

"Yes, there are; absurd inequalities really, Mr. Le Breton; very absurd inequalities. You'd get rid of them all, I know. You told me that about cutting all the landlords' heads off, I'm sure, though you said when I spoke about it before Mamma, the night you first came here, that you didn't mean it. I remember it perfectly well, because I recollect thinking at the time the idea was so charmingly and deliciously original."

"You must be quite mistaken, Lady Hilda," Ernest answered calmly. "You misunderstood my meaning. I said I would get rid of landlords—by which I meant to say, get rid of them as landlords, not as individuals. I don't even know that I'd take away the land from them all at once, you know (though I don't think it's justly theirs); I'd deprive them of it tentatively and gradually."

"Well, I can't see the justice of that, I'm sure," Hilda answered carelessly. "Either the land's ours by right, or it isn't ours. If it's ours, you ought to leave it to us for ever; and if it isn't ours, you ought to take it away from us at once, and make it over to the people to whom it properly belongs. Why on earth should you keep them a day longer out of their own?"

Ernest laughed heartily at this vehement and uncompromising sans-culottism. "You're a vigorous convert, anyhow," he said, with some amusement; "I see you've profited by my instruction. You've put the question very plump and straightforward. But in practice it would be better, no doubt, gradually to educate out the landlords, *rather than to dispossess them at one blow of what they honestly,*

though wrongly, imagine to be their own. Let all existing holders keep the land during their own lifetime and their heirs', and resume it for the nation after their lives, allowing for the rights of all children born of marriages between people now living."

"Not at all," Hilda answered, in a tone of supreme conviction. "I'm in favour of simply cutting our heads off once for all, and making our families pay all arrears of rent from the very beginning. That or nothing. Put the case another way. Suppose, Mr. Le Breton, there was somebody who had got a grant from a king a long time ago, allowing him to hang any three persons he chose annually. Well, suppose this person and his descendants went on for a great many generations extorting money out of other people by threatening to kill them, and letting them off on payment of a ransom. Suppose, too, they always killed three a year, some time or other, *pour encourager les autres*—just to show that they really meant it. Well, then, if one day the people grew wise enough to inquire into the right of these licensed extortioners to their black-mail, would you say, 'Don't deprive them of it too unexpectedly. Let them keep it during their own lifetime. Let their children hang three of us annually after them. But let us get rid of this fine old national custom in the third generation.' Would that be fair to the people who would be hanged for the sake of old prescription in the interval, do you think?"

Ernest laughed again at the serious sincerity with which she was ready to acquiesce in his economical heresies. "You're quite right," he said: "the land is the people's, and there's no reason on earth why they should starve a minute longer in order to let Lord Connemara pay three thousand guineas for spurious copies of early Italian manuscripts. And yet it would be difficult to get most people to see it. I fancy, Lady Hilda, you must really be rather cleverer than most people."

"I score one," thought Hilda to herself, "and whatever happens, whether I marry a peer or a revolutionist, I certainly won't marry a fool." "I'm glad you think so," she went on aloud, "because I know your opinion's worth having. I should like to be clever, Mr. Le Breton, and I should like to know all about everything; but what chance has one at Dunbude? Do you know, till you came here, I never got any sensible conversation with anybody." And she sighed gently as she put her head on one side to take a good view of her sketchy little picture. Lady Hilda's profile was certainly very handsome, and she showed it to excellent advantage when she put her head on one side. Ernest looked at her and thought so to

himself; and Lady Hilda's quick eye, glancing sideways for a second from the paper, noted immediately that he thought so.

"Mr. Le Breton," she began again, more confidentially than ever, "one thing I've quite made up my mind to; I won't be tied for life to a stick like Lord Connemara. In fact, I won't marry a man in that position at all. I shall choose for myself, and marry a man for the worth that's in him. I assure you it's a positive fact, I've been proposed to by no fewer than six assorted Algies and Berties and Monties in a single season; besides which, some of them follow me even down here to Dunbude. Papa and Mamma are dreadfully angry because I won't have any of them; but I won't. I mean to wait, and marry whoever I choose, as soon as I find a man I can really love and honour."

She paused and looked hard at Ernest. "I can't speak much plainer than that," she thought to herself, "and really he must be stupider than the Algies and the Monties themselves if he doesn't see I want him to propose to me. I suppose all women would say it's awfully unwomanly of me to lead up to his cards in this way—throwing myself at his head, they'd call it; but what does that matter? I *won't* marry a fool, and I *will* marry a man of some originality. That's the only thing in the world worth troubling one's head about. Why on earth doesn't he take my hand, I wonder? What further can he be waiting for?" Lady Hilda was perfectly accustomed to the usual preliminaries of a declaration, and only awaited Ernest's first step to proceed in due order to the second. Strange to say, her heart was actually beating a little by anticipation. It never even occurred to her—the belle of three seasons—that possibly Ernest mightn't wish to marry her. So she sat looking pensively at her picture, and sighed again quietly.

But Ernest, wholly unsuspecting, only answered, "You will do quite right, Lady Hilda, to marry the man of your own choice, irrespective of wealth or station."

Hilda glanced up at him curiously, with a half-disdainful smile, and was just on the point of saying, "But suppose the man of my own choice won't propose to me?" However, as the words rose to her lips, she felt there was a point at which even she should yield to convention; and there were plenty of opportunities still before her, without displaying her whole hand too boldly and immediately. So she merely turned with another sigh, this time a genuine one, to her half-sketched outline. "I shall bring him round in time," she said to herself, blushing a little at her unexpected discomfiture. "I shall *bring him round* in time; I shall make him propose to me! I don't

care if I have to live in a lodging with him, and wash up my own tea-things ; I shall marry him ; that I'm resolved upon. He's as mad as a March hare about his Communism and his theories and things ; but I don't care for that ; I could live with him in comfort, and I couldn't live in comfort with the Algies and Monties. In fact—I believe—in a sort of way—I believe I'm almost in love with him. I have a kind of jumpy feeling in my heart when I'm talking with him that I never feel when I'm talking with other young men, even the nicest of them. He's not nice ; he's a bear ; and yet, somehow, I should like to marry him."

"Mr. Le Breton," she said aloud, "the sun's all wrong for sketching to-day, and besides it's too chilly. I must run about a bit among the rocks." ("At least I shall take his hand to help me," she thought, blushing.) "Come and walk with me ! It's no use trying to draw with one's hands freezing." And she crumpled up the unfinished sketch hastily between her fingers. Ernest jumped up to follow her ; and they spent the next hour scrambling up and down the Clatter, and talking on less dangerous subjects than Lady Hilda's matrimonial aspirations.

"Still, I shall make him ask me yet," Lady Hilda thought to herself, as she parted from him to go up and dress for dinner. "I shall manage to marry him, somehow ; or if I don't marry him, at any rate I'll marry somebody like him." For it was really the principle, not the person, that Lady Hilda specially insisted upon.

CHAPTER X.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CANAAN.

MAY, beautiful May, had brought the golden flowers, and the trees in the valley behind the sleepy old town of Calcombe Pomeroy were decking themselves in the first wan green of their early spring foliage. The ragged robins were hanging out, pinky red, from the hedgerows ; the cuckoo was calling from the copse beside the mill-stream ; and the merry wee hedge-warblers were singing lustily from the topmost sprays of hawthorn, with their full throats bursting tremulously in the broad sunshine. And Ernest Le Breton, too, filled with the season, had come down from Dunbude for a fortnight's holiday, on his promised visit to his friend Oswald, or, to say the truth more plainly, to Oswald's pretty little sister Edie. For Ernest had fully made up his mind by this time what it was he had come

for, and he took the earliest possible opportunity of taking a walk with Edie alone, through the tiny glen behind the town, where the wee stream tumbles lazily upon the big slow-turning vanes of the overshot mill-wheel.

"Let us sit down a bit on the bank here, Miss Oswald," he said to his airy little companion, as they reached the old stone bridge that crosses the stream just below the mill-house; "it's such a lovely day one feels loath to miss any of it, and the scenery here looks so bright and cheerful after the endless brown heather and russet bracken about Dunbude. Not that Exmoor isn't beautiful in its way, too—all Devonshire is beautiful alike for that matter; but then it's more sombre and woody in the north, and much less spring-like than this lovely quiet South Devon country."

"I'm so glad you like Calcombe," Edie said, with one of her unfailling blushes at the indirect flattery to herself implied in praise of her native county; "and you think it prettier than Dunbude, then, do you?"

"Prettier in its own way, yes, though not so grand of course; everything here is on a smaller scale. Dunbude, you know, is almost mountainous."

"And the Castle?" Edie asked, bringing round the conversation to her own quarter, "is that very fine? At all like Warwick, or our dear old Arlingsford?"

"Oh, it isn't a castle at all, really," Ernest answered; "only a very big and ugly house. As architecture it's atrocious, though it's comfortable enough inside for a place of the sort."

"And the Exmoors, are they nice people? What kind of girl is Lady Hilda, now?" Poor little Edie! she asked the question shyly, but with a certain deep beating in her heart, for she had often canvassed with herself the vague possibility that Ernest might actually fall in love with Lady Hilda. Had he fallen in love with her already, or had he not? She knew she would be able to guess the truth by his voice and manner the moment he answered her. No man can hide that secret from a woman who loves him. Yet it was not without a thrill and a flutter that she asked him, for she thought to herself, what must she seem to him after all the grand people he had been mixing with so lately at Dunbude? Was it possible he could see anything in her, a little country village girl, coming to her fresh from the great ladies of that unknown and vaguely terrible society?

"Lady Hilda!" Ernest answered, laughing—and as he said the words Edie knew in her heart that her question was answered, and

b'ushe.] once more in her bewitching fashion. "Lady Hilda! Oh, she's a very queer girl, indeed; she's not at all clever, really, but she has the one virtue of girls of her class—their perfect frankness. She's frank all over—no reserve or reticence at all about her. Whatever she thinks she says, without the slightest idea that you'll see anything to laugh at or to find fault with in it. In matters of knowledge, she's frankly ignorant. In matters of taste, she's frankly barbaric. In matters of religion, she's frankly heathen. And in matters of ethics, she's frankly immoral—or rather extra-moral," he added, quickly correcting himself for the misleading expression.

"I shouldn't think from your description she can be a very nice person," Edie said, greatly relieved, and pulling a few tall grasses at her side by way of hiding her interest in the subject. "She can't be a really nice girl if she's extra-moral, as you call it."

"Oh, I don't mean she'd cut one's throat or pick one's pocket, you know," Ernest went on quickly, with a gentle smile. "She's got a due respect for the ordinary conventional moralities like other people, no doubt; but in her case they're only social prejudices, not genuine ethical principles. I don't suppose she ever seriously asked herself whether anything was right or wrong or not in her whole lifetime. In fact, I'm sure she never did; and if anybody else were to do so, she'd be immensely surprised and delighted at the startling originality and novelty of thought displayed in such a view of the question."

"But she's very handsome, isn't she?" Edie asked, following up her inquiry with due diligence.

"Handsome? oh, yes, in a bold sort of actress fashion. Very handsome, but not, to me at least, pleasing. I believe most men admire her a great deal; but she lacks a feminine touch dreadfully. She dashes away through everything as if she was hunting; and she *does* hunt, too, which I think bad enough in anybody, and horrible in a woman."

"Then you haven't fallen in love with her, Mr. Le Breton? I half imagined you would, you know, as I'm told she's so very attractive."

"Fallen in love with *her*, Miss Oswald! Fallen in love with Hilda Tregellis! What an absurd notion! Heaven forbid it!"

"Why so, please?"

"Why, in the first place, what would be the use of it? Fancy Lady Exmoor's horror at the bare idea of her son's tutor falling in love with Lady Hilda! I assure you, Miss Oswald, she would evaporate at the very mention of such an unheard-of enormity. A

man must be, if not an earl, at least a baronet with five thousand a year, before he dare face the inexpressible indignation of Lady Exmoor with an offer of marriage for Lady Hilda."

"But people don't always fall in love by tables of precedence," Edie put in simply. "It's quite possible, I suppose, for a man who isn't a duke himself to fall in love with a duke's daughter, even though the duke her papa mayn't personally happen to approve of the match. However, you don't seem to think Lady Hilda herself a pleasant girl, even apart from the question of Lady Exmoor's requirements?"

"Miss Oswald," Ernest said, looking at her suddenly, as she sat half hiding her face with her parasol, and twitching more violently than ever at the tall grasses; "Miss Oswald, to tell you the truth, I haven't been thinking much about Hilda Tregellis or any of the other girls I've met at Dunbude, and for a very sufficient reason, because I've had my mind too much preoccupied by somebody else elsewhere."

Edie blushed even more prettily than before, and held her peace, half raising her eyes for a second in an inquiring glance at his, and then dropping them hastily as they met, in modest trepidation. At that moment Ernest had never seen anything so beautiful or so engaging as Edie Oswald.

"Edie," he said, beginning again more boldly, and taking her little gloved hand almost unresistingly in his; "Edie, you know my secret. I love you. Can you love me?"

Edie looked up at him shyly, the tears glistening and trembling a little in the corner of her big bright eyes, and for a moment she answered nothing. Then she drew away her hand hastily and said with a sigh, "Mr. Le Breton, we oughtn't to be talking so. We mustn't. Don't let us. Take me home, please, at once, and don't say anything more about it." But her heart beat within her bosom with a violence that was not all unpleasing, and her looks half belied her words to Ernest's keen glance even as she spoke them.

"Why not, Edie?" he said, drawing her down again gently by her little hand as she tried to rise hesitatingly. "Why not? tell me. I've looked into your face, and though I can hardly dare to hope it or believe it, I do believe I read in it that you really might love me."

"Oh, Mr. Le Breton," Edie answered, a tear now quivering visibly on either eyelash, "don't ask me, please don't ask me. I wish you wouldn't. Take me home, won't you?"

Ernest dropped her hand quietly, with a little show of despondency that was hardly quite genuine, for his eyes had already told him

better. "Then you can't love me, Miss Oswald," he said, looking at her closely. "I'm sorry for it, very sorry for it; but I'm grieved if I have seemed presumptuous in asking you."

This time the two tears trickled slowly down Edie's cheek—not very sad tears either—and she answered hurriedly, "Oh, I don't mean that, Mr. Le Breton, I don't mean that. You misunderstand me, I'm sure you misunderstand me."

Ernest caught up the trembling little hand again. "Then you *can* love me, Edie?" he said eagerly, "you can love me?"

Edie answered never a word, but bowed her head and cried a little, silently. Ernest took the dainty wee gloved hand between his own two hands and pressed it tenderly. He felt in return a faint pressure.

"Then why won't you let me love you, Edie?" he asked, looking at the blushing girl once more.

"Oh, Mr. Le Breton," Edie said, rising, and moving away from the path a little under the shade of the big elm-tree, "it's very wrong of me to let you talk so. I mustn't think of marrying you, and you mustn't think of marrying me. Consider the difference in our positions."

"Is that all?" Ernest answered gaily. "Oh, Edie, if that's all, it isn't a very difficult matter to settle. My position's exactly nothing, for I've got no money and no prospects; and if I ask you to marry me, it must be in the most strictly speculative fashion, with no date and no certainty. The only question is, will you consent to wait for me till I'm able to offer you a home to live in? It's asking you a great deal, I know; and you've made me only too happy and too grateful already; but if you'll wait for me till we can marry, I shall live all my life through to repay you for your sacrifice."

"But, Mr. Le Breton," Edie said, turning towards the path and drying her eyes quickly, "I really don't think you ought to marry me. The difference in station is so great—even Harry would allow the difference in station. Your father was a great man, and a general, and a knight, you know; and though my dear father is the best and kindest of men, he isn't anything of that sort, of course."

A slight shade of pain passed across Ernest's face. "Edie," he said, "please don't talk about that—please don't. My father was a just and good man, whom I loved and honoured deeply; if there's anything good in any of us boys, it comes to us from my dear father. But please don't speak to me about his profession. It's one of the griefs and troubles of my life. He was a soldier, and an Indian soldier too; and if there's anything more certain to me than the

principle that all fighting is very wrong and indefensible, it's the principle that our rule in India is utterly unjust and wicked. So instead of being proud of my father's profession, much as I respected him, I'm profoundly ashamed of it ; and it has been a great question to me always how far I was justified at all in living upon the pension given me for his Indian services."

Eddie looked at him half surprised and half puzzled. It was to her such an odd and unexpected point of view. But she felt instinctively that Ernest really and deeply meant what he said, and she knew she must not allude to the subject again. "I beg your pardon," she said simply, "if I've put it wrong ; yet you know I can't help feeling the great disparity in our two situations."

"Eddie," said Ernest, looking at her again with all his eyes—"I'm going to call you 'Eddie' always now, so that's understood between us. Well, I shall tell you exactly how I feel about this matter. From the first moment I saw you I felt drawn towards you, I felt that I couldn't help admiring you and sympathising with you and loving you. If I dared, I would have spoken to you that day at Iffley ; but I said to myself, 'She will not care for me ; and besides, it would be wrong of me to ask her just yet.' I had nothing to live upon, and I oughtn't to ask you to wait for me—you who are so pretty, and sweet, and good, and clever—I ought to leave you free to your natural prospect of marrying some better man, who would make you happier than I can ever hope to do. So I tried to put the impulse aside ; I waited, saying to myself that if you really cared for me a little bit, you would still care for me when I came to Calcombe Pomeroy. But then my natural selfishness overcame me—you can forgive me for it, Eddie ; how could I help it when I had once seen you ? I began to be afraid some other man would be beforehand with you ; and I liked you so much I couldn't bear to think of the chance that you might be taken away from me before I asked you. All day long, as I've been walking alone on those high grey moors at Dunbude, I've been thinking of you ; and at last I made up my mind that I *must* come and ask you to be my wife—some time—whenever we could afford to marry. I know I'm asking you to make a great sacrifice for me ; it's more than I have any right to ask you ; I'm ashamed of myself for asking it ; I can only make you a poor man's wife, and how long I may have to wait even for that I can't say ; but if you'll only consent to wait for me, Eddie, I'll do the best that lies in me to make you as happy and to love you as well as any man on earth could ever do."

Eddie turned her face towards his, and said softly, "Mr. Le Breton,

I will wait for you as long as ever you wish ; and I'm so happy, oh so happy."

There was a pause for a few moments, and then, as they walked homeward down the green glen, Edie said, with something more of her usual archness, "So after all you haven't fallen in love with Lady Hilda ! Do you know, Mr. Le Breton, I rather fancied at Oxford you liked me just a little tiny bit ; but when I heard you were going to Dunbude I said to myself, ' Ah, now he'll never care for a quiet country girl like me ! ' And when I knew you were coming down here to Calcombe, straight from all those grand ladies at Dunbude, I felt sure you'd be disenchanted as soon as you saw me, and never think anything more about me."

" Then you liked me, Edie ? " Ernest asked eagerly. " You wanted me really to come to Calcombe to see you ? "

" Of course I did, Mr. Le Breton. I've liked you from the first moment I saw you."

" I'm so glad," Ernest went on quickly. " I believe all real love is love at first sight. I wouldn't care myself to be loved in any other way. And you thought I might fall in love with Lady Hilda ? "

" Well, you know, she is sure to be so handsome, and so accomplished, and to have had so many advantages that I have never had. I was afraid I should seem so very simple to you after Lady Hilda."

" Oh, Edie ! " cried Ernest, stopping a moment, and gazing at the little light airy figure. " I only wish you could know the difference. Coming from Dunbude to Calcombe is like coming from darkness into light. Up there one meets with nobody but essentially vulgar-minded selfish people—people whose whole life is passed in thinking and talking about nothing but dogs, and horses, and partridges, and salmon ; racing, and hunting, and billiards, and wines ; amusements, amusements, amusements, all of them coarse and most of them cruel, all day long. Their talk is just like the talk of grooms and gamekeepers in a public-house par'our, only a little improved by better English and more money. Will So-and-so win the Derby ? What a splendid run we had with the West Somerset on Wednesday ! Were you in at the death of that big fox at Coulson's Corner ? Ought the new vintages of Madeira to be bottled direct or sent round the Cape like the old ones ? Capital burlesque at the Gaiety, but very slow at the Lyceum. Who will go to the Duchess of Dorsetshire's dance on the twentieth :—and so forth for ever. Their own petty round of selfish pleasures from week's end to *week's end*—no thought of anybody else, no thought of the world

at large, no thought even of any higher interest in their own personalities. Their politics are just a selfish calculation of their own prospects—land, Church, capital, privilege. Their religion (when they have any) is just a selfish regard for their own personal future welfare. From the time I went to Dunbude to this day, I've never heard a single word about any higher thought of any sort—I don't mean only about the troubles or the aspirations of other people, but even about books, about science, about art, about natural beauty. They live in a world of amusing oneself, and of amusing oneself in vulgar fashions—as a born clown would do if he came suddenly into a large fortune. The women are just as bad as the men, only in a different way—not always even that; for most of them think only of the Four-in-Hand Club and the pigeon-shooting at Hurlingham—things to sicken one. Now, I've known selfish people before, but not selfish people utterly without any tincture of culture. I come away from Dunbude, and come down here to Calcombe; and the difference in the atmosphere makes one's very breath come and go freer. And I look at you, Edie, and think of you beside Lady Hilda Tregellis, and I laugh in my heart at the difference that artificial rules have made between you. I wish you knew how immeasurably her superior you are in every way. The fact is, it's a comfort to escape from Dunbude for a while and get down here to feel oneself once more, in the only true sense of the word, in a little good society."

While these things were happening in the Bourne Close, palsied old Miss Luttrell, mumbling and grumbling inarticulately to herself, was slowly tottering down the steep High Street of Calcombe Pomeroy, on her way to the village grocer's. She shambled in tremulously to Mrs. Oswald's counter, and seating herself on a high stool, as was her wont, laid herself out distinctly for a list of purchases and a good deliberate ill-natured gossip.

"Two pounds of coffee, if you please, Mrs. Oswald," she began with a quaver; "coffee, mind, I say, not chicory; your stuff always has the smallest possible amount of flavour in it, it seems to me, for the largest possible amount of quantity; all chicory, all chicory—no decent coffee to be had now in Calcombe Pomeroy. So your son's at home this week, is he? Out of work, I suppose? I saw him lounging about on the beach, idling away his time, yesterday; pity he wasn't at some decent trade, instead of hanging about and doing nothing, as if he was a gentleman. Five pounds of lump sugar, too; good lump sugar, though I expect I shall get nothing but beetroot; it's all *beetroot* now, my brother tells me; they've ruined the West Indies

with their emancipation fads and their differential duties and the Lord knows what—we had estates in the West Indies ourselves, all given up to our negroes nowadays—and now I believe they have to pay the French a bounty or something of the sort to induce them to make sugar out of beetroot, because the negroes won't work without whipping, so I understand; that's what comes in the end of your Radical fal-lal notions. Well, five pounds of lump, and five pounds of moist, though the one's as bad as the other, really. A great pity about your son. I hope he'll get a place again soon. It must be a trial to you to have him so idle!"

"Well, no, ma'am, it's not," Mrs. Oswald answered, with such self-restraint as she could command. "It's not much of a trial to his father and me, for we're glad to let him have a little rest after working so hard at Oxford. He works too hard, ma'am, but he gets compensation for it, don't 'ee see, Miss Luttrell, for he's just been made a Fellow of the Royal Society—'for his mathematical eminence,' the *Times* says—a Fellow of the Royal Society."

Even this staggering blow did not completely crush old Miss Luttrell. "Fellow of the Royal Society," she muttered feebly through her remaining teeth. "Must be some mistake somewhere, Mrs. Oswald—quite impossible. A very meritorious young man, your son, doubtless; but a National schoolmaster's hardly likely to be made a Fellow of the Royal Society. Oh, I remember you told me he's not a National schoolmaster, but has something to do at one of the Oxford colleges. Yes, yes; I see what it is—Fellow of the Royal *Geographical* Society. You subscribe a guinea, and get made a Fellow by subscription, just for the sake of writing F.R.G.S. after your name; it gives a young man a look of importance."

"No, Miss Luttrell, it isn't that; it's *the* Royal Society; and if you'll wait a moment, ma'am, I'll fetch you the president's letter, and the diploma, to let you see it."

"Oh, no occasion to trouble yourself, Mrs. Oswald!" the old lady put in, almost with alacrity, for she had herself seen the announcement of Harry Oswald's election in the *Times* a few days before. "No occasion to trouble yourself, I'm sure; I dare say you may be right, and at any rate it's no business of mine, thank heaven. I never want to poke my nose into anybody else's business. Well, talking of Oxford, Mrs. Oswald, there's a very nice young man down here at present; I wonder if you know where he's lodging? I want to ask him to dinner. He's a young Mr. Le Breton—one of the Cheshire Le Bretons, you know. His father was Sir Owen Le Breton, a general in the *Indian* army—brother officer of Major Standish

Luttrell's, and very nice people in every way. Lady Le Breton's a great friend of the Archdeacon's, so I should like to show her son some little attention. He's had a very distinguished career at Oxford—your boy may have heard his name, perhaps—and now he's acting as tutor to Lord Lynmouth, the eldest son of Lord Exmoor, you know; Lady Exmoor was a second cousin of my brother's wife; very nice people, all of them. The Le Bretons are a really good family, you see; and the Archdeacon's exceedingly fond of them. So I thought if you could tell me where this young man is lodging—you shop-people pick up all the gossip in the place, always—I'd ask him to dinner to meet the Rector and Colonel Turnbull and my nephew, who would probably be able to offer him a little shooting."

"There's no partridges about in May, Miss Luttrell," said Mrs. Oswald, quietly smiling to herself at the fancy picture of Ernest seated in congenial converse with the Rector, Colonel Turnbull, and young Luttrell; "but as to Mr. Le Breton, I *do* happen to know where he's stopping, though it's not often that I know any Calcombe gossip, save and except what you're good enough to tell me when you drop in, ma'am; for Mr. Le Breton's stopping here, in this house, with us, ma'am, this very minute."

"In this house, Mrs. Oswald!" the old lady cried with a start, wagging her unsteady old head this time in genuine surprise; "why, I didn't know you let lodgings. I thought you and your daughter were too much of fine ladies for *that*, really. I'm glad to hear it. I'll leave a note for him."

"No, Miss Luttrell, we don't let lodgings, ma'am, and we don't need to," Mrs. Oswald answered, proudly. "Mr. Le Breton's stopping here as my son's guest. They were friends at Oxford together; and now that Mr. Le Breton has got his holiday, like, Harry's asked him down to spend a fortnight at Calcombe Pomeroy. And if you'll leave a note I'll be very happy to give it to him as soon as he comes in, for he's out walking now with Harry and Edith."

Old Miss Luttrell sat for half a minute in unwonted silence, revolving in her poor puzzled head what line of tactics she ought to adopt under such a very singular and annoying combination of circumstances. Stopping at the village grocer's!—this was really too atrocious! The Le Bretons were all as mad as hatters, that she knew well; all except the mother, who was a sensible person, and quite rational. But old Sir Owen was a man with the most absurd religious fancies—took an interest in the souls of the soldiers; quite right and proper, of course, in a chaplain, but really too ridiculous in a regular field officer. No doubt Ernest Le Breton had taken up

some equally extraordinary notions—liberty, equality, fraternity, and a general massacre, probably; and he had picked up Harry Oswald as a suitable companion in his revolutionary schemes and fancies. There was no knowing what stone wall one of those mad Le Bretons might choose to run his head against. Still, the practical difficulty remained—how could she extricate herself from this awkward dilemma in such a way as to cover herself with glory, and inflict another bitter humiliation on poor Mrs. Oswald? If only she had known sooner that Ernest was stopping at the Oswalds, she wouldn't have been so loud in praise of the Le Breton family; she would in that case have dexterously insinuated that Lady Le Breton was only a half-pay officer's widow, living on her pension; and that her boys had got promotion at Oxford as poor scholars, through the Archdeacon's benevolent influence. It was too late now, however, to adopt that line of defence; and she fell back accordingly upon the secondary position afforded her by the chance of taking down Mrs. Oswald's intolerable insolence in another fashion.

“Oh, he's out walking with your daughter, is he?” she said, maliciously. “Out walking with your daughter, Mrs. Oswald, *not* with your son. I saw her passing down the meadows half an hour ago with a strange young man; and her brother stopped behind near the mill-pond. A strange young man; yes, I noticed particularly that he looked like a gentleman, and I was quite surprised that you should let her walk out with him in that extraordinary manner. Depend upon it, Mrs. Oswald, when young gentlemen in Mr. Le Breton's position go out walking with young women in your daughter's position, they mean no good by it—they mean no good by it. Take my advice, Mrs. Oswald, and don't permit it. Mr. Le Breton's a very nice young man, and well brought up, no doubt—I know his mother's a woman of principle—still, young men will be young men; and if your son goes bringing down his fine Oxford acquaintances to Calcombe Pomeroy, and you and your husband go flinging Miss Jemima—her name's Jemima, I think—at the young men's heads, why, then, of course, you must take the consequences—you must take the consequences!” And with this telling Parthian shot discharged carefully from the shadow of the doorway, accompanied by a running comment of shrugs, nods, and facial distortions, old Miss Luttrell successfully shuffled herself out of the shop, her list unfinished, leaving poor Mrs. Oswald alone and absolutely speechless with indignation. Ernest Le Breton never got a note of invitation from the Squire's sister; but before nightfall all that was visitable in Calcombe Pomeroy had heard at full length of

the formal resignation by which those pushing upstart Oswalds had swayed a son of poor Lady Le Breton's down to stop with them, and were now trying to turn his prospects by getting him to marry that unaccountable niece, *Jessamine Edlin*.

When Edie returned from her walk that afternoon, Mrs. Oswald went up into her bedroom to see her daughter. She knew at once from Edie's radiant flushing face and moist eyes what had taken place and she kissed the pretty striking girl tenderly on her forehead. "Edie darling, I hope you will be happy," she whispered significantly.

"That you give a girl nothing less?" asked Edie, relieved that she need not tell her story in set words.

"The thing," said the mother, kissing her again. "And you said yes."

Edie coloured once more. "I said yes," mother, for I love him dearly."

"Has a fair fellow," the mother answered gently; "and I'm sure he'll do his best to make you happy."

Later on in the day Harry came by and knocked at Edie's door. His mother had told him all about it and so had Ernest. "Popsy," he said, kissing her also. "I congratulate you. I'm so glad about it. Le Breton's the best fellow I know, and I couldn't wish you a better or a kinder husband. You'll have to wait for him, but he's worth waiting for. He's a good fellow, and a clever fellow, and an affectionate fellow; and his family are everything that could be desired. It'll be a splendid thing for you to be able to talk in future about 'my mother-in-law, Lady Le Breton.' Depend upon it, Edie dear, that always counts for something in society."

Edie blushed again, but this time with a certain tinge of shame and disappointment. She had never thought of that herself, and she was hurt that Harry should think and speak of it at such a moment. She felt with a sigh it was unworthy of him and unworthy of the occasion. Truly the iron of Pi and its evaluations had entered deeply into his soul!

CHAPTER XI.

CULTURE AND CULTURE.

"I WONDER, Berkeley," said Herbert Le Breton, examining a coin curiously, "what on earth can ever have induced you, with your ideas and feelings, to become a parson!"

“My dear Le Breton, your taste, like good wine, improves with age,” answered Berkeley, coldly. “There are many reasons, any one of which may easily induce a sensible man to go into the Church. For example, he may feel a disinterested desire to minister to the souls of his poorer neighbours ; or he may be first cousin to a bishop ; or he may be attracted by an ancient and honourable national institution ; or he may possess a marked inclination for albs and chasubles ; or he may reflect upon the distinct social advantages of a good living ; or he may have nothing else in particular to do ; or he may simply desire to rouse the impertinent curiosity of all the indolent quidnuncs of his acquaintances, without the remotest intention of ever gratifying their underbred Paul Pry proclivities.”

Herbert Le Breton winced a little—he felt he had fairly laid himself open to this unmitigated rebuff—but he did not retire immediately from his untenable position. “I suppose,” he said quietly, “there are still people who really do take a practical interest in other people’s souls—my brother Ronald does for one—but the idea is positively too ridiculous. Whenever I read any argument upon immortality it always seems to me remarkably cogent, if the souls in question were your soul and my soul ; but just consider the transparent absurdity of supposing that every Hodge Chawbacon, and every rheumatic old Betty Martin, has got a soul, too, that must go on enduring for all eternity ! The notion’s absolutely ludicrous. What an infinite monotony of existence for the poor old creatures to endure for ever—being bored by their own inane personalities for a million æons ! It’s simply appalling to think of !”

But Berkeley wasn’t going to be drawn into a theological discussion—that was a field which he always sedulously and successfully avoided. “The immortality of the soul,” he said quietly, “is a Platonic dogma too frequently confounded, even by moderately instructed persons like yourself, Le Breton, with the Church’s very different doctrine of the resurrection of the body. Upon this latter subject, my dear fellow, about which you don’t seem to be quite clear or perfectly sound in your views, you’ll find some excellent remarks in Bishop Pearson on the Creed—a valuable work which I had the pleasure of studying intimately for my ordination examination.”

“Really, Berkeley, you’re the most incomprehensible and mysterious person I ever met in my whole lifetime !” said Herbert, dryly. “I believe you take a positive delight in deceiving and mystifying one. Do you seriously mean to tell me you feel any interest at the present time of day in books written by bishops ?”

“A modern bishop,” Berkeley answered calmly, “is an unpic-

turesque but otherwise estimable member of a very distinguished ecclesiastical order, who ought not lightly to be brought into ridicule by lewd or lay persons. On that ground, I have always been in favour myself of gradually reforming his hat, his apron, and even his gaiters, which doubtless serve to render him at least conspicuous if not positively absurd in the irreverent eyes of a ribald generation. But as to criticising his literary or theological productions, my dear fellow, that would be conduct eminently unbecoming in a simple curate, and savouring of insubordination even in the person of an elderly archdeacon. I decline, therefore, to discuss the subject, especially with a layman on whose orthodoxy I have painful doubts.—Where's Oswald? Is he up yet?"

"No; he's down in Devonshire, my brother Ernest writes me."

"What, at Dunbude? What's Oswald doing there?"

"Oh dear no; not at Dunbude: the peerage hasn't yet adopted him—at a place called Calcombe Pomeroy, where it seems he lives. Ernest has gone down there from Exmoor for a fortnight's holiday. You remember, Oswald has a pretty sister—I met her here in your rooms last October, in fact—and I apprehend she may possibly form a measurable portion of the local attractions. A pretty face goes a long way with some people."

Berkeley drew a deep breath, and looked uneasily out of the window. This was dangerous news, indeed! What, little Miss Butterfly, has the boy with the gauze net caught sight of you already? Will he trap you and imprison you so soon in his little gilded matrimonial cage, enticing you thereinto with soft words and sugared compliments to suit your dainty, delicate palate? and must I, who have meant to chase you for the chief ornament of my own small cabinet, be only in time to see you pinioned and cabined in your white lace veils and other pretty disguised entanglements, for his special and particular delectation? This must be looked into, Miss Butterfly; this must be prevented. Off to Calcombe Pomeroy, then, or other parts unknown, this very next to-morrow; and let us fight out the possession of little Miss Butterfly with our two gauze nets in opposition—mine tricked as prettily as I can trick it with tags and ends of art-allurements, and hummed to in a delicate tune—before this interloping anticipating Le Breton has had time to secure you absolutely for himself. Too austere for you, little Miss Butterfly; good in his way, and kindly meaning, but too austere. Better come and sun yourself in the modest wee palace of art that I mean to build myself some day in some green, sunny, sloping valley, where *your flittings* will not be rudely disturbed by breath of poverty, nor

your pretty feathery wings ruthlessly clipped with a pair of doctrinaire, ethico-socialistic scissors. To Calcombe, then, to Calcombe—and not a day's delay before I get there. So much of thought, in his own quaint indefinite fashion, flitted like lightning through Arthur Berkeley's perturbed mind, as he stood gazing wistfully for one second out of his pretty latticed creeper-clad window. Then he remembered himself quickly with a short little sigh, and turned to answer Herbert Le Breton's last half-sneering innuendo.

"Something more than a pretty face merely," he said, surveying Herbert coldly from head to foot; "a heart too, and a mind, for all her fitting, not wholly unfurnished with good, sensible, solid mahogany English furniture. You may be sure Harry Oswald's sister isn't likely to be wanting in wits, at any rate."

"Oswald's a curious fellow," Herbert went on, changing the venue, as he always did when he saw Berkeley was really in earnest; "he's very clever, certainly, but he can never outlive his bourgeois origin. The smell of tea sticks about him somehow to the end of the chapter. Don't you know, Berkeley, there are some fellows whose clothes seem to have been born with them, they fit so perfectly and impede their movement so little; while there are other fellows whose clothes look at once as if they'd been made for them by a highly respectable but imperfectly successful tailor. That's just what I always think about Harry Oswald in the matter of culture. He's got a great deal of culture, the very best culture, from the very best shop—Oxford, in fact—dressed himself up in the finest suit of clothes from the most fashionable mental tailor; but it doesn't seem to fit him naturally. He moves about in it uneasily, like a man unaccustomed to be clothed by a good workman. He looks in his mental upholstery like a greengrocer in evening dress. Now there's all the difference in the world between that sort of put-on culture and culture in the grain, isn't there? You may train up a grocer's son to read Dante, and to play Mendelssohn's *Lieder*, and to admire Fra Angelico; but you can't train him up to wear these things lightly and gracefully upon him as you and I do, who come by them naturally. *We* are born to the sphere; *he* rises to it."

"You think so, Le Breton?" asked the curate with a quiet and suppressed smile, as he thought silently of the placid old shoemaker.

"Think so! my dear fellow, I'm sure of it. I can spot a man of birth from a man of mere exterior polish any day, anywhere. Talk as much nonsense as you like about all men being born free and equal—they're not. They're born with natural inequalities in their very nerve and muscle. When I was an undergraduate, I startled

one of the tutors of that time by beginning my English essay once, 'All men are by nature born free and unequal.' I stick to it still; it's the truth. They say it takes three generations to make a gentleman; nonsense utterly; it takes at least a dozen. You can't work out the common fibre in such a ridiculous hurry. That results as a simple piece of deductive reasoning from all modern theories of heredity and variation."

"I agree with you in part, Le Breton," the parson said, eyeing him closely; "in part, but not altogether. What you say about Oswald's very largely true. His culture sits upon him like a suit made to order, not like a skin in which he was born. But don't you think that's due more to the individual man than to the class he happens to belong to? It seems to me there are other men who come from the same class as Oswald, or even from lower classes, but whose culture is just as much ingrained as, say, my dear fellow, yours is. They were born, no doubt, of naturally cultivated parents. And that's how your rule about the dozen generations that go to make a gentleman comes really true. I believe myself it takes a good many generations; but then none of them need have been gentlemen, in the ordinary sense of the word, before him. A gentleman, if I'm to use the expression as implying the good qualities conventionally supposed to be associated with it, a gentleman may be the final outcome and efflorescence of many past generations of quiet, unobtrusive, working-man culture—don't you think so?"

Herbert Le Breton smiled incredulously. "I don't know that I do, quite," he answered languidly. "I confess I attach more importance than you do to the mere question of race and family. A thoroughbred differs from a cart-horse, and a greyhound from a vulgar mongrel, in mind and character as well as in body. Oswald seems to me in all essentials a bourgeois at heart even now."

"But remember," Berkeley said, rather warmly for him, "the bourgeois class in England is just the class which must necessarily find it hardest to throw off the ingrained traces of its early origin. It has intermarried for a long time—long enough to have produced a distinct racial type like those you speak of among dogs and horses—the Philistine type, in fact—and when it tries to emerge, it must necessarily fight hard against the innate Philistinism of which it is conscious in its own constitution. No class has had its inequality with others, its natural inferiority, so constantly and cruelly thrust in its face; certainly the working-man has not. The working-man who makes efforts to improve himself is encouraged; the working-man who rises is taken by the hand; the working-man, whatever he does,

is never sneered at. But it's very different with the shopkeeper. Naturally a little prone to servility—that comes from the very necessities of the situation—and laudably anxious to attain the level of those he considers his superiors, he gets laughed at on every hand. Being the next class below society, society is always engaged in trying to keep him out and keep him down. On the other hand, he naturally forms his ideal of what is fine and worth imitating from the example of the class above him; and therefore, considering what that class is, he has unworthy aims and snobbish desires. Either in his own person, or in the persons of his near relations, the wholesale merchant and the manufacturer—all bourgeois alike—he supplies the mass of *nouveaux riches* who are the pet laughing-stock of all our playwrights, and novelists, and comic papers. So the bourgeois who really knows he has something in him, like Harry Oswald, feels from the beginning painfully conscious of the instability of his position, and of the fact that men like you are cutting jokes behind his back about the smell of tea that still clings to him. That's a horrible drag to hold a man back—the sense that he must always be criticised as one of his own class—and that a class with many recognised failings. It makes him self-conscious, and I believe self-consciousness is really at the root of that slight social awkwardness you think you notice in Harry Oswald. A working-man's son need never feel that. I feel sure there are working-men's sons who go through the world as gentlemen mixing with gentlemen, and never give the matter of their birth one moment's serious consideration. Their position never troubles them, and it never need trouble them. Put it to yourself, now, Le Breton. Suppose I were to tell you my father was a working shoemaker, for example, or a working carpenter, you'd never think anything more about it; but if I were to tell you he was a grocer, or a baker, or a confectioner, or an ironmonger, you'd feel a certain indefinable class-barrier set up between us two immediately and ever after. Isn't it so, now?"

"Perhaps it is," Herbert answered, dubitatively. "But as he's probably neither the one nor the other, the hypothesis isn't worth seriously discussing. I must go off now; I've got a lecture at twelve. Good bye. Don't forget the tickets for Thursday's concert."

Arthur Berkeley looked after him with a contemptuous smile. "The outcome of a race himself," he thought, "and not the best side of that race either. I was half tempted, in the heat of argument, to blurt out to him the whole truth about the dear gentle old Progenitor; but I'm glad I didn't now. After all, it's no use to

cast your pearls before swine. For Herbert's essentially a pig—a selfish self-centred pig; no doubt a very refined and cultivated specimen of pigdom—the best breed; but still a most emphatic and consummate pig for all that. Not the same stuff in him that there is in Ernest—a fibre or two wanting somewhere. But I mustn't praise Ernest—a rival! a rival! It's war to the death between us two now, and no quarter. He's a good fellow, and I like him dearly; but all's fair in love and war; and I must go down to Calcombe to-morrow morning and forestall him immediately. Dear little Miss Butterfly, 'tis for your sake; you shall not be pinched and cramped to suit the Procrustean measure of Ernest Le Breton's communistic fancies. You shall fly free in the open air, and flash your bright silken wings, decked out bravely in scales of many hues, not toned down to too sober and quaker-like a suit of drab and dove-colour. You were meant by nature for the sunshine and the summer; you shall not be worried and chilled and killed with doses of heterodox political economy and controversial ethics. Better even a country rectory (though with a bad Late Perpendicular church), and flowers, and picnics, and lawn-tennis, and village small-talk, and the squire's dinner-parties, than bread and cheese and virtuous poverty in a London lodging with Ernest Le Breton. Romance lives again. The beautiful maiden is about to be devoured by a goggle-eyed monster, labelled on the back 'Experimental Socialism'; the red-cross knight flies to her aid, and drives away the monster by his magic music. Lance in rest! lyre at side! third-class railway-ticket in pocket! A Berkeley to the rescue! and there you have it." And as he spoke, he tilted with his pen at an imaginary dragon supposed to be seated in the crimson rocking-chair by the wainscotted fireplace.

"Yes, I must certainly go down to Calcombe. No use putting it off any longer. I've arranged to go next summer to London, to keep house with the dear old Progenitor; the music is getting asked for, two requests for more this very morning; trade is looking up. I shall throw the curacy business overboard (what chance for modest merit that *isn't* first cousin to a bishop in the Church as at present constituted?) and take to composing entirely for a livelihood. I wouldn't ask Miss Butterfly before, because I didn't wish to tie her pretty wings prematurely; but a rival! that's quite a different matter. What right has he to go poaching on my preserves, I should like to know, and trying to catch the little gold-fish I want to entice for my own private and particular fish-pond! An interloper, to be turned out unmercifully. So off to Calcombe, and that quickly."

He sat down to his desk, and taking out some sheets of blank

music-paper, began writing down the score of a little song at which he had been working. So he continued till lunch-time, and then, turning to the table when the scout called him, took his solitary lunch of bread and butter, with a volume of Petrarch set open before him as he eat. He was lazily Englishing the soft lines of the original into such verse as suited his fastidious ear, when the scout came in suddenly once more, bringing in his hand the mid-day letters. One of them bore the Calcombe postmark. "Strange," Berkeley said to himself, "at the very moment when I was thinking of going there. An invitation, perhaps ; the age of miracles is not yet past—don't they see spirits in a conjuror's room in Regent Street?—from Oswald, too ; by Jove, it must be an invitation." And he ran his eye down the page rapidly, to see if there was any mention of little Miss Butterfly. Yes ; there was her name on the second sheet ; what could her brother have to say to him about her ?

"We have Ernest Le Breton down here now," Oswald wrote, "on a holiday from the Exmoors', and you may be surprised to hear that I shall probably have him sooner or later for a brother-in-law. He has proposed to and been accepted by my sister Edith ; and though it is likely, as things stand at present, to be a rather long engagement (for Le Breton has nothing to marry upon), we are all very much pleased about it here at Calcombe. He is just the exact man I should wish my sister to marry ; so pleasant and good and clever, and so very well connected. Felicitate us, my dear Berkeley !"

Arthur Berkeley laid the letter down with a quiet sigh, and folded his hands despondently before him. He hadn't seen very much of Edie, yet the disappointment was to him a very bitter one. It had been a pleasant day-dream, truly, and he was loth to part with it so unexpectedly. "Poor little Miss Butterfly," he said to himself, tenderly and compassionately ; "poor, airy, flitting, bright-eyed little Miss Butterfly. I must give you up, must I, and Ernest Le Breton must take you for better, for worse, must he ? *La reine le veult*, it seems, and her word is law. I'm afraid he's hardly the man to make you happy, little lady ; kind-hearted, well-meaning, but too much in earnest, too much absorbed in his ideas of right for a world where right's impossible, and every man for himself is the wretched sordid rule of existence. He will overshadow and darken your bright little life, I fear me ; not intentionally—he couldn't do that—but by his Quixotic fads and fancies ; good fads, honest fads, but fads wholly impracticable in this jarring universe of clashing interests, where he who would swim must keep his own head steadily above water, and

he who minds his neighbour must sink like lead to the unfathomable bottom. He will sink, I doubt not, poor little Miss Butterfly; he will sink inevitably, and drag you down with him, down, down, down to immeasurable depths of poverty and despair. Oh, my poor little butterfly, I'm sorry for you, and sorry for myself. It was a pretty dream, and I loved it dearly. I had made you a queen in my fancy, and throned you in my heart, and now I have to dethrone you again, me miserable, and leave my poor lonely heart bare and queenless!"

The piano was open, and he went over to it instinctively, strumming a few wild bars out of his own head, made up hastily on the spur of the moment. "No, not dethrone you," he went on, leaning back on the music-stool, and letting his hand wander aimlessly over the keys; "not dethrone you; I shall never, never be able to do that. Little Miss Butterfly, your image is stamped there too deep for dethronement, stamped there for ever, indelibly, ineffaceably, not to be washed out by tears or laughter. Ernest Le Breton may take you and keep you; you are his; you have chosen him, and you have chosen in most things not unwisely, for he's a good fellow and true (let me be generous in the hour of disappointment even to the rival, the goggle-eyed impracticable dragon monstrosity), but you are mine, too, for I won't give you up; I can't give you up; I must live for you still, even if you know it not. Little woman, I will work for you and I will watch over you; I will be your earthly Providence; I will try to extricate you from the quagmires into which the well-meaning, short-sighted dragon will infallibly lead you. Dear little bright soul, my heart aches for you; I know the trouble you are bringing upon yourself; but *la reine le veult*, and it is not your humble servitor's business to interfere with your royal pleasure. Still, you are mine, for I am yours; yours, body and soul; what else have I to live for? The dear old Progenitor can't be with us many years longer; and when he is gone there will be nothing left me but to watch over little Miss Butterfly and her Don Quixote of a future husband. A man can't work and slave and compose sonatas for himself alone—the idea's disgusting, piggish, worthy only of Herbert Le Breton; I must do what I can for the little queen, and for her balloon-navigating Utopian Ernest. Thank heaven, no law prevents you from loving in your own heart the one woman whom you have once loved, no matter who may chance to marry her. Go, day-dream, fly, vanish, evaporate; the solid core remains still—my heart, and little Miss Butterfly. I have loved her once, and I shall love her, I shall love her for ever!"

He crumpled the letter up in his fingers, and flung it half angrily into the waste-paper basket, as though it were the embodied day-dream he was mentally apostrophising. It was sermon-day, and he had to write his discourse that very afternoon. A quaint idea seized him. "Aha," he said, almost gaily, in his volatile irresponsible fashion, "I have my text ready; the hour brings it to me unsought; a quip, a quip! I shall preach on the Pool of Bethesda: 'While I am coming, another steppeth down before me.' The verse seems as if it were made on purpose for me; what a pity nobody else will understand it!" And he smiled quietly at the conceit, as he got the scented sheets of sermon-paper out of his little sandalwood davenport. For Arthur Berkeley was one of those curiously compounded natures which can hardly ever be perfectly serious, and which can enjoy a quaintness or a neat literary allusion even at a moment of the bitterest personal disappointment. He could solace himself for a minute for the loss of Edie by choosing a text for his Sunday's sermon with a prettily-turned epigram on his own position.

(To be continued.)

THE ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET.

THAT the Roman alphabet has been developed, by gradual alterations in the forms of the characters, from the Phœnician alphabet of twenty-two letters, is a fact which has been well known ever since the history of writing began to be studied. The question how the Phœnician letters themselves came into existence would, fifty years ago, have seemed to the best scholars incapable of any certain solution ; and the problem of tracing to any common source the widely-differing alphabets of the world would have appeared, if possible, still more unpromising. The learned researches of our own day, which have thrown unlooked-for light on so many of the obscurest regions of human history, have resulted in the conclusive settlement of both these questions. It is no longer a matter of doubt that all known alphabets, with scarcely an exception, are descended from that of the Phœnicians, which is itself derived from the hieroglyphics of Egypt. With regard to the precise derivation of individual letters, and even of some entire alphabets, there still remains much to be discovered. But the main outlines of the history of writing have been firmly laid down, and the work which is left for future investigators will be concerned only with matters of detail.

In the two splendid volumes recently published by the Rev. Isaac Taylor,¹ the English reader possesses the completest existing summary of the results hitherto yielded by scholarly research with regard to the history of alphabetic signs. The object of this paper is, using principally the materials furnished by Mr. Taylor, to trace the development of our English alphabet from its origin in the monumental writing of Egypt down to its present form. To do this with any degree of fulness would require an extensive use of tables and facsimiles. I shall, however, only aim at presenting a slight and general sketch of the history. For all the minuter details, and for the arguments by which the statements here made are supported, the reader must be referred to Mr. Taylor's work, the remarkable

¹ *The Alphabet: a History of the Origin and Development of Letters.* By Isaac Taylor, M.A., LL.D. 2 vols. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

literary qualities of which will be found to impart interest to the discussion of the driest palæographical facts.

The written language of Egypt, with which our story begins, must in its origin have been a language of pictures quite independent of the spoken language of the people by whom it was used. It is as truly a natural human impulse to express thought by means of pictures as by means of sounds. A population of intelligent deaf-mutes (if such an extravagant supposition may be permitted for the sake of illustration) might conceivably in the course of centuries have developed a written language equal in copiousness and precision to any of the spoken languages with which we are acquainted. In such a language the name of a visible object would of course be its portrait, and abstract ideas would be expressed by pictures in some way capable of suggesting them. The picture-language of Egypt, however, being used not by deaf-mutes, but by men in possession of a spoken language, could not fail, as soon as it began to aim at any high degree of precision, to become more and more conformed to the model of oral speech. When the Egyptian scribe met with a word which he found it difficult to render by a pictorial symbol, it was a natural resource to represent it by the figure of some object whose name coincided with it in sound. By way of illustration, if the English language were written hieroglyphically instead of phonetically, we might render the verb "to read" by the picture of a *reed*. If we were anxious that our picture-writing should not share in the ambiguity of our pronunciation, we might prevent all mistake by appending the figure of a book. This procedure would be identical with that which was actually adopted, not only in the Egyptian writing, but in all the other hieroglyphic systems which attained a similar degree of development. The pronunciation of a longer word could sometimes be indicated by a combination of two or more verbal symbols, after the fashion of a "rebus" or "charade." Of the ingenious devices occasionally resorted to by the Egyptian scribes, Mr. Taylor quotes an amusing instance. The name of the lapis lazuli was *khesteb*, and as the words *khesf* and *teb* meant respectively "stop" and "pig," the hieroglyph for *khesteb* was a picture of a man stopping a pig by seizing its tail. Contrivances of this kind, however, failed to meet all the cases in which phonetic representation was desirable. A great step in advance was made by employing certain characters to denote merely the initial syllables of the words which they originally represented. In process of time a limited number out of these syllabic signs came to express merely the initial sound of the syllables for which they stood. In

this way there was developed a genuine alphabet, capable of representing phonetically all the words of the spoken language.

The chronological succession of these several stages in the history of the hieroglyphic system, although absolutely certain, is known to us only as a matter of inference. For in the very oldest specimen of writing in the world, the inscription of King Sent, now at Oxford, the system had already reached the alphabetical stage; the name of the king being expressed by three characters corresponding to the letters S N T. It is interesting to know that this inscription is referred by Egyptologists to a date certainly earlier than that which is given in the margin of our English Bibles as the epoch of the creation of the world. How many centuries must have been required for the previous development of the hieroglyphic writing can only be vaguely conjectured.

It is obvious from what has been said that the Egyptian system of writing was one of enormous complexity. A written character might represent either the visible object whose form it imitated, or some abstract conception of which that object was an emblem, or the mere sound of a word; or it might be used as a syllabic sign or an alphabetic letter; and some characters, moreover, possessed more than one symbolic meaning and more than one phonetic value. The endless ambiguities hence arising had to be prevented by elaborate expedients which must in many cases only have introduced additional perplexity. One would naturally suppose that when the Egyptians had actually achieved the great invention of an alphabet, they would soon have learnt to rely upon this powerful instrument exclusively, instead of persevering in the use of a cumbrous mixed system, which it must have required a lifetime to master. Strange to say, however, the hieroglyphic writing continued to be employed with no material simplification until after the Christian era. It is true that the phonetic principle came gradually more and more into use; but to the last, even when a word was spelt alphabetically in full, it was still thought necessary to accompany it with a hieroglyph denoting either the meaning of the word or the class of ideas to which it belonged. That the Egyptians should have been for fifty centuries in the possession of an alphabet, and yet never have practically recognised the incalculable advantage of a purely alphabetical mode of writing, seems at first sight to indicate a degree of conservative stupidity which is almost miraculous. No doubt this strange phenomenon is in part to be explained by the extraordinary religious reverence for tradition by which the nation was distinguished. It seems probable, however, that it may also

have been largely due to the peculiar character of the Egyptian spoken language, which is remarkable for the enormous number of distinct meanings which were expressed by a single sound. The language must in fact have required, in order to be understood, a great deal of help from gesture and intonation, the place of which was supplied in the written language by the "ideographs" and "determinatives." A purely alphabetical system of writing would probably have been as ill adapted to the Egyptian language as to the modern Chinese. However this may be, the fact remains that while the glory of inventing the alphabet belongs to the Egyptians, it was left for another people to take the further step in advance by which that invention became so incalculably important an instrument in the development of human culture.

However well fitted the Egyptian picture-writing might be for monumental purposes, it was in its original form far too laborious, and required far too much skill in its employment, to be available for the needs of every-day life. The attempt to employ the hieroglyphic characters for hurried writing on papyrus naturally resulted in very greatly modifying their forms. More than 2000 years before Christ there had already been developed a style of rapid writing, the signs of which bore only a very vague general resemblance to their pictorial prototypes. During the period in which this current-hand (commonly known as the Early Hieratic) was in use, the north of Egypt was under the sway of a foreign people, kindred, in language at least, with the Phœnicians and the Hebrews. Throughout the five or six centuries of this alien domination, the royal patronage of art and literature ceased to exist, and those ages left no memorials in the form of great public buildings or hieroglyphic inscriptions. But the culture existing among the Egyptian people could not be destroyed, nor could the ruling race fail to be influenced by the superior civilisation of their subjects. Many of them doubtless learned to speak the Egyptian language in addition to their own, and some of them would be initiated into the use of the Hieratic writing. It would often happen that in the course of an Egyptian document a Semitic scribe had to write a proper name belonging to his own people, or one of the words which the Egyptians had borrowed from his native tongue. The task would not present any great difficulty; but in accomplishing it the problem of reducing a Semitic language to writing was solved. The further step to a continuous Semitic text would be made almost unconsciously. In this new application of the Hieratic characters the useless symbolic and syllabic signs would naturally be discarded, and the system would be

reduced to a simple alphabet, which could easily be learned by persons to whom the Egyptian language was unknown. In this way, rather by an insensible development than by any great exertion of individual inventive genius, the Semites of the Delta came into possession of a purely alphabetic mode of writing, which was communicated by them to their kinsmen on the Asiatic seaboard, through whom it was imparted to the whole civilised world.

The discovery of the derivation of the Phœnician alphabet from the Egyptian was made more than twenty years ago by the great French Egyptologist, Emanuel de Rougé, but the full details were not made known to the world until 1874. Since that date De Rougé's conclusions have met with general acceptance amongst scholars. One or two dissentient voices have been heard; but it is not probable that scepticism on the subject will long survive the publication of Mr. Taylor's work. Mr. Taylor has furnished accurate copies of early Hieratic characters traced directly from the original papyri, and in an admirably condensed summary of De Rougé's arguments has shown the thoroughly scientific character of the method adopted by the great French scholar. One of the points sometimes brought forward by opponents of De Rougé's theory proves on investigation to yield important evidence in its favour. It is well known that the names of the twenty-two Phœnician letters were intelligible Semitic words, denoting visible objects, and, of course, beginning with the respective letters to which the names belonged. For example, the letter corresponding to *h* was called *heth*, "house;" *g* was *gimel*, "camel;" and *d* was *daleth*, "door." It has been urged that the natural inference from this nomenclature is that the characters of this alphabet originated in pictures of these objects, which were employed to denote the initial sounds of their Semitic names. This conclusion would be fatal to the theory of their derivation from the Hieratic or any other foreign system of writing; and it is thought to derive support from the resemblances still traceable between the early forms of some of the Phœnician letters and the objects from which they receive their names. It must be admitted that this objection is, at first sight, extremely plausible; but its apparent conclusiveness is entirely destroyed by a consideration of the circumstances under which, according to De Rougé's theory, the Semitic alphabet had its origin.

It is reasonable to suppose that the bilingual Semites of Egypt were acquainted with the Egyptian writing only in its Hieratic form. The Hieratic characters were so greatly modified from their hieroglyphic prototypes that there are only a few out of the alphabetic signs in which the original pictorial intention is discernible. These

characters, however, would still continue to be called by the names of the objects the form of which they originally imitated. The letter *𐤌*, for instance, which in its Hieratic form resembles a rudely-written figure 3, would still retain its name *mulakh*, "an owl." The adapters of this alphabet to Semitic use would, therefore, be familiar with the fact that the Egyptian letters were designated by names of visible objects, to which, except in a few cases, the forms of the characters bore no special resemblance. As these Egyptian names would be unintelligible to those of their kinsmen who knew only their own language, they would naturally be led to substitute for them a set of Semitic object names commencing with the proper initials. Just in the same manner, as Mr. Taylor points out, the Slavonic nations, in adopting the Greek alphabet, replaced the names of *beta* and *delta* by the words *buki* and *dobro*, meaning "becch" and "oak."

As this analogy shows, there is no necessity for supposing that the Semitic letter-names would in all cases contain some allusion to the shapes of the characters. The essential thing was that they should have the proper initial sound. At the same time, if there were more than one possible object after which a letter could be named, the reference would no doubt be given to one which happened to resemble it in form. This consideration fully accounts for those resemblances which Semitic scholars have long ago pointed out between the early forms of the Phœnician letters and the objects designated by their names; and it supplies, moreover, one of the most striking evidences in favour of the genuineness of De Rouge's discovery. For there are some of the Phœnician letters which in their earliest known forms bear not the faintest resemblance to the objects from which they are named, whereas if we refer to their Hieratic prototypes the appropriateness of the appellations is at once evident. For example, no ingenuity can discover any reason why the Phœnician *g* and *p* should have been called respectively "camel" and "mouth;" but in their Hieratic equivalents it needs little exertion of fancy to see the figures of a couchant camel and of the mouth and lower lip. As ten centuries intervened between the adoption of the Egyptian alphabet by the Phœnicians and the date of its earliest appearance in Semitic inscriptions, it is not wonderful that the forms of the letters should have undergone considerable alterations. The marvel rather is that after the lapse of a thousand years the Phœnician characters should have retained so much resemblance to their Egyptian originals as may be seen in Mr. Taylor's comparative table.

The alphabet thus invented by the Semites of the Delta was

adopted by the nations of kindred speech occupying the west of Asia. The forms of the characters underwent diverse modifications in different places, so that in their latest stages the Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic alphabets present scarcely any mutual resemblance. From early forms of these alphabets were derived, by a chain of descent which is now clearly established, the countless alphabets of India and Tartary. Utterly divergent as these modes of writing appear, their differences are in no single instance due to arbitrary caprice. Everything is to be ascribed to the involuntary corruptions in the forms of the letters by successive copyists, to the changes in the nature of the writing materials, or to the necessity of distinguishing between characters which had come to resemble each other too closely. It is astonishing how infinitesimal a share mere arbitrary invention has had in the development of the art of writing. Even when in the adoption of a foreign alphabet it was necessary to provide expression for a new sound, recourse was never had to what we might suppose to be the natural expedient of inventing an entirely new letter. The nations who have borrowed the alphabet of another language have in general at first contented themselves with rendering their own peculiar sounds by the symbols most nearly corresponding to them, and afterwards, when the double phonetic value of a letter was found to be inconvenient, they have effected the necessary distinction by adding a dot or a dash, or otherwise slightly altering the form of the character. Not unfrequently, the alternative forms of the same letter, arising from individual diversities of handwriting, were seized upon as a means of expressing differences of sound. It seems as though the human race had determined, in the framing of phonetic signs, to economise its stock of inventive power to the very uttermost.

Our present concern, however, is with the changes which the Phœnician alphabet underwent in its adoption by the Greeks. The great defect of the Phœnician system of writing was that it provided for the expression of consonant sounds only. This deficiency was of very little consequence so long as the use of the alphabet was confined to the Semitic languages, in which the vowels are so comparatively unimportant that their omission in writing occasions scarcely any inconvenience to a native reader. But for the writing of Greek words a complete vowel-notation was an absolute necessity. The Phœnician alphabet itself, however, afforded a singularly easy means of supplying this want. The first letter, *aleph*, properly represented an almost inaudible breathing, but it was so frequently followed by the vowel *a* that it was naturally adopted as the expression of that sound. For a similar reason the Semitic *h* was taken

to denote the vowel *e*. The vowels *u* and *i* were expressed by the Semitic characters for *w* and *y*, which at the end of a word had probably already in Phœnician come to be pronounced as vowels. There thus remained only the vowel *o*, for which the Greeks chose the Semitic *ayin*, the original sound of which was a soft guttural breathing.

By means of these contrivances, the Greeks were for a time able to content themselves with the original twenty-two letters of the Phœnicians. The primitive Greek alphabet may be approximately represented by taking the modern printed capitals as far as T, and inserting in their proper places three other letters which in later times went out of use. Those lost letters are *wau*, which followed E, and had the form of our English F and the sound of *w*; *san*, shaped nearly like M, and pronounced *s*; and *koppa*, resembling our Q, and sounded as *k*. The two last of these letters were placed between II and P. At an early date the Greeks added a twenty-third letter, Y or V (*upsilon*), which was originally nothing else than an alternative form of the Phœnician *wau*, but was reserved to express the vowel sound of that letter, the consonantal power of which was denoted by F. The process by which the four concluding letters of the later Greek alphabet were developed is extremely interesting, but its history does not belong to the special subject of this paper.

Some of the letters of the Phœnician alphabet, in their original use, denoted sounds which were unknown in the Greek language. The Semitic *hheth* was a strong guttural aspirate, and when first adopted by the Greeks was used to express the sound of *h*. It afterwards became the symbol of the combination *he*, and finally of the long *e*. The three letters which the Greeks named *theta*, *san*, and *koppa* originally denoted peculiarly strong sounds of *t*, *s*, and *k*. *San* and *koppa* were not distinguished in Greek pronunciation from *sigma* and *kappa*, and therefore were dropped in the later alphabet. *Theta* was at first employed to express the sound of *t* when followed by *h* (ΘΗ), and subsequently was used by itself as the sign of the complex sound *th*. It should be understood that the ancient sound of *theta* was not that of the English *th* in the word "thorn," but that of the same letters in "neatherd." The omission of *wau* from the later alphabet was due to the fact that the sound which it represented had died out in Greek pronunciation.

The most conspicuous of the changes introduced by the Greeks in the Phœnician graphic system was that relating to the direction of the writing. The Phœnicians wrote from right to left; the Greeks

of the classical period wrote as we do, from left to right. This change was of course not made suddenly. The oldest Greek inscriptions began at the right hand, but at a very early date the Greeks adopted the practice of writing in the manner known by the ingenious name of *boustrophedon* (ploughing-fashion); that is to say, the first line ran from right to left, and the next line from left to right. When the lines of an inscription were long and not very straight, this mode of writing had considerable advantages both for the writer and the reader. In course of time the superior convenience of moving the hand in writing away from the body instead of across it led to the practice of beginning always from the left. This innovation was adopted independently in several different places, and became universal towards the end of the sixth century B.C.

In what has been said in a preceding paragraph, it is, of course, not intended to be implied that the Greek printed capitals represent the exact forms of the letters as they appear in early inscriptions. Some of the modern characters, in fact, differ very considerably from their ancient types; and each of the various portions of the Greek world had its own characteristic style of writing. The colonies which went out from Greece to the countries bordering on the Mediterranean carried with them the peculiar alphabets of their respective cities, and imparted the knowledge of them to the "barbarian" populations among whom they dwelt. The source from which the various native peoples of Italy derived their written characters is shown by Mr. Taylor to have been the Chalcidian colony of Cumæ, in Campania. Vases have been found in Italy with the alphabet scratched upon them, apparently intended to serve as lesson-books for the children of the Greek settlers. This alphabet consisted of the 22 original Phœnician letters, with the addition of *upsilon*, and characters expressing the sounds of *x*, *ph*, and *ch*. The addition of *x* (the form of which was a cross, +) seems singular, since the letter *xi* was retained in its regular alphabetic place. The older form of *xi*, however, (a cross inside a square) does not occur in any inscription written in the Chalcidian type of characters. It is possible that this earlier form may have retained its Phœnician value of *s*, while the simplified form acquired the power of *x*, and was placed as a separate letter at the end of the alphabet.

In adopting the alphabet of the Campanian Greeks, the several Italian peoples modified it in different ways, so that the alphabets of the Etruscans, the Latins, the Oscans, and the Umbrians were materially divergent. The original Latin alphabet consisted of the

following 21 letters, the forms of which are fairly represented by the modern capitals :—

A B C D E F Z H I K L M N O P Q R S T V X.

This alphabet is identical with that of the Greeks of Cumæ, except slight variations in the form of some of the letters, and the omission of *theta*, *xi*, *san*, *phi*, and *chi*. One or two of the characters, however, underwent a change of pronunciation. The Latin language required a character to denote the sound of *f*, for which the Greek alphabet provided no exact equivalent. We might have supposed that the Latins would for this purpose have adopted the letter *phi*, the early pronunciation of which was that of *p*, followed by *h*, nearly as in our word shepherd. What they actually did was to give the power of *f* to the Greek *wau*. It is possible that the Campanian colonists pronounced this letter as *wh*, a sound which has a tendency to pass into *f*, as in the Aberdeen pronunciation of "fat," "far," for what and where. The letter V was taken to express the sound of *v* as well as that of *u*. As the Romans in the early stages of their history came very largely under the influence of their Etruscan neighbours, in whose language the sound of *g* did not exist, the third letter of the alphabet came to be used indifferently for *g* and *k*. Afterwards a distinction was made by adding a little stroke to the left of the C when it stood for *g*. When the Z fell into disuse, the new character G was inserted in the vacant seventh place in the alphabet.

The Roman alphabet ended with X down to the 1st century B.C., when the large importation of Greek words into the Latin language rendered necessary the introduction of two supplementary characters. One of these was Y, the contemporary form of the Greek *upsilon*; that letter having undergone a change in pronunciation since the time when it was adopted into the Latin alphabet as V. The other was Z, which, as we have seen, the Romans had formerly discarded as useless.

In modern times three new letters, J, U, and W, have been added to the classical Latin alphabet. The process by which these letters were evolved (*invented*, in the popular sense of the word, they never were) is very easily traced. The Latin I, when preceding a vowel, was pronounced as *y*, and in the middle ages this sound passed into *ih* or *dzh*. The letter, therefore, had two very different sounds according to its position. Now in the manuscripts of the 15th century it became customary to write an initial I with a curved flourish. There thus arose two distinct forms of the character. These were adopted by the early printers, but were still employed

merely as initial and medial forms respectively ; and it was not until long after the invention of printing that the J (the "long I," as it was called, from being continued below the line) came to be appropriated to the consonant power of the letter. In the same way the Roman V retained its original form at the beginning of words, while in other positions the later rounded form U was employed. In the printed English books of the Elizabethan period this rule still continued to be followed. We find, for instance, such spelling as "Vp to heauen." Under the Stuart reigns the printers began to treat the two characters as signs of different phonetic values. It is only in the present century, however, that our English dictionaries have fully recognised I and J, and U and V, as distinct letters.

Soon after the Christian era the Roman V acquired the pronunciation which it now has in the Romance languages and in English. The *w* sound, which existed in the Teutonic languages, had, therefore, no proper sign in the Roman alphabet. As this sound was regarded as a reduplication of the vowel *u*, it was written either as *vu*, or with two *v*'s or *u*'s interlaced. This complex character is the parent of our English W. It is curious to note that the original Semitic *wau* has been differentiated in our English alphabet into five letters, F, U, V, W, and Y.

In addition to the printed capitals, the derivation of which has now been traced, the English alphabet is familiar to us under seven other forms ; namely, the small or "lower case" Roman types, and the large and small forms of the italic, black-letter, and written characters. Widely as these various scripts have diverged from each other, they have all been developed, by successive slight modifications, from the old Roman capitals. The origin of these secondary varieties of the alphabet goes back to classical times. It is now known that besides the square capitals used in inscriptions and books, the ancient Romans had another set of characters more suitable to rapid writing, and employed for business papers and correspondence. Until the eighth century of the Christian era this "Roman cursive," variously modified, was used throughout Europe for the ordinary purposes of writing, while the "uncials" or rounded capitals were employed for books. It has resulted from the researches of Mr. Taylor that, at some time not later than the fifth century, the cursive character underwent development into a formal book-hand, the outlines being rounded and made regular, so that the writing came to resemble the uncial in its general physiognomy, though not in the shapes of the individual letters. This new uncial, of which very few continental examples are known to exist, was carried by missionaries to Ireland,

where it became the basis of the ornate caligraphy for which the Irish scribes were famous. The Irish missionaries introduced their peculiar form of writing into Northumbria. From Northumbria it passed, through the agency of the famous Englishman, Ealhwine (Alcuinus), to the court of Charlemagne, and was transformed into the character known as the Caroline minuscule, which rapidly superseded both the uncials and the various continental forms of current-hand. The new style of writing was at first remarkable for its compactness and legibility, but after the lapse of four or five centuries it began to degenerate into the straggling and intricate black-letter. The scholars of the Italian Renaissance, however, modelled their own handwriting after the more elegant character which they found in the classical manuscripts of the tenth and eleventh centuries. The types used by the early printers of northern Europe were imitated from the contemporary manuscript black-letter, while the printers of Rome and Venice copied the neater writing in use in their own country, which thus became the parent of our modern Roman and italic letters. The modern written characters are derived partly from the manuscript black-letter, and partly from the Italian handwriting of the Renaissance. Into the origin of the individual letters of the various modern minuscule alphabets it is impossible here to enter. It may, however, be mentioned that the dot over the *i* was introduced in mediæval manuscripts for the sake of legibility. Without the aid of some such mark it would have been impossible to distinguish between *iu* and *ui*, when written with the letters joined together. The dot over the *j*, although not necessary for the purpose of distinction, was added in consequence of the original identity of this letter with *i*.

It remains to say a few words respecting the names of the letters. The names *alpha*, *beta*, *gamma*, *delta*, &c., which the Greeks had borrowed from the Semitic nations, seem to have been at first adopted by the Romans. As, however, these designations were found too cumbersome to be used in the spelling of words, they were discarded, and their place was supplied by the monosyllables *a*, *be*, *ce*, *de*, &c., which have been retained by the modern nations of Europe. These names require little explanation. The apparent anomaly of saying *ef*, *el*, *em*, *en*, *er*, *es*, instead of *fe*, *le*, *me*, &c., is to be accounted for on the "principle of least effort"; the "continuous" consonants being easier to pronounce at the end of a syllable, while the "stopped" consonants naturally prefer an initial position. The name *zed* is the Greek *zeta*, the letter, as has already been shown, having been of late introduction into the Latin alphabet. The only one of the Roman

names of letters which presents any difficulty is that of H, which from the Romance forms would seem to have been *acca*. This does not appear at first sight a very natural designation for the sign of the aspirate. But it is probable that the early Roman pronunciation of H resembled the modern German *ch*. The name of the letter would, therefore, most likely be *ach* or *acha*, which, when the guttural sound disappeared from the language, would naturally become *acca*. Our English alphabetic names (except those of J, W, X, and Y) are borrowed from the French names, with which they coincide in spelling. We have, however, turned *er* (R) into *ar*, in obedience to the same tendency which leads us to pronounce the word *sergeant* as *sargeant*. The English name of Y is peculiar to this country, and its singularity has often been remarked. The reason "why we call Y *wi*" would seem to be as follows. The original English power of *y* resembled that of the French *u*. As in the case of the other vowels, the sound expressed by the letter was taken as its name. When this sound became obsolete in the language, the nearest possible rendering of the alphabetic name was *wi* (pronounced *oo ee*), which would regularly develope into the modern *wi*.

In reviewing the long and varied history which Mr. Taylor has so skilfully expounded, and a small portion of which we have here attempted to summarise, it is impossible not to be impressed by the completeness with which modern discoveries have established the universal prevalence of fixed natural law in a domain in which the earlier inquirers saw little but arbitrary caprice. The change in the attitude of scientific investigation of this subject is strictly parallel to the revolution which has been effected in the study of organic nature by the adoption of the principle of evolution. So perfect, indeed, is the analogy, that Mr. Taylor, in describing the development of alphabetic symbols, falls naturally into the continual use of Darwinian language. The science of alphabets, in addition to its intrinsic interest, and the aid which it contributes to the solution of great historical problems, thus possesses a further claim to attention, as furnishing one more confirmation of the principle that the reign of natural law extends to the phenomena of human progress no less than to the changes of the material universe.

HENRY BRADLEY.

LYNDHURST.

NOTHING is so interesting as the discussion of a many-sided character, which offers different modes of treatment according to various prejudices or the comparative mystery of the transactions in which it figured. The popular or even vulgar idea of Lord Lyndhurst has been that he was a sort of Machiavel, or a political adventurer, flexible in his views, and ready to take service with either side ; while old people who recall his earlier days repeat stories of a flexibility in other ways. Sir Theodore Martin has now been cleaning the old picture, has "got off" half a century of dirt, has restored, and varnished, and regilt the frame. This task, it seems, was done to the order of the family, and there is a feeling, on reading the defence, that the whole is more laboured and ingenious than convincing. There is too much of a favourite form, "Would it be likely that Lord Campbell," "Is it credible," "A man would not have deserved the name," &c. Many of Lord Campbell's charges and vituperative attacks are disposed of by showing mistakes and inconsistencies in detail ; but the impression remains that the story is right in the main. But even these refutations seem halting and insufficient. Dealing with some of these first, we shall show from instances, trivial as they are, that they have little force as a refutation.

Lord Lyndhurst was in court, Lord Campbell tells us, when he heard the news of his wife's death. "He swallowed a large quantity of laudanum and set off to see her remains." Now, says Sir T. Martin gravely, "had Lord Campbell really known anything of Lord Lyndhurst as a friend, he would have known that he took laudanum every night. Out of this practice Lord Campbell's *fiction was manufactured.*" But had he not shown that he knew something "as a friend"? for a person that takes laudanum every night would most probably take it on a sudden shock of this kind. The laudanum of the day-time may have been a fiction, but not, certainly, because it was also taken at night. Sir T. Martin virtually comes in aid of the story, though he does not see it. He also quotes Lyndhurst as praising a display of great loyalty, zeal, and unanimity. "Strange words," says Sir T. Martin, "for one supposed to be devotedly

attached to republican doctrines." But he was merely speaking of the zeal of the volunteers in the defence of the country against the French. There were plenty of republican patriots of that kind. Lord Campbell speaks of Copley attending anniversary dinners to celebrate Fox's return for Westminster and the acquittal of Hardy and Tooke. "Now," says Sir T. Martin, "the wanton recklessness of this statement is proved by a reference to dates. Fox's election for Westminster took place in 1784, when Copley was twelve years old. Hardy and Tooke were tried in 1794 when Copley was at Cambridge." Now, the "wanton recklessness" of this refutation might also be proved by a reference to dates. Fox was again elected for Westminster six or seven years later, in 1791, and dinners were often held to celebrate it and other of his victories. Further, the anniversary of Hardy's acquittal in its ordinary sense might surely be celebrated a dozen years after the event. This was what Lord Campbell meant. A legal story is quoted from the *Edinburgh Review* as an instance of the fashion in which fictions are sent abroad. Lord Lyndhurst, it seems, used to relate how at the trial of Watson and Thistlewood his leader, Wetherall, suddenly collapsed in his speech; and how he himself, not being prepared to go on, was in mortal terror, when the other suddenly recovered himself and spoke for a day and a half. But Sir T. Martin solemnly declares it incredible. A barrister who was not ready for his case would be "a disgrace to the gown he wore," and "the greatest fool besides." What were the facts? he asks. Wetherall rose late in the day—for twenty-two witnesses had been examined—and concluded his speech the same evening. There was no failure mentioned in the report. Next day, witnesses were examined and Lyndhurst spoke. But, surely, if the point of the story is made out, which it is here—namely, the surprise, the distress, and happy rescue—then what becomes of the "disgrace to the gown," "the greatest fool," &c.? Sir T. Martin shows that Wetherall spoke for a singularly short time, that Copley applied to have the examination of the witnesses postponed till next morning—a fair presumption that he wished for time. The thing is hardly worth minute investigation, but it may be said that there is not a barrister of eminence who is not occasionally surprised in this way, or comes into court unprepared, and this without deserving to have his gown stripped from his back.

Then of a story so pleasantly told of his spouting in the Temple, debating so excitedly that the laundresses and other attendants gathered round the windows, a cry of fire was raised and the engine brought. This is gravely refuted as a moral imputation; it is urged that the topics were purely legal, so he could not excite himself—

that the Temple is shut up at night. But, *e contra*, do not some of the scouts live in the Temple, or have business there of nights bringing in suppers, oysters, &c., and could not one get excited and disputatious over a dry legal topic? But it is absurd arguing on stories. Too much importance has been attached to the charge of his having been a Jacobin and having changed his opinions. But the real force of the accusations lay in his constant *denials*. And this, too, joined with the curious cloud of shiftiness that seemed to attach to his political acts. There is a passage in Lord Campbell's diary which he himself did not publish or use. When they were both rising men at the bar, Scarlett reminded him that he used to be called "Jacobin Copley," which the other said was a calumny invented at the time, on which Scarlett replied, "I remember it perfectly."

Sir T. Martin gives substantial proof of the attentions and friendliness of Sir R. Peel when Lord Lyndhurst was advanced in life. But Sir T. Martin tries to prove too much when he makes out that all the stories of previous hostility are Lord Campbell's fictions. The latter mentions Peel studiously pretending not to pay attention when Lyndhurst was enforcing his views. But friendliness at a late period does not negative previous hostility. As well might Sir T. Martin argue from the cordiality that now exists between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain that it was a pure fiction that only four years ago the latter had bitterly described him as the "meanest of statesmen," with much more coarse abuse.

To show what little confidence Sir R. Peel had in Lyndhurst, Lord Campbell declares that he issued the famous Tamworth manifesto without consulting him. With some triumph Sir T. Martin asks what will be thought of such a statement, when the fact is that it was actually settled and adopted in Lord Lyndhurst's own dining-room. This at first seems to dispose of the imputation. But we find that it was a mere cabinet dinner—where Sir Robert showed it to all his colleagues when complete, to receive their approbation. The obvious meaning of Lord Campbell was that he had not consulted his important colleague on the paper and planned or drawn it up in concert with him.

Again, Sir T. Martin has a curious lack of appreciation in trifling matters, which gives rise to reasonable suspicions of his judgment in greater ones. Thus, he describes Lord Eldon advising his friend to choose a short title, saying it would be easily and quickly written, as he would have to sign it often. "He kept this friendly hint in view," says Sir T. Martin, "and the result was" *Lyndhurst*—a long and rather difficult word to write. Sir T. Martin also decides that the

"Lives of the Chancellors" belong to the category of "*unhappily long-lived books*" which Charles Lamb declared "no gentleman's library should be without." Lamb was not thinking of "long-lived books" but of annual registers, Josephus, court calendars, and such dreary literature, in which category the entertaining "Lives of the Chancellors" would never have been placed by "Elia." It is clear Sir T. Martin has the Caledonian impenetrability to a jest. Lord Campbell tells how he met Lyndhurst at a dinner, when the latter told him that "he had some thoughts of dying a Whig in order that he (Campbell) might deal mercifully with him"; upon which Sir T. Martin exclaims in grave rebuke, "Lyndhurst die a Whig!"

Again, a character is greatly influenced by certain elements always found in the adventurer. Lyndhurst, it is well known, suffered all his life from money difficulties. He married two beautiful women, and, indeed, his general reputation, as I have heard from many old people, was that of a "man of gallantry." His second wife was the daughter of a certain L. Goldsmith, who wrote such books as "Crimes of Cabinets," and it is enough to say, were subsequently imitated by Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds in his works. There are some extraordinary scenes detailed in the first edition of Mr. Greville's book, in which the Duke of Cumberland behaved to the first Lady Lyndhurst very grossly, and like a savage; but when her husband became cognisant, it must be said he comported himself in a strangely pitiful undignified fashion. He certainly was too amiably obsequious and forbearing. Another significant fact is, that when the Peel Government set itself to gaining over the editor of the *Times*, the duty was entrusted to Lord Lyndhurst, who at interviews and dinners at his house, succeeded in cementing a formal alliance with the great power, Mr. Barnes.

In appraising Lyndhurst's character it should always be kept in view that his contemporaries held him in suspicion. Wherever we look we are certain to find this distrust. A long list could be made of eminent persons who have recorded their unfavourable opinion of him. Lord Grey, Lord Tavistock, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Denman, Mr. Canning, Mr. Stanley, Scarlett, Lord George Bentinck, and many more, expressed unfavourable opinions of his character. Lord Denman, one of the most just and honourable of men, declared he had betrayed his cause, which he had undertaken, for the sake of his own interests: a serious charge from such a man. He spoke of him as a "Mephistopheles," and described Canning as "exposing *the baseness and impudence* of his conduct." Lord Derby refused to serve with him, as did also Lord George Bentinck. Denman

also said he had been "a demagogue," and he had been on the same circuit.

On almost every change of Government we find this consistent politician being proposed to be continued in office by the incoming party. When the Tories fell in 1830, in a conversation with Mr. Greville, he seemed to say that a chancellorship ought to have been put in commission, and that he himself might have been called on to fill it in a few months. Without going deeply into politics, it certainly strikes one as singular that the appearance of Lyndhurst, in any striking situation, is always attended by some awkward shifty associations. A defence of some kind has to be offered, and there is an air of *suspicion* about. When the "true-blue" Tories declined serving under Mr. Canning, it seemed odd that Copley should have consented to join his ranks. That in this first step he should be looked on as a deserter is characteristic, and this is shown by a little sketch in "Lord Kingsdown's Recollections":—"Lord Lyndhurst was engaged to dine the following week at a large political party of his old colleagues, I forget at what house, and, having abandoned them, to their great annoyance, he had some doubt whether he should keep his engagement. After consulting with his wife, however (the then Lady Lyndhurst), they determined that it would be cowardly to stay away, and that they would face it out. Lord Lyndhurst says that he took down to dinner Mrs. Arbuthnot, who did nothing but reproach and abuse him the whole time that he sat by her; but Lady Lyndhurst was taken down by Lord Eldon, who was most marked in his attentions and courtesy to her, and in enabling her to overcome the awkwardness of the position in which she could not but feel she was placed." Lord Kingsdown adds, significantly, "Soon after Lord Lyndhurst's appointment, some new King's Counsel were made, amongst others Brougham and my great friend (as he afterwards became) Bickersteth. These promotions sufficiently showed on what political support Canning relied." In the suspicious transaction of Lyndhurst's accepting the Chief Baronship from the Tories, Sir T. Martin appeals to Brougham's eagerness that he should take the place, and his assurances that no pledge was given or asked for; it was a disinterested act done to secure a good judge for the public benefit. These impartial appointments are so rare that one is inclined to be suspicious. The reason of Brougham's eagerness is plainly revealed in his letters and conduct—he wished to have a precedent which would help him, as he was feverishly anxious to get back to freedom and public life. But as to the disinterestedness on the part of Lords Grey and

Brougham, to which Sir T. Martin appeals, as proving that they had no proselytising views, let us turn to their letters. Lord Grey writing, says, "It would materially contribute to our ease and comfort in the House of Lords;" while Lord Brougham says himself, "*It would be a great thing*, as Lord Grey hoped, *for the party*—a hope which Lyndhurst's conduct soon showed to be grievously fallacious." So much for the public grounds of the appointment; it matters not that the hook did not land the fish though the bait was taken. The point is, the showing that there was an impression that Lyndhurst was in the market. He himself was uneasy as to the ugly look of the transaction—this being the second of his promotions which was regarded askance—and asked favourable opinions from his friends. Sir T. Martin does not see that their answers are exceedingly guarded, Peel merely wishing that "it may promote his happiness, whether he accept or decline; the duke, that he shall be happy at any arrangement that tends to give convenience, &c.;" while another colleague bids him take the post "if he can accept with propriety"—which seems either to mean it was a matter for his own nice sense of propriety, or that, considering his known embarrassments in money matters, he might be privileged not to be too nice in matters of principle. Lyndhurst himself stated that the place came to him unsolicited, "and further that he was certain to be subjected to so much obloquy and abuse that he was inclined to decline." But here, again, the purely disinterested view is awkwardly disturbed by the vision of the beautiful Lady Lyndhurst, for whom, both Mr. Greville and Lord Brougham tell us, the venerable Grey had a gallant *tendre*. She herself told a friend that her admirer had given the place as a present for herself, to give to her husband. Thus, as I said, the transaction assumes a curious intriguing air.

But let us come to the well-known *coup d'état* in May, 1832, when the King restored the Tories, or made his attempt to restore them. There was something dramatic in this desperate effort, and one is inclined to pity the beguiled and deluded King. For, unfortunately, it is but too plain that it was not the result of mere resistance to the dictation of a ministry that had been for some time working in the King's mind. The chief movers appear to have been Lord Munster and Lord Howe, Lyndhurst being their instrument. But there was a far higher personage engaged in the plot, for Lord Howe, the Queen's dismissed chamberlain, wrote in January, 1831, to try and engage the Duke of Wellington in the affair—

"I am now going to take a great liberty with you; it is in strict confidence: to show you part of a letter I have just received from the Queen. Of course she

does not know that I have submitted her letter to you, and should you think it *right* to send me a few lines which might be shown to her, and of course to the *unfortunate* master, advert only to what I have said, not what I have shown you. . . . God knows whether the King is sincere or not, but is it not frightful to see him acting as he does, while at the same time he detests his agents?"

A copy of Her Majesty's letter was enclosed :

THE QUEEN TO LORD HOWE.

Pavilion, 18th January.

MY LORD,—I thank you most sincerely for having communicated to me Lady Ely's letter, which I have burnt, according to your wish, after its perusal. I read it to the King, who was as much pleased with it as I was. *His eyes are open and see the great difficulties in which he is placed. He sees everything in the right light,* but I am afraid he is fixed that no other administration could be formed at present among your friends, and thinks they are aware of it themselves. How far he is right or not I cannot pretend to say, for I do not understand these important things, but I should like to know what the Duke of Wellington thinks, for he must be a good judge of this question."

This is surely a significant communication ; and later, at a greater crisis, the *Times* (or rather Lord Brougham) declared "The Queen has done it all." This little backstairs plot might be fairly adduced in confirmation.

But, notwithstanding the Queen's doubts, matters advanced, and by March it was plain they had brought the King to agree with their plans. For we find the ex-chamberlain writing in this strain—

"DEAR SIR,—I have just seen the King, and he has not any answer yet from Lord Grey, and nothing whatever passed between him and the King. *Pray, for God's sake, have Peel ready.*"

Have Peel ready! But, alas, that was not to be. And again—

"Pray, my dear Duke, **DEPEND UPON THE KING.** Assure your party, if they will be *staunch*, he will be so."

Which suggests Marshal MacMahon and the Fourtous, &c. The only difficulty was, who was to strike the blow. But the instrument had been found. What more natural than that the name of the pliant Lyndhurst should be suggested, and it was no mere coincidence, surely, that just as the King's mind was ripe for action, the ex-chancellor should have brought forward and carried his famous motion.

If we were told now-a-days that one of the chief justices had rushed to the House and defeated ministers on a bill which had been read twice in both Houses, and had then gone to the King and set about making a ministry, the cry would have been raised of scandalous indecency—outrage of all public decorum. But if, in addition, it was found that the leader of his party in the House of Commons had taken no share in the business, and that he had worked on his own hand, what conclusion would have been drawn? In the case of

Lyndhurst—all through his life suspected of intrigue—the warrantable presumption surely is that he had been prompted by the court party, and by his own ambition. For it is certain that no regular plans had been laid with the Duke or Sir R. Peel. The whole attitude of Lyndhurst through the business was, as usual, suspicious. We find him working in the background, moving the puppets—the few, as it proved, that he could get to work—including the poor Duke, who, almost alone, went loyally through his functions to the end. There is, it must be confessed, one difficulty in the case, viz., How could he have made such a terrible miscalculation, or have entered into an enterprise so certain to fail? I fancy the only explanation could be—though there is little proof of it—that, knowing Peel would refuse, the bait of all power being in his hands was irresistible.

The Duke's account in the House of Lords was that the "King sent for a noble and learned friend of mine, who informed me of His Majesty's intentions, and I considered it my duty to enquire from others, for I was as impressed as His Majesty," &c. Then, Lord Lyndhurst following, said "that in consequence of his interview with the King, he waited on the Duke." But it is curious to find that with all his candour he made no allusion to his visit to Peel, and consequent rebuff.

Having been with the King, and reached town at night, Lord Lyndhurst wrote to the Duke in this triumphant strain :

"I have just returned from Windsor, and everything is, I think, well. But I must see you for a few moments. Where shall I find you?"

In half an hour the Duke replied, making this curious profession of faith :

"I shall be very much concerned indeed if we cannot at least make an effort to enable the King to shake off the trammels of his tyrannical minister. I am perfectly ready to do whatever His Majesty may command me. I am as much averse to reform as I ever was."

The idea that Lord Lyndhurst could have himself undertaken to form a ministry was absurd ; but the selection of the Duke of Wellington instead of Sir Robert Peel was no less so, as the event proved. Reaction, however, always thinks of a *ministère de point*.

"May 10 h, 1832.

"MY DEAR DUKE OF WELLINGTON,—The more I consider the subject of our consultations—and I have considered it much—the more I am satisfied that you must consent to be the minister, or everything will fail. I am confident we can manage the affair, and the situation of the King is such that at all events it is our duty to try."

"Confident we can manage the affair," "you must be minister or everything will fail." They did not manage the affair, and everything failed because the duke *was* minister. Never was there a prophecy

uttered so damaging for the sagacity of the prophet. The reserved attitude of Lord Lyndhurst in the whole affair, and the prognostications of failure which he was to utter presently, give rise to suspicions, and it certainly seems likely that a man of such mental power and sagacity must have foreseen the issue at the very beginning.

We need not go over the oft-told tale of the collapse of the whole plot and the ignominious surrender of the King, who was obliged to take back his old ministers. But is it too much to say that, while one has some respect for the Duke, who was "left in the lurch," one feels little respect for the crafty man who had led the attack in the House, defeated ministers, and tried hard to supplant them and failed, bungling the matter in the most clumsy fashion. His situation was indeed pitiable if not laughable. He had lost his office—and he had been chancellor for a few days!

While Lord Grey was waiting for a summons, the plan of the court party, now grown desperate, was to work the King up to a final act of resistance; he, setting his back against the wall, was to make a general appeal to the country for aid. Lord Munster and the Duke of Buckingham here again come on the scene. While the letters were passing between the King and Lord Grey, the first-named nobleman was writing to the Duke of Wellington.

"After thirteen hours, since the King's answer last night to Lord Grey, his lordship is *come*. I know not what has passed, but the King repeated to me, five minutes before Lord Grey came in, that *nothing should make him create peers. He is most stout*. For God's sake be sure, if the King is driven to the wall, of *feel*. An appeal to him and his countrymen could not be disregarded.

In support of this policy, the Duke of Buckingham, who was in a state of excitement, addressed no fewer than three despatches to the Duke: at noon, at two o'clock, and at midnight.

At two, he wrote, "I speak from AUTHORITY. *The King will not make peers. All depends upon Peel.*"

Then he asks, "Would it be right to prepare Peel for this appeal to his *allegiance* as a subject?"

At midnight he wrote, "*The person* has been with me. . . . I asked whether the King would let the battle be fought out in the House of Lords between the parties, the King engaging not to make peers. The King, he said, would not make any peers. The King was pledged very deep indeed upon the other points."

How the unfortunate King was pressed at this moment may be gathered from what Sir D. Le Marchant heard, viz., that "during this interval the hopes of the Tories revived; and the Queen, who had warmly espoused their cause, wrote, even after the King had seen Lord Grey, to an intimate friend, "I do not despair yet. Lord Dover told me that *he had seen the letter.*"

Then all intrigues were suspected, and were with good reason laid to the account of Lord Munster, who was at last driven by the many "calumnies" to defend himself in the House. To us who have just read his letters and followed his rather tortuous proceedings it seems scarcely a candid one.

"He would take the opportunity of alluding to certain aspersions which had been cast upon his character out of doors. He was at first inclined to consider these calumnies hardly worthy of notice, being convinced that those who knew his character would need no other proof of their falsehood; but as they had been very generally disseminated, he thought, upon consideration, that it would be as well publicly to refute them. It had been stated that he had unhandsomely intrigued against Earl Grey's Government, and endeavoured to undermine that noble lord's Administration. This was a very serious charge; but he would convince their lordships, by a short and simple statement, that it could not with any justice be imputed to him. The truth was, that for six months before, and for four-and-twenty hours after the resignation of his Majesty's ministers had been accepted, it was, from certain circumstances, out of his power to act in the manner imputed to him, even if he had been so unworthily inclined."

Mr. Ticknor was assured by Lord Althorpe that Lyndhurst, however clever, was "entirely unprincipled;" telling how, on a particular Government Bill, he found the Solicitor-General, Copley, opposing him, he went over and reminded him of what he had said to him in private; to which Copley made no reply but a hearty laugh. It seems Lord Eldon was opposed to it, and his promotion then depended on Lord Eldon. Even old Sir R. Heron has a story how Eyre, the surgeon, called upon his friend and neighbour Lord Lyndhurst, soon after he had ratted. "I find," said he, "your lordship has changed your politics." "Yes," said Lady Lyndhurst, "and is ready to change them again, if you will make it worth his while."

PERCY FITZGERALD.

BARBARIAN WARFARE.

A NEGRO, of whom a missionary once inquired why he put himself to such needless pain as he saw him endure in the process of furrowing his face with scars, replied, as though the reason were obvious: "For honour, and that people on seeing me may say, There goes a man of heart."

Ridiculous as this negro's idea of the requirements of honour must appear to us, it bears a sufficient resemblance to other notions of the same kind that have passed current in the world at different times to satisfy us of the extreme variability of the sentiment in question. Cæsar with difficulty built a bridge across the Rhine, chiefly because he held it beneath his own dignity, or the Roman people's, for his army to cross it in boats. The Celts of old thought it as ignominious to fly from an inundation, or from a burning or falling house, as to retreat from an enemy. The Spartans considered it inglorious to pursue a flying foe, or to be killed in storming a besieged city. The same Gauls who gloried in broadsword-wounds would almost go mad with shame if wounded by an arrow or other missile that only left an imperceptible mark. The use of letters was once thought dishonourable by all the European nations. Marshal Montluc, in the sixteenth century, considered it a sign of abnormal overbookishness for a man to prefer to spend a night in his study than to spend it in the trenches, though, now, a contrary taste would be thought by most men the mark of a fool.

Such are some of the curious ideas of honour that have prevailed at different times. Wherein we seem to recognise not merely change but advance; one chief difference between the savage and civilised state lying in the different estimates entertained in either of martial prowess and of military honour. We laugh nowadays at the ancient Britons who believed that the souls of all who had followed any other pursuit than that of arms, after a despised life and an unlamented death, hovered perforce over fens and marshes, unfit to mingle with those of warriors in the higher and brighter regions; at the horsemen who used before death to wound themselves with their spears, in order to obtain that admission to Walhalla which was

denied to all who failed to die upon a battle field ; or at the Spaniards, who, when Cato disarmed them, preferred a voluntary death to a life destined to be spent without arms.¹ No civilised warrior would pride himself, as Fijian warriors did, on being generally known as the "Waster" or "Devastator" of such-and-such a district ; the most he would look for would be a title and perhaps a perpetual pension for his descendants. We have nothing like the custom of the North American tribes, among whom different marks on a warrior's robe told at a glance whether his fame rested on the slaughter of a man or a woman, or only on that of a boy or a girl. We are inferior in this respect to the Dakota tribes, among whom an eagle's feather with a red spot on it denoted simply the slaughter of an enemy, the same feather with a notch and the sides painted red, that the said enemy had had his throat cut, whilst according as the notches were on one side or on both, or the feather partly denuded, anyone could tell after how many others the hero had succeeded in touching the dead body of a fallen foe. The stride is clearly a great one from Pyrrhus, the Epirot king, who, when asked which of two musicians he thought the better, only deigned to reply that Polysperchon was the general, to Napoleon, the French emperor, who conferred the cross of the Legion of Honour on Crescentini the singer.

And as the pursuit of arms comes with advancing civilisation to occupy a lower level as compared with the arts of peace, so the belief is the mark of a more polished people that the rapacity and cruelty which belong to the war customs of a more backward nation or of an earlier time, are absent from their own. They invent the expression *civilised warfare* to emphasize a distinction they would fain think inherent in the nature of things ; and look, by its help, even on the mode of killing an enemy, with a moral vision that is conveniently distorted. How few of us, for example, but see the utmost barbarity in sticking a man with an assegai, yet none whatever in doing so with a bayonet ? And why should we pride ourselves on not mutilating the dead, while we have no scruples as to the extent to which we mutilate the living ? We are shocked at the mention of barbarian tribes who poison their arrows, or barb their darts, yet ourselves think nothing of the frightful gangrenes caused by the copper cap in the Minié rifle-ball, and reject, on the score of the expense of the change, the proposal that bullets of soft lead, which cause needless pain, should no longer be used among the civilised powers for small-arm ammunition.²

¹ Livy, xxxiv. 17.

² As at the Brussels Conference, 1874, when such a proposal was made by the member for Sweden and Norway.

But whilst the difference in these respects between barbarism and civilisation is thus one that rather touches the surface than the substance of war, the result is inevitably in either state a different code of military etiquette and sentiment, though the difference is far less than in any other points of comparison between them. When the nations of Christendom therefore came in contact with unknown and savage races, whose customs seemed different from their own and little worthy of attention, they assumed that the latter recognised no laws of war, much as some of the earlier travellers denied the possession or faculty of speech to people whose language they could not interpret. From which assumption the practical inference followed, that the restraints which were held sacred between enemies who inherited the same traditions of military honour had no need to be observed in hostilities with the heathen world. It is worth while, therefore, to show how baseless was the primary assumption, and how laws of war, in no way dissimilar to those of Europe, may be detected in the military usages of barbarism.

To spare the weak and helpless was and is a common rule in the warfare of the less civilised races. The Guanches of the Canary Islands, says an old Spanish writer, "held it as base and mean to molest or injure the women and children of the enemy, considering them as weak and helpless, therefore improper objects of their resentment; neither did they throw down or damage houses of worship."¹ The Samoans considered it cowardly to kill a woman:² and in America the Sioux Indians and Winnebagoes, though barbarous enough in other respects, are said to have shown the conventional respect to the weaker sex.³ The Basutos of South Africa, whatever may be their customs now, are declared by Casalis, one of the first French Protestant missionaries to their country, to have respected in their wars the persons of women, children, and travellers, and to have spared all prisoners who surrendered, granting them their liberty on the payment of ransom.⁴

Few savage races were of a wilder type than the Abipones of South America; yet Dobritzoffer, the Jesuit missionary, assures us not only that they thought it unworthy of them to mangle the bodies of dead Spaniards, as other savages did, but that they generally spared the unwarlike, and carried away boys and girls uninjured. The Spaniards, Indians, Negroes, or Mulattoes whom they took in war

¹ *In Pinkerton*, xvi. 817.

² *Turner's Nineteen Years in Samoa*, 304.

³ *Schoolcraft's Indian Tribes*, iv. 52.

⁴ *The Basutos*, 223.

they did not treat like captives, but with kindness and indulgence like children. Dobritzhoffer never saw a prisoner punished by so much as by a word or a blow, but he bears testimony to the compassion and confidence often displayed to captives by their conquerors. It is common to read of the cruelty of the Red Indians to their captives; but Loskiel, another missionary, declares that prisoners were often adopted by the victors to supply the place of the slain, and that even Europeans, when it came to an exchange of prisoners, sometimes refused to return to their own countrymen. In Virginia notice was sent before war to the enemy, that in the event of their defeat, the lives of all should be spared who should submit within two days' time.

Loskiel gives some other rather curious testimony about the Red Indians. "When war was in contemplation they used to admonish each other to hearken to the good and not to the evil : pi its, the former always recommending peace. They seem," he adds with surprise, "to have had no idea of the devil as the prince of darkness before the Europeans came into the country." The symbol of peace was the burial of the hatchet or war-club in the ground; and when the tribes renewed their covenants of peace, they exchanged certain belts of friendship which were singularly expressive. The principal belt was white, with black streaks down each side and a black spot at each end: the black spots represented the two people, and the white streak between them signified, that the road between them was now clear of all trees, brambles, and stones, and that every hindrance was therefore removed from the way of perfect harmony.

The Athenians used the same language of symbolism when they declared war by letting a lamb loose into the enemy's country: this being equivalent to saying, that a district full of the habitations of men should shortly be turned into a pasture for sheep.¹

The Fijians used to spare their enemy's fruit trees; the Tongan islanders held it as sacrilege to fight within the precincts of the burial place of a chief, where the greatest enemies were obliged to meet as friends.

Most of the lower races recognise the inviolability of ambassadors and heralds; and have well-established emblems of a truce or armistice. The wish for peace, which the Zulu king in vain sought from his English invaders by the symbol of an elephant's tusk (1879), was conveyed in the Fiji Islands by a whale's tooth, in the Sandwich by a young plantain tree or green branch of the ti plant, and among most North American tribes by a white flag of skin or bark. The

¹ Potter's *Grecian Antiquities*, v. 69.

Samoa symbol for an act of submission in deprecation of further hostilities conveys some indication of the possible origin of these pacific symbols. The conquered Samoan would carry to his victor some bamboo sticks, some firewood, and some small stones ; for as a piece of split bamboo was the original Samoan knife, and small stones and firewood were used for the purpose of roasting pigs, this symbol of submission was equivalent to saying : " Here we are, your pigs, to be cooked if you please, and here are the materials wherewith to do it." ¹ In the same way the elephant's tusk or the whale's tooth may be a short way of saying to the victor : " Yours is the strength of the elephant or the whale ; we recognise the uselessness of fighting with you."

In the same way many savage tribes take the greatest pains to impress the terms of treaties as vividly as possible on the memory of the contracting parties by striking and intelligible ceremonies. In the Sandwich Islands, a wreath woven conjointly by the leaders of either side and placed in a temple was the chief symbol of peace. On the Fiji Islands, the combatant forces would meet and throw down their weapons at one another's feet. The Tahitians wove a wreath of green boughs, furnished by each side ; exchanged two young dogs ; and having also made a band of cloth together, deposited the wreath and the band in the temple, with imprecations on the side which should first violate so solemn a treaty of peace. ² On the Hervey Islands, the token of the cessation of war was the breaking of a number of spears against a large chestnut tree ; the almost imperishable coral tree was planted in the valleys to signify the hope that the peace might last as long as the tree ; and after the drum of peace had been solemnly beaten round the island, it was unlawful for any man to carry a weapon, or to cut down any iron-wood, which he might turn into an implement of destruction.

Even the custom of proclaiming that a war is not undertaken against a people but against its rulers is not unknown in savage life. The Ashantee army used to strew leaves on their march, to signify that their hostility was not with the country they passed through but only with the instigators of the war ; they told the Fantees that they had no war with them collectively, but only with some of them. ³ How common a military custom this appeal to the treason of an enemy is, notwithstanding the rarity of its success, everybody knows. When, for instance, the Anglo-Zulu war began, it was solemnly proclaimed that the British Government had no quarrel with the Zulu people : it was

¹ Turner's *Samoa*, 298.

² Ellis's *Polynesian Researches*, i. 275.

³ Hutton's *Voyage to Africa*, 1821, 337.

a war against the Zulu king, not against the Zulu nation. (Jan. 11, 1879.) So were the Ashantees told by the English invading force; so were the Afghans; so were the Egyptians; and so were the French by the Emperor William before his merciless hordes laid waste and desolate some of the fairest provinces of France. And yet this appeal to treason, this premium on a people's disloyalty, is the regular precursor of wars, wherein destruction for its own sake, the burning of grain and villages for the mere pleasure of the flames, forms almost invariably the most prominent feature. The military view always prevails over the civil, of the meaning of hostilities that have no reference to a population but only to its government. In the Zulu war, for instance, in spite of the above proclamation, the lieutenant-general ordered raids to be made into Zululand for the express purpose of burning empty kraals or villages; defending such procedure by the usual military logic, that the more the natives at large felt the strain of the war, the more anxious they would be to see it concluded; and it was quite in vain for the lieutenant-governor of Natal to argue that the burning of empty kraals would neither do much harm to the Zulus nor good to the English; and that whereas the war had been begun on the ground that it was waged against the Zulu king and not against his nation, such conduct was calculated to alienate from the invaders the whole of the Zulu people, including those who were well disposed to them. Such arguments hardly ever prevail over that passion for wanton destruction and for often quite unnecessary slaughter, which finds a ready and comprehensive shelter under the wing of military exigencies.

The assumption, therefore, that savage races are ignorant of all laws of war, or incapable of learning them, would seem to be based rather on our indifference about their customs than on the realities of the case, seeing that the preceding evidence to the contrary results only from a cursory inquiry. But whatever value there may be in our own laws of war, as helping to constitute a real difference between savage and civilised warfare, the best way to spread the blessing of a knowledge of them would clearly be for the more civilised races to adhere to them strictly in all wars waged with their less advanced neighbours. An English commander, for instance, should no more set fire to the capital of Ashantee or Zululand for so paltry a pretext as the display of British power than he would set fire to Paris or Berlin; he should no more have villages or granaries burnt in Africa or Afghanistan than he would in Normandy; and he should no more keep a Zulu envoy or truce-bearer in chains¹ than he would so

¹ Colenso and Durnford's *Zulu War*, 364, 379.

deal with the bearer of a white flag from a Russian or Italian enemy.

The reverse principle, which is yet in vogue, that with barbarians you must or may be barbarous, leads to some curious illustrations of civilised warfare when it comes in conflict with the less civilised races. In one of the Franco-Italian wars of the sixteenth century, more than 2,000 women and children took refuge in a large mountain cavern, and were there suffocated by a party of French soldiers, who set fire to a quantity of wood, straw, and hay, which they stacked at the mouth of the cave ; but it was considered so shameful an act, that the Chevalier Bayard had two of the ringleaders hung at the cavern's mouth.¹ Yet when the French general Pélissier in this century suffocated the unresisting Algerians in their caves, it was even defended as no worse than the shelling of a fortress ; and there is evidence that gun-cotton was not unfrequently used to blast the entrance to caves in Zululand in which men, women, and children had hoped to find shelter against an army which professed only to be warring with their king.²

The following description of the way in which, in the Ashantee war, the English forces obtained native carriers for their transport service is not without its instruction in this respect :—

“We took to kidnapping upon a grand scale. Raids were made on all the Assin villages within reach of the line of march, and the men, and sometimes the women, carried off and sent up the country under guard, with cases of provisions. Lieutenant . . . rendered immense service in this way. Having been for some time Commandant of Accra, he knew the coast and many of the chiefs ; and having a man-of-war placed at his disposal, he went up and down the coast, landing continually, having interviews with chiefs, and obtaining from them large numbers of men and women ; or when this failed, landing at night with a party of soldiers, surrounding villages, and sweeping off the adult population, leaving only a few women to look after the children. In this way, in the course of a month, he obtained several thousands of carriers.”³

And then a certain school of writers talk of the love and respect for the British Empire which these exhibitions of our might are calculated to win from the inferior races ! The Ashantees are disgraced by the practice of human sacrifices, and the Zulus have

¹ Petitot's *Mémoires*, xv. 329.

² The evidence is collected in *Cetschwayo's Dutchman*, 99-103.

³ Henty's *March to Coomassie*, 443. Compare Reade's *Ashantee Campaign*, 241-2.

many a barbarous usage ; but no amount of righteous indignation on that account justifies such dealings with them as those above described. If it does, we can no longer condemn the proceedings of the Spaniards in the New World. For we have to remember that it was not only the Christianity of the Inquisition, or Spanish commerce, that they wished to spread ; not mere gold nor new lands that they coveted, but that they also strove for such humanitarian objects as the abolition of barbarous customs like the Mexican human sacrifices. "The Spaniards that saw these cruel sacrifices," wrote a contemporary, the Jesuit Acosta, "resolved with all their power to abolish so detestable and cursed a butchery of men." The Spaniards of the sixteenth century were in intention or expression every whit as humane as we English of the nineteenth. Yet their actions have been a reproach to their name ever since. Cortes subjected Guatamozin, king of Mexico, to torture. Pizarro had the Inca of Peru strangled at the stake. Alvarado invited a number of Mexicans to a festival, and made it an opportunity to massacre them. Sandoval had 60 caziques and 400 nobles burnt at one time, and compelled their relations and children to witness their punishment. The Pope Paul had very soon (1537) to issue a bull, to the effect that the Indians were really men and not brutes, as the Spaniards soon affected to regard them.

The whole question was, moreover, argued out at that time between Las Casas and Sepulveda, historiographer to the Emperor Charles V. Sepulveda contended that more could be effected against barbarism by a month of war than by 100 years of preaching ; and in his famous dispute with Las Casas at Valladolid in 1550, defended the justice of all wars undertaken against the natives of the New World, either on the ground of their sin and wickedness, or on the plea of protecting the natives themselves from the cruelties of their own fellow-countrymen ; the latter plea being one to which in recent English wars a prominent place has been always given. Las Casas replied—and his reply is unanswerable—that even human sacrifices are a smaller evil than indiscriminate warfare. He might have added that military contact between people unequally civilised does more to barbarise the civilised than to civilise the barbarous population. It is well worthy of notice and reflection that the European battle-fields became distinctly more barbarous after habits of greater ferocity had been acquired in wars beyond the Atlantic, in which the customary restraints were forgotten, and the ties of a common human nature dissolved by the differences of religion and race.

The same effect resulted in Roman history, when the extended dominion of the Republic brought her armies into contact with foes beyond the sea. The Roman annalists bear witness to the deterioration that ensued both in their modes of waging war and in the national character.¹ It is in an Asiatic war that we first hear of a Roman general poisoning the springs²; in a war for the possession of Crete that the Cretan captives preferred to poison themselves rather than suffer the cruelties inflicted on them by Metellus³; in the Thracian war that the Romans cut off their prisoners' hands, as Cæsar afterwards did those of the Gauls.⁴ And we should remember that a practical English statesman like Cobden foresaw, as a possible evil result of the closer relations between England and the East, a similar deterioration in the national character of his countrymen. "With another war or two," he wrote, "in India and China, the English people would have an appetite for bull-fights, if not for gladiators."⁵

Nor is there often any compensation for such results in the improved condition of the tribes whom it is sought to civilise after the method recommended by Sepulveda. The happiest fate of the populations he wished to see civilised by the sword was where they anticipated their extermination or slavery by a sort of voluntary suicide. In Cuba, we are told that "they put themselves to death, whole families doing so together, and villages inviting other villages to join them in a departure from a world that was no longer tolerable."⁶ And so it was in the other hemisphere; the Ladrone islanders, reduced by the sword and the diseases of the Spaniards, took measures intentionally to diminish their numbers and to check population, preferring voluntary extinction to the mercies of the Jesuits; till now a leper's hospital is the only building left on what was once one of the most populous of their islands.

It must, however, be admitted in justice to the Spaniards, that the principles which governed their dealings with heathen races infected more or less the conduct of colonists of all nationalities. A real or more often a pretended zeal for the welfare of native tribes came among all Christian nations to co-exist with the doctrine, that in case of conflict with them the common restraints of war might be put in abeyance. What, for instance, can be worse than this, told of the early English settlers in America by one of themselves? "The Plymouth men came in the mean time to Weymouth, and there pre-

¹ *Florus*, ii. 19; iii. 4; *Velleius Paterculus*, ii. 1.

² *Ibid.* ii. 2.

³ *Ibid.* iii. 7.

⁴ *Ibid.* 4; *Cæsar de Bello Gallico*, ix. 44.

⁵ Morley's *Cobden*, ii. 355.

⁶ Sir A. Uelpe's *Las Casas*, 29.

tended to feast the savages of those parts, bringing with them forks and things for the purpose, which they set before the savages. They ate thereof without any suspicion of any mischief, who were taken upon a watchword given, and with their own knives hanging about their necks were by the Plymouth planters stabbed and slain."¹

Among the early English settlers it soon came to be thought, says Mather, a religious act to kill an Indian. In the latter half of the seventeenth century both the French and English authorities adopted the custom of scalping and of offering rewards for the scalps of their Indian enemies. In 1690 the most healthy and vigorous Indians taken by the French "were sold in Canada, the weaker were sacrificed and scalped, and for every scalp they had a premium."² Caleb Lyman, who afterwards became an elder of a church at Boston, left an account of the way in which he himself and five Indians surprised a wigwam, and scalped six of the seven persons inside, so that each might receive the promised reward. On their petition to the great and general court they received £31 each, and Penhallow says not only that they probably expected eight times as much, but that at the time of writing the province would have readily paid a sum of £800 for a similar service.³ Captain Lovewell, says the same contemporary eulogist of the war that lasted from July 1722 to December 1725, "from Dunstable with thirty volunteers went northward, who marching several miles up country came on a wigwam where were two Indians, one of whom they killed and the other took, for which they received the promised bounty of £100 a scalp, and two shillings and sixpence a day besides." (December 19, 1724.)⁴ At the surprise of Norridjwock "the number of dead which we scalped were 26, besides Mr. Rasle the Jesuit, who was a bloody incendiary."⁵ It is evident that these very liberal rewards must have operated as a frequent cause of Indian wars, and made the colonists open-eared to tales of native outrages; indeed the whites sometimes disguised themselves like Indians, and robbed like Indians, in order, it would appear, the more effectually to raise the war-cry against them.⁶

Since the Spaniards first trained bloodhounds in Cuba to hunt the Indians, the alliance between soldiers and dogs has been a

¹ T. Morton's *New England Canaan*, 1637, iii.

² Belknap's *New Hampshire*, i. 262.

³ Penhallow's *Indian Wars*, 1726, republished 1859, 31-3. ⁴ *Ibid.* 105, 6.

⁵ *Ibid.* 103. For further details of this debased military practice, see Adair's *History of American Indians*, 245; Kercheval's *History of the Valley of Virginia*, 263; Drake's *Biography and History of the Indians*, 210, 373; Sullivan's *History of Maine*, 251.

⁶ Kercheval's *Virginia*, 113.

avourite one in barbarian warfare. The Portuguese used them in Brazil when they hunted the natives for slaves.¹ And an English officer in a treatise he wrote in the last century as a sort of military guide to Indian warfare suggested coolly: "Every light horseman ought to be provided with a bloodhound, which would be useful to find out the enemies' ambushes and to follow their tracks. They would seize the naked savages, and at least give time to the horsemen to come up with them."² In the Molucca Islands the use of two bloodhounds against a native chief was the cause of a great confederacy between all the islands to shake off the Spanish and Portuguese yoke.³ And even in the war waged by the United States in Florida from 1838 to 1840, General Taylor was authorised to send to Cuba for bloodhounds to scent out the Indians; nor, according to one account, was their aid resorted to in vain.⁴

Poison too has been called in aid. Speaking of the Yuta Indians, a traveller assures us that "as in Australia, arsenic and corrosive sublimate in springs and provisions have diminished their number."⁵ And in the same way "poisoned rum helped to exterminate the Tasmanians."⁶

But there is worse yet in this direction. The Portuguese in Brazil; when the importation of slaves from Africa rendered the capture of the natives less desirable than their extermination, left the clothes of persons who had died of small-pox or scarlet fever to be found by them in the woods.⁷ And the caravan traders from the Missouri to Santa Fé are said, by the same method or in presents of tobacco, to have communicated the small-pox to the Indian tribes of that district in 1831.⁸ The enormous depopulation of most tribes by the small-pox since their acquaintance with the whites is one of the most remarkable results in the history of their mutual connection; nor is it likely ever to be known to what extent the coincidence was accidental.

It is pleasant to turn from these practical illustrations of the theory that no laws of war need be regarded in hostilities with savage tribes to the only recorded trial of a contrary system, and to find,

¹ Eschwege's *Brazil*, i. 186; Tschudi's *Reisen durch Sudamerika*, i. 263.

² Parkman's *Expedition against Ohio Indians*, 1764, 117.

³ Argensola, *Les Isles Molucques*, i. 60.

⁴ Drake's *Biography and History of the Indians*, 489, 490.

⁵ R. C. Burton's *City of the Saints*, 576; Eyre's *Central Australia*, ii. 175-9.

⁶ Borwick's *Last of the Tasmanians*, 58.

⁷ Tschudi's *Reisen*, ii. 262.

⁸ Maccoy's *Baptist Indian Missions*, 441; Froebel's *Seven Years in Central America*, 272; Wallace's *Travels on the Amazon*, 326.

not only that it is associated with one of the greatest names in English history, but also that the success it met with fully justifies the suspicion and disfavour with which the commoner usage is beginning to be regarded. The Indians, with whom Penn made his famous treaty in 1682 (of which Voltaire said that it was the only treaty that was never ratified by an oath, and the only treaty that was never broken), were of the same Algonquin race with whom the Dutch had scarcely ever kept at peace, and against whom they had warred in the customary ruthless fashion of those times. The treaty was based on the principle of an adjustment of differences by a tribunal of an equal number of Red men and of White. "Penn," says the historian, "came without arms; he declared his purpose to abstain from violence, he had no message but peace, and not one drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian."¹ For more than 70 years, from 1682 to 1754, when the French war broke out, in short, during the whole time that the Quakers had the principal share in the government of Pennsylvania, the history of the Indians and Whites in that province was free from the tale of murders and hostilities that was so common in other districts; so that the single instance in which the experiment of equal laws and forbearance has been patiently persevered in, can at least boast of a success that in support of the contrary system it were very difficult to find for an equal number of years in any other part of the world.

It may also be said against Sepulveda's doctrine, that the habits of a higher civilisation, where they are really worth spreading, spread more easily and with more permanent effect among barbarous neighbours by the mere contagion of a better example than by the teaching of fire and sword. Some of the Dyak tribes in Borneo are said to have given up human sacrifices from the better influences of the Malays on the coast district.² The Peruvians, according to Prescott, spread their civilisation among their ruder neighbours more by example than by force. "Far from provoking hostilities, they allowed time for the salutary example of their own institutions to work its effect, trusting that their less civilised neighbours would submit to their sceptre from a conviction of the blessings it would secure to them." They exhorted them to lay aside their cannibalism, their human sacrifices, and their other barbarities; they employed negotiation, conciliatory treatment, and presents to leading men among the tribes; and only if all these means failed did they resort

¹ Bancroft's *United States*, ii. 383-5; and compare Clarkson's *Life of Penn* chaps. 45 and 46.

² Brook's *Ten Years in Sarawak*, i. 74.

to war, but to war which at every stage was readily open to propositions of peace, and in which any unnecessary outrage on the persons or property of their enemy was punished with death.

Something will have been done for the cause of this better method of civilising the lower races, if we forewarn and forearm ourselves against the symptoms of hostilities with them by a thorough understanding of the conditions which render such hostilities probable. For as an outbreak of fever is to some extent preventible by a knowledge of the conditions which make for fevers, so may the outbreak of war be averted by a knowledge of the laws which govern their appearance. The experience which we owe to history in this respect is amply sufficient to enable us to generalise with some degree of confidence and certainty as to the causes or steps which produce wars or precede them; and from the remembrance of our dealings with the savage races of South Africa we may forecast with some misgivings the probable course of our connection with a country like New Guinea.

A colony of Europeans in proximity with barbarian neighbours naturally desires before long an increase of territory at the expense of the latter. The first sign of such a desire is the expedition of missionaries into the country, who not only serve to spy it out for the benefit of the colony, but invariably weaken the native political force by the creation of a division of feeling, and of an opposition between the love of old traditions and the temptation of novel customs and ideas. The innovating party, being at first the smaller, consisting of the feeblest and poorest members of the community, and of those who gladly flock to the mission-stations for refuge from their offences against tribal law, the missionaries soon perceive the impossibility of further success without the help of some external aid. The help of a friendly force can alone turn the balance of influence in their favour, and they soon learn to contemplate with complacency the advantages of a military conquest of the natives by the colony or mother-country. The evils of war are cancelled, in their eyes, by the delusive visions of ultimate benefit, and, in accordance with a not uncommon perversion of the moral sense, an end that is assumed to be religious is made to justify measures that are the reverse.

When the views and interests of the colonial settlers and of the missionaries have thus, inevitably but without design, fallen into harmony, a war is certain to be not far distant. Apparently accidental, it is in reality as certain as the production of green from a mixture of blue and yellow. Some dispute about boundaries, some passing act of violence, will serve for a reason of quarrel, which will *presently be supported by a fixed array of collateral pretexts.* The

press readily lends its aid ; and in a week the colony trembles, or affects to tremble, from a panic of invasion, and vials of virtue are expended on the vices of the barbarians which have been for years tolerated with equanimity or indifference. Their customs are painted in the blackest colours ; the details of savage usages are raked up from old books of travel ; rumours of massacres and injuries are sedulously propagated ; and the whole country is represented as in such a state of anarchy, that the majority of the population, in their longing for deliverance from their own rulers, would gladly welcome even a foreign conqueror. In short, a war against them comes speedily to be regarded as a war in their behalf, as the last word of philanthropy and beneficence ; and the atrocities that subsequently ensue are professedly undertaken, not against the unfortunate people who endure them, but to liberate them from the ruler of their choice or sufferance, in whose behalf they fight to the death.

To every country, therefore, which would fain be spared from these discreditable wars with barbarian tribes on the borders of its colonies, it is clear that the greatest caution is necessary against the abuses of missionary propagandism. The almost absolute failure of missions in recent centuries, and more especially in the nineteenth, is intimately associated with the greater political importance which the improved facilities of travel and intercourse have conferred upon them. Everyone has heard how Catholicism was persecuted in Japan, till at last the very profession of Christianity was made a capital crime in that part of the world. But a traveller, who knew the East intimately at the time, explains how it was that the Jesuits' labours resulted so disastrously. On the outbreak of civil dissensions in Japan, "the Christian priests thought it a proper time for them to settle their religion on the same foundation that Mahomet did his, by establishing it in blood. Their thoughts ran on nothing less than extirpating the heathen out of the land, and they framed a conspiracy of raising an army of 50,000 Christians to murder their countrymen, that so the whole island might be illuminated by Christianity such as it was then."¹ And in the same way, a modern writer, speaking of the very limited success of missions in India, has asserted frankly that "in despair many Christians in India are driven to wish and pray that some one, or some way, may arise for converting the Indians by the sword."²

Nor are the heathen themselves blind to the political dangers which are involved in the presence of missionaries among them. All

¹ Captain Hamilton's *East Indies*, in *Tinbergen*, viii. 514.

² W. H. Russell's *My Diary in India*, 150.

ver the world conversion is from the native point of view the same thing as disaffection, and war is dreaded as the certain consequence of the adoption of Christianity. The French bishop, Lefebvre, when asked by the mandarins of Cochin China, in 1847, the purpose of his visit, said that he read in their faces that they suspected him "of having come to excite some outbreak among the neophytes, and perhaps prepare the way for an European army"; and the king was afraid to see Christians multiply in his kingdom, and, in case of war with European powers, combine with his enemies."¹

The story is the same in Africa. "Not long after I entered the country," said the missionary, Mr. Calderwood, of Caffraria, "a leading chief once said to me, 'When my people become Christians, they cease to be my people.'"² The Norwegian missionaries were for twenty years in Zululand without making any converts but a few destitute children, many of whom had been given to them out of pity by the chiefs,³ and their failure was actually ascribed by the Zulu king to their having taught the incompatibility of Christianity with allegiance to a heathen ruler.⁴ In 1877, a Zulu of authority expressed the prevalent native reasoning on this point in language which supplies the key to disappointments that extend much further than Zululand: "We will not allow the Zulus to become so-called Christians. It is not the king says so, but every man in Zululand. If a Zulu does anything wrong, he at once goes to a mission-station, and says he wants to become a Christian; if he wants to run away with a girl, he becomes a Christian; if he wishes to be exempt from serving the king, he puts on clothes, and is a Christian; if a man is an umtagati (evil-doer), he becomes a Christian."⁵

It is on this account that in wars with savage nations the destruction of mission-stations has always been so constant an episode. Nor can we wonder at this when we recollect that in the Caffre war of 1851, for instance, it was a subject of boast with the missionaries that it was Caffres trained on the mission-stations who had preserved the English posts along the frontiers, carried the English despatches, and fought against their own countrymen for the preservation and defence of the colony.⁶ It is rather a poor result of all the money and labour that has been spent in the attempt to Christianise South Africa, that the Wesleyan mission-station at Edendale should have contributed an efficient force of cavalry to fight against their countrymen in the

¹ *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, viii. 280-6.

² *Caffres and Caffre Missions*, 210.

³ *Memorials of Henrietta Robertson*, 259, 308, 353.

⁴ *Ibid.* 353.

⁵ Colenso and Durnford's *Zulu War*, 215.

⁶ *Holden's History of Natal*, 210, 211.

Zulu campaign ; and we may hesitate whether most to despise the missionaries who count such a result as a triumph of their efforts, or the converts whom they reward with tea and cake for military service with the enemies of their countrymen.¹

It needs no great strain of intelligence to perceive that this use of mission-stations as military training-schools scarcely tends to enhance the advantages of conversion in the minds of the heathen among whom they are planted.

For these reasons, and because it is becoming daily more apparent that wars are less a necessary evil than an optional misery of human life, the principal measure for a country which would fain improve, and live at peace with, the less civilised races which touch the numerous borders of its empire, would be the legal restraint or prevention of missionary enterprise : a proposal that will appear less startling if we reflect that in no quarter of the globe can that method of civilising barbarism point to more than local or ephemeral success. The Protestant missions of this century are in process of failure, as fatal and decided as that which befell the Catholic missions of the French, Portuguese, or Spanish, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and very much from the same causes. The English wars in South Africa, with which the Protestant missionaries have not been unconnected, have frustrated all attempts to Christianise that region, just as "the fearful wars occasioned directly or indirectly by the missionaries" sent by the Portuguese to the kingdoms of Congo and Angola in the sixteenth century rendered futile similar attempts on the West Coast.²

The same process of depopulation under Protestant influences may now be observed in the Sandwich Islands or New Zealand, that reduced the population of Hispaniola, under Spanish Christianity, from a million to 14,000 in a quarter of a century.³ No Protestant missionary ever laboured with more zeal than Eliot did in America in the seventeenth century, but the tribes he taught have long since been extinct : "like one of their own forest trees, they have withered from core to bark ;"⁴ and, in short, the history of both Catholic and Protestant missions alike may be summed up in this one general statement : either they have failed altogether or results on a sufficient scale to be worthy of notice, or the impar-

¹ Moister's *Africa, Past and Present*, 310, 311.

² Tams's *Visit to Portuguese Possessions*, i. 181, ii. 28, 179.

³ Robertson's *America ; Works*, vi. 177, 205.

⁴ Thomson's *Great Missionaries*, 30 ; Halkett's *Indians of North America*, 247, 249, 256.

tial page of history unfolds to us one uniform tale of civil war, persecution, conquest, and extirpation in whatever regions they can boast of more at least of the semblance of success.

Another measure in the interests of peace would be the organisation of a class of well-paid officials whose duty it should be to examine on the spot into the truth of all rumours of outrages or atrocities which are circulated from time to time, in order to set the tide of public opinion in favour of hostile measures. Such rumours may, of course, have some foundation, but in nine cases out of ten they are false. So lately as the year 1882, the *Times* and other English papers were so far deceived as to give their readers a horrible account of the sacrifice of 200 young girls to the spirits of the dead in Ashantee ; and the people were beginning to ask themselves whether such things could be suffered within reach of an English army, when it was happily discovered that the whole story was fictitious. Stories of this sort are what the Germans call *Tendenzlügen*, or lies invented to produce a certain effect. Their effect in rousing the war-spirit is undeniable ; and, although the healthy scepticism which has of recent years been born of experience affords us some protection, no expenditure could be more economical than one which should aim at rendering them powerless by neutralising them at the fountain-head.

In the preceding historical survey of the relations in war between communities standing on different levels of civilisation, the allusion, among some of the rudest tribes, to laws of war very similar to those supposed to be binding between more polished nations tends to discredit the distinction between civilised and barbarian warfare. The progress of knowledge threatens the overthrow of the distinction, just as it has already reduced that between organic and inorganic matter, or between animal and vegetable life to a distinction founded rather on human thought than on the nature of things. And it is probable that the more the military side of savage life is studied, the fewer will be found to be the lines of demarcation which are thought to establish a difference in kind in the conduct of war by belligerents in different stages of progress. The difference in this respect is chiefly one of weapons, of strategy, and of tactics ; and it would seem that whatever superiority the more civilised community may claim in its rules of war is more than compensated in savage life both by the less frequent occurrence of wars and by their far less fatal character.

But, however much the frequency and ferocity of the wars waged by barbarian races as compared with those waged by civilised nations has been exaggerated, there is no doubt but that in warfare, more

than in anything else, there is most in common between civilisation and savagery, and that the distinction between them most nearly disappears. In art and knowledge and religion the distinction between the two is so wide that the evolution of one from the other seems still to many minds incredible ; but in war, and the thoughts which relate to it, the points of analogy cannot fail to strike the most indifferent. We see still, in either condition, the same notions of the glory of fighting, the same belief in war as the only source of strength and honour, the same hope from it of personal advancement, the same readiness to seize any pretext for resorting to it, the same foolish sentiment that it is mean to live without it.

Then only will the distinction between the two be final, complete, and real, when all fighting is relegated to barbarism, and regarded as unworthy of civilised humanity ; when the enlightenment of opinion, which has freed us already from such curses as slavery, the torture-chamber, or duelling, shall demand instinctively the settlement of all causes of quarrel by peaceful arbitration, and leave to the lower races and the lower creation the old-fashioned resort to a trial of violence and might, to competition in fraud and ferocity.

J. A. FARRER.

THE BLOODY ASSIZES.

THE standard of revolt had been raised, had fluttered for a brief while in the breeze, and then, beaten down by the strong arm of the king's possession, had ingloriously fallen. Stimulated by the discontent, which the acts of James the Second in favour of his Roman Catholic subjects had excited throughout the country, the once indulged but now exiled bastard of the late king had crossed over from Amsterdam, and taken up arms in defence of oppressed Protestantism and support of his own cause. Never was there a man less fitted to play the part of a leader of insurrection than the Duke of Monmouth. In his handsome face and graceful bearing there was little in his talents or his conduct to win the hearts of men and command the devotion of a following. He was weak, wanting in capacity, easily influenced, and consequently vacillating and impulsive, whilst the once noble character of the man had been so softened by the dominion of luxury and voluptuousness had obtained over him as to render him, if not timid, at least averse to dangerous enterprises. It was only after much prayer and pressing that he had consented to quit his exile, and make a fight for what, he was assured, would prove an easy conquest. He was then in Holland, living the quiet life of a man banished by his sovereign's displeasure to fly his country, but who, attracted by all the charms and devotion of woman's love, had become reconciled to expatriation. Here he, shortly after the accession of James the Second, had gradually developed into the leadership of a little band of plotters and fugitives, which was bent upon extinguishing the hated Stuart from the English throne, and at one blow sweeping out his oppressive policy. After much deliberation a plan of action was drawn up; a list of adherents was framed; arms and ammunition were obtained; and at last in the grey of the early morn of June 11, 1685, a little fleet of Dutch-built ships was seen sailing off the rocky coast which fringes the port of Lyme in Dorsetshire. Boats were lowered from the distant shipping filled with armed men and rowed towards the harbour. In a couple of hours it was known throughout the town that the Duke of Monmouth had landed with a large following from over the seas, and

was come to claim his own and put an end to the despotism of the past.

The beginning of the expedition augured well. Lyme was enthusiastic in its devotion to the Duke; other towns in the West followed its example; the public feeling, especially in Somersetshire, was soon aroused and hotly pronounced in favour of him, whom malice decried as a bastard, but who, so vowed his adherents, was the lawful heir to the throne and the defender of no miserable superstition, but of sound and pure Protestantism. "A Monmouth! A Monmouth!" "Down with James the papist!" "Down with the usurper!" were the cries that rent the air during the next few days that followed upon this invasion. Nor did the Declaration which the Duke issued upon his landing tend to diminish this enthusiasm or moderate the invectives of his supporters. He branded James, Duke of York, as "a murderer and an assassin of innocent men, a traitor to the nation, and a tyrant over the people;" he alleged that the whole course of his life had been "but one continued conspiracy against the Reformed religion and the rights of the nation." He had, he said, trampled upon the laws and liberties of the country, by the introduction of Jesuits, by promoting infamous men to be judges in the land, and by the granting of new illegal charters. If Englishmen, cried Monmouth, did not wish to see the Protestant interest betrayed and their country handed over to France and Rome, they were bound as men and Christians to betake themselves to arms, and redress the grievances which could not be removed after any other fashion. "It is not," declared he, "for any personal injuries or private discontents, nor in pursuance of any corrupt interest, that we take our swords in our hands; but for vindicating our religion, laws, and rights, and rescuing our country from ruin and destruction, and for the preserving ourselves, wives, and children from bondage and idolatry. Wherefore, before God, angels, and men, we stand acquitted from, and do charge upon our enemies, all the slaughter and devastations that unavoidably accompany intestine war." Then he set before the country the programme he was desirous of seeing carried out. Parliament was to be held annually; the militia was to be the only standing force in the kingdom; all towns which had their charters confiscated should have them re-granted; the fullest toleration was to be accorded to all Protestant sects. The Declaration concluded with an assertion as to the legitimacy of the Duke of Monmouth; he was, it said, the son of Charles the Second, born in lawful wedlock; to him, therefore, the throne of England rightfully belonged, yet he did not appear as its *claimant*. Whether he was to be king of England or not, he was,

said the Duke, content to leave to the wishes of a free parliament; for the present he fought only to re-establish the Protestant religion, and the overthrown constitution of the country.

When rebellion is successful it is patriotism; it is only when insurrection fails that it is dubbed treason. During the first few weeks it seemed as if the movements of Monmouth were to prosper and his claims to be allowed. Though the recruiting was chiefly confined to the labouring classes, partisans came in by hundreds to enrol themselves under his standard, and soon his following assumed a somewhat formidable force. So confident was he in his resources that he resolved to march upon Taunton and there further swell his ranks. His reception was all that could be desired. The whole town went over as it were bodily to his side; he had himself formally proclaimed king, and for the second time issued proclamations denouncing James as a usurper, and the Parliament then sitting at Westminster as an illegal assembly. Yet such anathemas did little hurt to the cause he opposed. The House of Commons had offered a reward of five thousand pounds for his apprehension; royal troops were rapidly marching west to oppose his progress, whilst new taxes were freely suggested and as freely raised to enable the king to uphold his own. Then the collision ensued and the result could have but one issue. Arrayed against the ill-disciplined forces of Monmouth, composed of tradesmen, yeomen, and ploughmen, commanded by a few country gentlemen who had never borne arms and a sprinkling of officers who had seen some service abroad, were the Blues commanded by Churchill, afterwards the great Marlborough, and a large body of infantry and cavalry under Faversham. The rebels soon saw themselves nonplussed. They wandered aimlessly about the country for some days, not knowing what course to pursue, until they found themselves brought up face to face with the foe on the swampy common of Sedgemoor, a few miles from Bridgewater. Under cover of the night Monmouth marched his men to attack the royal troops; a brief conflict ensued; then the Duke finding the enemy too strong for him put spurs to his horse and rode off the field for dear life. Shortly after his flight the rebel forces were completely crushed, and the revolt which was to have placed a new sovereign on the throne and restored to the country the Protestantism of the past, was at an end. The next day, at the break of dawn, Monmouth was discovered by his pursuers famished and hiding in a ditch in the New Forest. Under a strong guard he was taken first to Ringwood, and then by easy stages through Farnham, Guildford, and Rochester to London.

And now it would seem as if the captive had but one course to adopt.

He had put himself at the head of a dangerous revolt ; his plot had led to much suffering and loss of life ; he had openly defied the might and right of his king ; and for him at least it was idle, even if it were not ignoble, to sue for mercy. It was his duty, therefore, to show his followers that he was a leader they might proudly have obeyed, and no recreant in his own cause. If men had perished to attain his ends, he, the head and front of all the evil, should certainly have met death without blanching. But the character of Monmouth was cast in no stern mould. In him, when opportunity called for decision one way or another, the baser part of human nature swayed the supremacy. He was essentially a fair-weather adventurer ; no one played his part better than he when receiving the fealty of adherents, when smiling upon maidens who did him reverence, who posed as king to those who admitted his claims, who on any occasion of pageant was the perfect gentleman and the knight accomplished in all those arts that win the admiration of the crowd. But it was otherwise when, isolated from his followers, he found himself a captive within the four walls of a dungeon, with the almost certain prospect of the block and the executioner's axe before him ; then it was that his manhood deserted him, and the soft pleasures of the life he loved too well stood out so attractively against the background of the terrible future that any effort, however grovelling, was worth being made to retain the power of enjoying them. He wrote a piteous letter to the king, begging for mercy and putting upon others all blame for his past enterprise. He had it never in his thoughts, he said, to have taken up arms against his majesty, but it was his misfortune "to meet with some horrid people that made me believe things of your majesty, and gave me so many false arguments that I was fully led away to believe that it was a shame and a sin before God not to do it." He craved an interview. "I am sure, sir, when you hear me you will be convinced of the zeal I have for your preservation, and how heartily I repent of what I have done." He would rather die a thousand deaths, he continued, than excuse anything of which he was guilty, if he did not really think himself the most in the wrong that ever man was, and had not from the bottom of his heart an abhorrence for those that put him upon it and for the action itself. Then having exculpated himself at the expense of his victims, he thus ended the craven note : "I hope, sir, God Almighty will strike your heart with mercy and compassion for me as He has done mine with the abhorrence of what I have done. Thereupon I hope, sir, I may live to show you how zealous I shall ever be for your service, and could I say but one word *in this letter* you would be convinced of it ; but it is of that con-

sequence that I dare not do it. Therefore, sir, I do beg of you once more to let me speak to you, for then you will be convinced how much I shall ever be your majesty's most humble and dutiful Monmouth."

But the captive knew not the monarch to whom he appealed. The cruel, effeminate James was not the man to forget that he who now acknowledged his authority and sued for pardon was the very same who, but a few short weeks ago, had denounced his sovereign as an assassin and usurper. Yet, with a refinement of vindictiveness such as even the most absolute despotism has seldom exhibited, he was resolved to grant his petitioner an interview, and yet to suffer him to pay the last penalty of the law. He would see Monmouth and then send him to the block. Such an act was unexampled, for hitherto to allow a prisoner to come into the presence of his sovereign had been regarded as a preliminary to pardon. When it was told the Duke of Ormond that Colonel Blood, who had attempted to steal the jewels from the Tower, had been seized, and the king had wished to see him, "Then," said Ormond, "the man need not despair, for surely no monarch should wish to see a malefactor but with intentions to pardon him." Such an exception was now to take place. Monmouth was brought bound into the presence of the king; he dragged himself along the ground, bemoaning his lot, and pleading for mercy; true to his policy of implicating others to save his own head, he went on to say that the secret which he wished to disclose was that Sunderland, the favourite minister of the crown, was not to be depended upon, for he had, at the beginning of the revolt, agreed to join the insurgents in the West. The king coldly looked upon his victim, and then having feasted his eyes sufficiently upon the abject spectacle, sent Monmouth back to his dungeon with the last flicker of hope extinct.

The end now certain, the manhood of the prisoner was restored him, and Monmouth prepared to meet his doom with the courage expected from one who had dared attack a throne. His cell was cheered by the frequent presence of the divines appointed to console his last hours. He read the Bible with them, and he listened attentively to their exhortations; but all their eloquence and Scriptural arguments were powerless to convince him that the desertion of his lawful wife for the charms of the beautiful Henrietta Wentworth, with whom he had lived during the last few years, was an act of which he should repent. On the contrary, he justified his past conduct, and declined to admit that it had been sinful. In the eyes of the law, he said, the Duchess of Monmouth was of course his wife, but in the eyes of Heaven the Lady Henrietta was his true wife. He had been very

young when he had been united to the Duchess, and he had not considered "what he did when he married her." He had led an evil life in his youth, and it was through the influence of Lady Henrietta that he had been induced to abandon dissipation, and afterwards she had been all in all to him. It was no secret that his affection for her was deep, and he had prayed that if it were pleasing to God such love might continue, or otherwise it might cease. That prayer, he said, had been heard, for the affection of one for the other had never ceased, and therefore he doubted not but it was pleasing to God; it was indeed a marriage, he urged, "not influenced by passion but guided by judgment upon due consideration." Such sophistry the divines refused to accept; they entreated him to repent and to admit his sin. Monmouth could only repeat what he had already said, and therefore asked in vain that the Sacrament might be administered to him. Upon the scaffold he was of the same mind. All the arguments of the divines, and they were remorseless in their arguments, failed to convince Monmouth that he had done wrong in deserting his duchess for his mistress. He died, he said, a Protestant and a member of the Church of England; he was very penitent for the treason he had committed; he had many sins to repent of, but as to the Lady Henrietta she was "a very virtuous and godly woman," and he looked upon her as his true wife, and would say nothing to the contrary. "Then God Almighty, of his infinite mercy, forgive you," said the divines. "God Almighty accept your imperfect repentance." Nor was Monmouth less obstinate in another matter. He was asked to address the crowd, and especially to comment upon the iniquity of resistance to an anointed king. "I will make no speeches," he curtly said. "I come to die." He laid his head upon the block, but the executioner was unnerved; he mangled his victim terribly, and it was not until the sixth stroke that the work of his dread office was done. The body was interred in St. Peter's chapel in the Tower.

If scant mercy had been shown to the leader of the rebellion, the punishment of those he had led was not to be a whit less severe. The prisons of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire were so crowded with the followers of Monmouth that the county authorities were at their wits' ends to find room for the number of captives daily being handed over to justice. The strain upon their faculties was however to be relieved by the most terrible gaol delivery that the history of crime has had to record. Two months after the ill-fated landing at Lyme there set out from London, to preside over that baleful western circuit, one whose name an infamous immortality must preserve so long as the decisions of the bench continue to interest us. It is the

fashion to picture Jeffreys as a man whose features were so repellent that instinctively the gaze of all who came in contact with him was averted ; yet from the only portrait we possess of this inhuman judge the face in repose was far from being a true index of the man's cruel, relentless disposition. The brow was broad and open, the eyes were blue and well cut, their expression rendered somewhat savage by the straight, thick eyebrows that surmounted them ; the nose was aquiline, its bridge thin and well defined, but the nostrils coarse and wide ; the upper lip was short, and its deep curl indicative of scorn and humour ; the mouth was the worst feature, large and thick-lipped, with the harsh lines on each side full of temper ; the chin was resolute and determined. It was only when inflamed by anger or by the drink now necessary to support his nervous system, that the face which in repose was handsome, became almost hideous from the furies raging behind its mask. As to the nature of the man there never has been any dispute : cruel, vindictive, servile when servility suited his purpose, yet overbearing to inferiors, utterly unprincipled, he enjoys the unenviable reputation of being the basest judge that in any civilised country has ever been called upon to hold the scales of justice. His abilities were of a high order, and he had risen to the position of Chief Justice by placing his talents entirely at the disposal, now of the Roundhead, then of the Cavalier ; now of the Protestant, then of the Papist ; yet proving himself on every occasion not only ready to do what he was bidden, but to do it so effectually as left nothing to be desired.

Accompanied by four other judges, he early in September set out upon his western tour. That summer no assizes had been held on the western circuit, but a special commission had been now appointed to try criminals for all the counties upon it, at the head of which was Jeffreys ; by a second commission he was also deputed commander-in-chief over all the king's forces within the same limits. The title by which he was known was that of "The Lord General Judge." On entering Hampshire he was met by a strong military guard and escorted to Winchester, at which town he was first to open his commission. Unlike its neighbouring county of Somerset, Hampshire had taken no active share in fomenting the revolt ; only on the collapse of the luckless enterprise many of Monmouth's adherents, after the battle of Sedgemoor, had fled within its borders to take shelter. Their asylum had, however, been kept so secret that only two fugitives had been apprehended. The first case which therefore came up before Jeffreys for trial was that of giving harbour to the king's enemies. It is a case impossible still to read without ire and indignation.

At her country seat, Moyle Court, within a few miles of Southampton, there lived an aged dame, one Alice Lisle. She had in her day been somewhat of a beauty, and was a familiar figure in London during the years of the Protectorate. When sickness and infirmity came upon her she quitted town and led a life of almost absolute retirement at her country place, save for the numerous acts of kindness and charity which now made her name beloved throughout Hampshire. Her husband had played an important part in the stormy scenes of the rebellion. He had sat on that self-elected bench which condemned our first Charles to death, and under the Protectorate he had held office as President of the High Court of Justice. Fearful of the Royal vengeance at the time of the Restoration, he fled to Switzerland and took up his abode at Lausanne. His flight, however, failed to save him. He was a marked man, and one morning while on his way to attend service at the neighbouring Protestant church, he was shot dead by an unknown Englishman, who had been staying at Vevay resolved upon avenging the judicial murder of his late king by taking the life of the regicide. With a cry of *vive le Roi*, the assassin put spurs to his horse and was no more heard of. "Thus died John Lisle," writes his fellow-exile, Ludlow, "son to Sir William Lisle of the Isle of Wight, a member of the Great Parliament, one of the Council of State, Commissioner of the Great Seal, and one of the assistants to the Lord President of the High Court of Justice that was erected for the trial of the late king." Whatever might have been the nature of their domestic life, there was little similarity of opinion as to their political views between Alice Lisle and her lord. The wife was, if a Puritan, no harsh bigot, for under her roof had many a proscribed royalist found shelter in the intolerant days of Roundhead rule. She was not hostile to the House of Stuart, and had bitterly lamented the share her husband had taken in the condemnation of "the blessed martyr." When at her trial it was attempted to prejudice her case by fiendishly laying stress upon the fact that she had been married to John Lisle, the regicide, she cried out that she had been in no way consenting to the death of King Charles the First. "My lord! my lord! to say otherwise is as false as God is true! My lord, I was not out of the chamber all the day on which that king was beheaded, and I believe I shed more tears for him than any woman then living did; and this the late Countess of Monmouth, and my Lady Marlborough, and my Lord Chancellor Hyde, if they were alive, and twenty persons of the most eminent quality, could bear witness for me."

Such was to be the first prisoner, tried by God and her country,

of this terrible assize. The charge against the woman was the most strained and trumped-up that ever caused a court of justice to investigate. Two fugitives, Hicks and Nelthorp by name, had sought shelter in her house, had begged for rest, meat and drink, and had their prayer granted. It afterwards transpired that both men had given in their adherence to Monmouth, had fled from Sedgemoor, and were being hunted down by the royalists. Hicks was not unknown to Mrs. Lisle. He was a Nonconformist minister of somewhat violent opinions, and the unhappy dame in offering him hospitality was under the impression that as a conventicle preacher he had been proscribed and was seeking to elude the meshes of the law. "I knew Hicks," she said in her defence, "to be a Nonconformist minister; and there being, as is well-known, warrants out to apprehend all Nonconformist ministers, I was willing to give him shelter from these warrants. I beseech your lordship to believe I had no intention to harbour him but as a Nonconformist, and that I knew was no treason." It was in the days of the intolerant Conventicle Act, when it was a parlous offence for a dissenting divine to gather together a congregation and preach and pray. Of Nelthorp, Alice Lisle vowed she knew nothing; he was the companion of Hicks, and in that capacity alone found refuge under the roof of Moyle Court.

It was proved in evidence that Alice Lisle was in utter ignorance of the connection of these men with the Duke of Monmouth; it was also proved that she was loyally disposed to the house of Stuart, and that her own son was at that very time holding a commission in the king's army. "I know the king is my sovereign," said she, "and I know my duty to him; and if I would have ventured my life for anything, it should have been to serve him. I know it is his due. But though I could not fight for him myself, my son did; he was actually in arms on the king's side in this business; I instructed him always in loyalty, and sent him thither. It was I that bred him up to fight for the king." Her words fell on deaf ears. The savage and servile judge had opened his commission at Winchester; Alice Lisle, "a gentlewoman of quality," was his first victim; and he was determined to show his king how relentlessly he would punish those who in any way assailed the stability of his throne. It was indifferent to Jeffreys that the sentence he was about to pronounce was founded neither on law nor justice; he had but one object—provided the judgment pleased his royal master he recked not how basely he interpreted his judicial oath. Every act, therefore, that told in favour of the prisoner he suppressed or distorted, whilst any matter that could prejudice her case he unblushingly advanced. The

witnesses that spoke in her favour he intimidated and confused. He adjured them after his own peculiar fashion not to give false evidence. "Do not tell me a lie," he thundered, "for I will be sure to treasure up every lie that thou tellest me, and thou may'st be certain it will not be for thy advantage. I would not terrify thee to make thee say anything but the truth; but assure thyself I never met with a lying, sneaking, canting fellow but I always treasured up vengeance for him; and therefore look to it that thou dost not prevaricate with me, for to be sure thou wilt come to the worst of it in the end." When a witness contradicted himself he was assailed from the bench with such choice abuse as, "thou art a strange, prevaricating, shuffling, snivelling rascal," or, "Jesus, God! was there ever such a fellow as thou art!" or, "thou vile wretch, thou art;" or, "a lying Presbyterian knave." No wonder then that, as an excuse for his contradictions, the bewildered witness trembling before those embruted eyes and that streperous voice murmured, "I am quite cluttered out of my senses: I do not know what to say." Deplorable as was this judicial licence, and degrading alike to the bench and the man, Jeffreys was at his very worst when he proceeded to read his victim, witness, or prisoner a moral lecture on the heinousness of bearing false testimony or rising in revolt against the sovereign. On these occasions—and they were very frequent—his piety is more monstrous than his abuse. During the trial of Alice Lisle he was much given to discourses of this nature—discourses which, coming from such a polluted source, were blasphemous in the extreme. Over and over again we hear him preaching of the enormity of sin, groaning over the iniquity of the times in which his lot was cast, discoursing upon the purity and holiness of God, and, like the devil, freely quoting Scripture. "Oh, blessed Jesus!" he cried, "what an age do we live in, and what a generation of vipers do we live among." One "viper" he was determined to crush. Three times the jury came forward and pronounced Alice Lisle not guilty, and three times Jeffreys sent them back to reconsider their verdict. Then, cowed and browbeaten, and also threatened with an attaint of jury, the unwilling foreman at last spoke up against his conscience and brought the prisoner in guilty. The dread sentence was then pronounced: "That you, Mrs. Lisle, be conveyed from hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence you are to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, where your body is to be burnt alive till you be dead. And the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

Every effort was now made by the friends, assisted by the local clergy and gentry, to obtain a reprieve for the unhappy woman. It

was shown that the sentence was not in accordance with law, for even if Alice Lisle had given shelter to Hicks, the man had not yet been convicted, and therefore, in the eyes of the law was innocent ; how then could this aged dame be condemned for having harboured a rebel when his treason had still to be proved? Then the loyalty of the prisoner was duly set forth ; how well she was disposed to the present dynasty, how her son wore the king's uniform, and "particularly that she was an enemy to the king's foes in the time of the late wars." Her great age, her sex, her infirmities were also enlarged upon, and brought forward as so many claims upon the royal mercy. In vain. The harsh King had given full powers to her judge, and declined to interfere. To Jeffreys all appeal was, of course, nugatory ; the prisoner was his first victim, to pardon her would be destructive of the terror he wished his commission to inspire. If Alice Lisle were condemned, and all her petitions ignored, what hope then had those who had been actually engaged as principals in the late rise? One favour—terrible indeed was the penalty when such an alternative was deemed a favour!—was granted this ill-starred gentlewoman. She had begged that execution might be altered from burning to beheading, and her prayer had been acceded to. Nobly and bravely—like many another good woman who has had to face a cruel death—she went to her doom. We read, "On Wednesday, the 2nd of September, in the afternoon, Alice Lisle was brought to execution, which was performed upon a scaffold erected in the marketplace in the city of Winchester, when she behaved herself with a great deal of Christian resolution." One of the first acts of the next reign was to have the attainder of "Alice Lisle, widow," made null and void on the grounds that her prosecution had been "irregular and undue," and that the verdict had been "injuriously extorted and procured by the menaces and violences and other illegal practices of George, Lord Jeffreys, then Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench." In the official record before me the name of Alice Lisle stands alone as the one victim of this assize.¹

¹ "An Account of the Proceedings against the Rebels and other Prisoners in the several counties of Southampton, Wilts, Dorset, Devon, and Somerset, by virtue of His Majesty's special commission of Oyer and Terminer and general gaol delivery, directed to the Right Honourable George, Lord Jeffreys, Lord Chief Justice of England, the Hon. Wm. Mountagu, Lord Chief Baron of His Majesty's Court of Exchequer, Sir Creswell Levinz, knight, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, Sir Francis Withens, knight, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Court of King's Bench, and Sir Rob. Wright, knight, one of the Barons of His Majesty's Exchequer, dated the 8th day of July, in the first year of His Majesty's reign over England, 1685."—*State Papers, Domestic*. Letter Book,

From Winchester the Lord General Judge proceeded to Salisbury. Like Hampshire, the county of Wilts had taken no part in the rising, and there consequently being no rebels to hang or burn, the insatiable but disappointed Jeffreys was forced to content himself with finding out and punishing those who had been guilty of uttering "indiscreet words." In the record before me I find entered, "Wiltshire.—None indicted for high treason ; six men convicted for speaking seditious words, severally fined and whipped."¹

This leniency was, alas ! only exceptional. The day after the execution of Dame Lisle, the judge entered Dorsetshire, and took up his quarters in the town of Dorchester. He was now in the very heart of the county which had declared for Monmouth, and he knew with a furious joy that the calendar would be a full one. It was remarked that when in the parish church the clergyman, who was preaching the usual assize sermon, discoursed upon the sacred duty of tempering justice with mercy, the thick brows of the judge contracted, and there was a smile upon the large mouth which seemed to the awed spectators to imply that he was about "to breathe death like a destroying angel, and to sanguine his very ermine in blood." Their conclusion was only too accurate. Jeffreys was anxious to do his work, and do it quickly. The Lord Keeper Guildford had breathed his last ; the vacant post was offered to Jeffreys, and he was bidden "to finish the king's business in the West." No one better appreciated than the judge the activity of his enemies during his absence. He was, therefore, most desirous of getting back with all speed to Whitehall and checkmating their moves. To expedite matters his wicked cunning now came to his aid. If every prisoner were to plead not guilty, the trials must necessarily extend over a long period of time, but if prisoners should be tempted to throw themselves upon his mercy, a very different result might be obtained. On opening his court in the Town Hall, which was ominously hung with scarlet for the occasion, Jeffreys was careful to make a promise which might mean a good deal, and which might also mean nothing. He said, "If any of those indicted would relent from their conspiracies and plead guilty, they should find him to be a merciful judge ; but that those who put themselves on their trials (which the law mercifully gave them all, in strictness, a right to do), if found guilty, would have very little time to live, and therefore that such as were conscious

Treasury, Feb. 1684—Oct. 1686. Removed from Treasury to the Record Office, 1853. The contents of this book have never before been made public.

¹ "An Account of the Proceedings," &c.

hey had no defence had better spare him the trouble of trying hem." As drowning men catch at a straw, so men when face to face with death are glad to seize upon any alternative which gives hem prospect of life. Prisoner after prisoner was brought to the bar, and acting upon the advice of the judge, pleaded guilty. Hosts were sentenced to death, and upon hosts the sentence was carried out. Every man who put himself upon his country and was convicted was strung up then and there. I give the numbers of the Dorsetshire men tried on this occasion as set out in the official list sent to the Treasury, and the punishment inflicted upon hem¹ :—

Seventy-four men executed for high treason. Ninety-four "prisoners convicted at Dorchester for high treason to be delivered to Sir William Booth to be transported." Sixty "prisoners to be transported to be delivered to Jerome Nipho." Sixteen "prisoners to be delivered to Sir Christopher Musgrave for transportation." Twenty-seven "prisoners who had certificates allowed pursuant to His Majesty's gracious proclamation." Twenty-seven "prisoners humbly proposed for His Majesty's gracious pardon." Six "prisoners remaining in custody." The following prisoners to be thus punished :—Rich. Holliday "for conducting the Lord Grey from Gillingham to Ringwood after the fight at Weston to be whipt twice, branded a mark, and to find sureties for the good behaviour for a year." Hugh Greene "for publishing Monmouth's Declaration fined £1,000, and committed till paid, and to find sureties for the good behaviour during life." Will. Wiseman "for publishing a seditious libel to be whipt at Dorchester and at every market town in the county." Six "prisoners for speaking seditious words severally branded and whipt." Fourteen "prisoners discharged for want of evidence." Nine "prisoners continued in gaol not indicted."

Jeffreys was fully satisfied with his day's work, and he thus writes to the powerful Sunderland² :—

"I most heartily rejoice, my dearest, dearest Lord, to hear of your safe return to Windsor. I this day began with the trial of the rebels at Dorchester, and have dispatched 98; but am at this time so tortured with the stone that I must beg your Lordship's intercession to His Majesty for the incoherence of what I have adventured to give His Majesty the trouble of; and that I may give myself so much ease by your Lordship's favour as to make use of my servant's pen to give a relation of what has happened since I came here. My dearest Lord,

¹ "An Account of the Proceedings," &c.

² *State Papers, Domestic*, 1685.

may I ever be tortured with the stone if I forget to approve myself, my dearest Lord, your most faithful and devoted servant,

“Dorchester, September 5, 1685, 8 at night.

“JEFFREYS.

“For God's sake make all excuses, and when at leisure a word of comfort.”

From Dorchester Jeffreys, always escorted by his strong military guard, proceeded to Exeter. The Devonshire men had taken little part in the actual fighting that occurred, not that they were wanting in sympathy with Monmouth, but as the insurrection had been rapidly crushed it failed to spread much beyond the confines of the county. Hence but few persons here were sentenced to death as rebels. It had so happened that the first prisoner who was arraigned, contrary to the Judge's advice, pleaded not guilty, and being convicted, was at once tied up. His fate deterred others from following his example; man after man came to the front of the dock, said that he was guilty, and saved his Lordship from going through the form of trial. The list of punishments forwarded to the Treasury was, however, compared with that of other counties, not a heavy one. We find twelve were “executed at Exeter for high treason; two reprieved.” Seven prisoners were “to be transported for high treason”; three were “convicted remaining in custody”; one was “proposed for pardon”; whilst twelve “for speaking seditious words were severally whipped and fined at Exeter.”¹

But Jeffreys reserved himself to the last for wreaking his vengeance to the full. He entered Somersetshire, and first opened his court at Taunton. He was now in the county which had been the very head and front of the rebellion, and, rendered half mad by a terrible malady, he was in a fitting mood to teach men how heinous was the crime of treason. It would not be his fault, he said, if he did not purify the place. And Taunton in his eyes was especially guilty, for it was here that Monmouth had been received with every sign of enthusiasm; the town on his entrance being decorated with flags, triumphal arches, and wreaths of flowers; it was here that, beneath a banner embroidered by the fairest hands in the county, the fascinating bastard allowed himself to be proclaimed King of England; and here it was that he had vowed the object of his mission was to uphold Protestantism. “I come,” he said when accepting a Bible which had been presented to him, “to defend the truths contained in this book, and to seal them, if it must be so, with my blood.” Such a place was to be “purified,” and if wholesale slaughter was purification Jeffreys had no reason to complain of his efforts. The

¹ “An Account of the Proceedings,” &c.

calendar presented more than five hundred persons for trial, for whom "justice" thus accounted:—Two hundred and twenty-two prisoners were "executed for high treason"; one hundred and ninety-eight were "to be transported"; twenty were "to be pardoned"; twenty-three were "proposed to be pardoned"; fifteen were "omitted in the warrant for execution although designed to be executed"; and thirty-three were "to remain in gaol until further order."¹

The cells of the prisons at Taunton were so full that it now became necessary to adjourn the commission to Wells. Here the same story of hanging, imprisoning, and whipping was repeated with all its sickening details. We read that ninety-five were "executed for high treason"; three hundred and eighty-six were "to be transported"; six "pardoned," and twenty-five "proposed to be pardoned"; seventeen in custody "for want of evidence"; six were "to be fined or whipped for misdemeanours," and one hundred and thirty-nine were "bound over to appear at the next assizes."²

Bristol now only remained to be visited. The city was full of the partisans of Monmouth, but they had been prevented by the Duke of Beaufort, who was zealous in the king's cause, from being of service to their chief. Still many came up for punishment, and the judge did not spare them. Only three were executed for treason, but the usual penalty of whippings and imprisonment was freely passed. "I am just now come, my most honoured Lord," writes Jeffreys to Sunderland,³ "from discharging my duty to my sacred master in executing his commission in this his most factious city. For, my Lord, to be plain upon my true affection and honour to your Lordship, and my allegiance and duty to my royal master, I think this city worse than Taunton; but, my good Lord, though harassed with this day's fatigue, and now mortified with a fit of the stone, I must beg leave to acquaint your Lordship that I this day committed the Mayor of this city, Sir William Hayman, and some of his brethren, the aldermen, for kidnappers,⁴ and have sent my tipstaff for others equally concerned in that villainy. I therefore beg your Lordship will acquaint his Majesty that I humbly apprehend it infinitely for his service that he be not surprised into a pardon to any man, though he pretend much to loyalty, till I have the honour

¹ "An Account of the Proceedings," &c.

² *Ibid.*

³ *State Papers, Domestic, 1685.*

⁴ This refers to a discovery made by the judge that the magistrates of the Bristol Corporation were in the habit of having assigned to them prisoners charged with felony, whom they sold for their own benefit to the West Indian planters.

and happiness I desire of kissing his royal hand. The reasons of this my humble request are too many to be confined within the narrow compass of this paper, but, my dear Lord, I will pawn my life, and that which is dearer to me, my loyalty, that Taunton and Bristol, and the county of Somerset, too, shall know their duty both to God and their king before I leave them. I purpose to-morrow for Wells, and in a few days don't despair to perfect the work I was sent about, and if my royal master would be graciously pleased to think I have contributed anything to his service I am sure I have arrived at the height of my ambition. The particulars of Taunton I humbly refer to my Lord Churchill's relation, who was upon the place; I have received several letters signed by your Lordship for the disposal of the convicts. [Convicted prisoners were often sold to the planters in the West India Islands. Jeffreys valued them at about ten pounds apiece, and was aggrieved that the king should grant numbers to his favourites. The judge looked upon this generosity as interfering with his special spoil.] I shall certainly be obedient to his Majesty's commands, though the messengers seem to me too impetuous for a hasty compliance. And now lest my dearest Lord should be afflicted by further trouble, as I am at this time by pain, I will only say that I am, and with all truth and sincerity ever will approve myself, your Lordship's most dutiful, grateful, and faithful, as I am your most obliged, servant,

"Bristol, Sep. 22, 1685.

"JEFFREYS."

The cruelty which characterised the sentences passed by this hateful judge upon the prisoners brought before him was always apparent. Never did he once err on the side of mercy. If he condemned a man to the gallows or to transportation he was always careful to add to the severity of the sentence by some brutal remark or ribald jest as to the prisoner's antecedents. When his victim was allowed to escape out of his hands no one doubted that the judge had been freely bribed, or that by no manner of straining could the law be called upon to deal out punishment. From the monstrous record of his pitiless ruling on this occasion history has taken care to pick out a few of his decisions as indicative of the temper and conduct of the man. Upon a lad, still in his teens, who had been convicted of uttering "seditious words," sentence was passed of imprisonment for seven years, with a whipping during that period of once a fortnight at the different market towns in his county. The clerk of arraigns had the courage to interpose in mitigation of this awful judgment, while the women in the gallery sobbed audibly out of sympathy with the prisoner. "The punishment is not half

bad enough for him," growled Jeffreys; "not all the interest in England shall save him." Fortunately the lad was seized with small-pox, and softened by a ruinous bribe, the judge remitted the sentence. One of the girls who had been found guilty of embroidering the colours given to Monmouth at Taunton was so paralysed by the ferocity with which judgment was given against her, that scarcely had she returned to her cell than she fell on the floor a corpse. Seldom was a woman sentenced to a whipping without some coarse joke being made as to the exposure that must necessarily ensue. "It may be a cold morning to strip in," said he, "but we shall try to keep you warm, madam! See that she is whipped—whipped soundly till the blood runs down! We'll tickle you, madam!" A prisoner, with some knowledge of law, made a technical objection to the course being pursued at his trial. "Villain! rebel!" cried Jeffreys, "I think I see thee already with a halter round thy neck." The prisoner was convicted. "Let him be hanged the first," laughed the judge, "for if any with a knowledge of law come in my way, I shall take care to *prefer them*." One rebel begged for mercy on the ground that on the eve of Sedgemoor he had sent important information to Faversham, the general of the king's forces. "You deserve a double death," said the judge, not without reason; "one for rebelling against your sovereign, and the other for betraying your friends." We are told that he particularly piqued himself upon this *bon mot*. To repeat the stories as to this circuit which history has preserved would be to fill a goodly volume. Chroniclers differ with respect to the number of Monmouth's followers hanged and transported after this Western revolt. According to the official list before me, forwarded to the Treasury, three hundred and twenty were sent to the gallows, and eight hundred and forty transported.¹

The fell instructions had been carried out, and the infamous servant of an infamous master was now to receive his reward. Sprung from a decent but very impoverished lineage, Jeffreys had in his boyhood barely escaped being bound apprentice to a Denbigh shop-keeper; but conscious of the talents working within him, he had manfully fought against the opposition of his family and had embraced the bar as a profession. His rise had been rapid. After a few years' practice he was appointed Common Sergeant of the City of London, then Recorder, then Chief Justice of Chester, then Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and now on his return from the terrible Western Circuit the Great Seal was entrusted to him. "His Majesty," so ran

¹ "An Account of Proceedings," &c. See also a very curious book, "The Western Martyrology," by T. Potts, 1695.

the entry in the Gazette, "taking into his royal consideration the many eminent services which the right honourable George, Lord Jeffreys, of Wem, Lord Chief Justice of England, has rendered the crown, as well in the reign of the late King of ever blessed memory as since His Majesty's accession to the throne, was pleased this day [October 1, 1685] to commit to him the custody of the Great Seal of England with the title of Lord Chancellor." It has been the endeavour of those who seek to exculpate the king at the expense of Jeffreys, to attribute the merciless slaughter in the West alone to the interested vindictiveness of the judge. James, it is said, was opposed to these bloodthirsty proceedings and had counselled mercy. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, declared that the king never forgave the cruelty of the judge "in executing such multitudes in the West against his express orders." Yet the evidence of contemporaries fails to support this assertion. Burnet reports that James "had a particular account of the proceedings writ to him every day, and he took pleasure to relate them in the drawing-room to foreign ministers and at his table, calling it Jeffreys' campaign; speaking of all he had done in a style that neither became the majesty nor the mercifulness of a prince." Lord Sunderland writing to the judge when busy in the West tying up his prisoners, informs him that "the king approved entirely of all his proceedings." Implicit faith is not, of course, to be placed on the testimony of Jeffreys, but let it be listened to for what it is worth. The wretched man when imprisoned in the Tower declared that "his instructions were much more severe than the execution of them," and when on his death-bed again said, "Whatever I did then I did by express orders; and I have this further to add, that I was not half bloody enough for him who sent me thither." "Though we cannot believe," writes Lord Campbell,¹ "that Jeffreys stopped short of any severity which he thought would be of service to himself, there seems no reason to doubt (if that be any palliation) that throughout the whole of these proceedings his object was to please his master, whose disposition was now most vindictive, and who thought that by such terrible examples he should secure to himself a long and quiet reign."

The end of Jeffreys is well known. On the flight of James from Whitehall, at the advance of the Prince of Orange, the miscreant followed his master's example, and endeavoured to make his escape by finding shelter on board a Newcastle collier bound for Hamburgh. He had shaved off his thick eyebrows, the upper part of his face was hidden by an old tarred hat which slouched

¹ "*Lives of the Chancellors.*" Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, vol. iv. p. 586.

well over his eyes, and he had disguised himself in the garb of a common sailor.

“ He took a collier’s coat to sea to go ;
Was ever Chancellor arrayèd so ? ”

The collier anchored off Wapping for the night. In the early morning Jeffreys, dry and half maddened with the drunkard’s thirst, thought he might trust to his dress to go ashore and satisfy the cravings which were now a second nature. He went to an inn and called for a tankard of ale. Here a disappointed suitor recognised him, the cry was raised that the terrible Lord Chancellor was within, the mob clamoured for his blood, and in all probability Jeffreys would have been torn limb from limb if a party of the train bands had not come to his rescue. He was driven off to the lord mayor amid the yells of the baffled crowd, and at his own suggestion was confined within the walls of the Tower in order to feel safe from the fury of the people. It was announced that he would speedily be put upon his trial, but the excitement consequent upon the occasion of a new dynasty interfered with all other matters, and the miserable wretch was allowed to pass away undisturbed by the law. He died a few months after his imprisonment, April 19, 1689. His end, it was said, was hastened by intemperance. “ He chose to save himself,” writes Oldmixon, “ from a public death by large draughts of brandy which soon despatched him.”

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

THE CROTALUS.

THE special peculiarity of the group of American venomous serpents called Rattlesnakes is that they make a sharp rattling noise by vibration of the tail. Hence the family name is Crotalidæ, from *crotalia*, jingling earrings of pearls worn by the Roman girls, or *crotalum*, a castanet. These fat-bodied, sluggish, terrestrial serpents bear their castanets at the extremity of the tail, in the shape of a varying number of hollow, flattened, and somewhat rounded segments, terminating in one of a more globular form called "the button." These are hinged loosely together, giving them considerable play, and the number of pieces, as well as their shape, varies greatly in different snakes and at different ages; while two species, the copper-head and the massassauga, have none at all, but can boast only a horny tip to their tails. There are records of forty-four, thirty-two, and twenty-one rattles; but twelve to fourteen is the usual number in full-grown crotali of the larger-sized species. They show no accurate index of age, notwithstanding that the contrary has been so long the popular belief.

Such is this curious organ, and its purpose and utility to its possessor has more than once engaged the attention of naturalists, though the discussions have usually been partial and under the influence of a theory.

The crepitating sound of the rattles is a mechanical result of their jarring, and may be produced by shaking them in your hand, or accidentally by the animal in moving along uneven ground.

This, however, is hardly audible, and the sound becomes so only by increased agitation of the tail, which can be made to vibrate with singular rapidity. As a continuous and sustained action, this has no parallel anywhere that I know of in the higher animals, and is only approached in the whirring speed of a hummingbird's wings, making mist by their invisible motion while poising before a flower. Similarly the motion of the rattle in an excited snake cannot be followed by the eye, its shape disappearing in a fan of light.

The enormous muscular and nervous force involved is shown, also, in the fact that this inconceivably rapid movement of the tail

can be sustained for several hours without an instant's rest, as I have repeatedly witnessed.

What is the purpose of this vibration of the tail and loud rattling? Does it serve any use to the creature, and if so, what? I do not think all naturalists are yet agreed upon the proper answer to these questions; but certain facts seem made out, one of which, not to be forgotten, is that many other serpents, outside the crotalidæ, set their tails into swift vibration when teased or excited. Another point is the close resemblance between the sound of the snake's rattling and the crepitation of the wings of certain cicadas and locusts. The view has been advanced that the rattling of the serpent was an imitative sound, operating to attract within reach of his fangs such animals—especially birds—as fed upon these insects. This imitative apparatus, beginning in a tendency to develop buttons or rattlers at the tail (originating, as many herpetologists think, in an incomplete shedding of the skin at that part), and in the inherent disposition to wag the tail (which is a channel for the expression of surplus energy in all animals), was accounted for through a process of development by natural selection toward food-getting.

This seems to me, as I read it, remarkably unlikely. It asserts prodigious preparation for very small results, since the insects imitated are never particularly plentiful where the majority of rattle-snakes occur, taking the whole country across, are noisy only a quarter of the year, and the birds to be deceived form only a small portion of the reptile's fare.

Yet, though I cannot admit that this insect mimicry is worth much consideration, I can see how the noise made by the tail might act as a deadly snare to birds and small animals by working upon their curiosity—a weakness particularly noticeable in squirrels. The interesting record given by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, of the behaviour of the small animals placed day by day within the cages of his large colony of rattlesnakes bears directly upon this point, and has been confirmed by other writers. None of these exhibited any terror at the company they found themselves in, after they had recovered from their nervousness at being handled. "The smaller birds . . . soon became amusingly familiar with the snakes, and were seldom molested, even when caged with six or eight large crotali. The mice—which were similarly situated—lived on terms of easy intimacy with the snakes, sitting on their heads, moving around their gliding coils, undisturbed and unconscious of danger."

This innocence of peril on the part of birds, mice, guinea-pigs,

&c., goes strongly against the position so often assumed, to begin with, that the rattling would be disadvantageous to the snake, because it would instantly frighten away the small animals intended as prey ; since, so long as the serpent does not chase them, they seem to associate no harm with his face or his music.

Why should they? How can they have any experience of him effective to their minds? A horse or deer is struck, suffers but recovers, and remembers tenaciously (very likely instructing its young) what it was that inflicted the injury. Never a squirrel or warbler survives to tell the tale, and usually there are no witnesses to the deed. The smaller agile serpents would be more likely to inspire general alarm, because they are often *seen* in hot pursuit of the prey they do not always catch.

But though it is possible that, by playing upon the curiosity, or even by deceiving through mimicry, the crepitating tail might now and then become useful, I do not think that as an aid in food-getting it is ever of more than accidental service. As a matter of sober fact, the rattle is *not heard when the crotalus is seeking its prey*, which is procured by stealthy crawling, and by lying ambushed, patient and rigid, in the accustomed haunts of small animals until chance favours.

What then is the *raison d'être* of this rattle? It is not itself a weapon, nor has it anything to do with the mechanism or effect of the poison-fangs, for it is not heard when the stroke is made in a natural and unalarmed way for the sake of killing food. The composure with which mice and squirrels listen to this stormy and characteristic racket argues this by inference, as showing that they do not connect the sound with any idea of harm. If it is true that the tendency to make rattles in this group of ophidians has been "seized upon by natural selection and made functional," then it seems to me that everything goes to show that this function is not for foraging, but is chiefly one of defence, through a defiant warning ; and, secondly, a means of calling the sexes together, thus ministering to the propagation of the race.

Fear, or the restless desire for companionship, are the only influences that evoke sounds from serpents or any other reptiles. The Batrachians may croak and pipe for fun ; but the bellowing of the pine-snake, the blowing of the hog-nose, the hissing of the black and various grass-snakes are only heard when they are calling to the other sex in the pairing season, or when they are attacked. The rattlesnake, however, has no voice, can make none of these *sounds* with his throat, so that his means of communication and

expression are confined to his rattles, and the more you attack or annoy him the louder his expression of protest. This is to be seen plainly with fresh captives, full of alarm at confinement and observation.

A strong and vividly-remembered illustration of this occurred to me once when I was one of a party encamped in Southern Wyoming, where these serpents are most plentiful among the sage-brush. Going a short distance from my tent one evening, I was suddenly moved to make a most active leap by the baleful *whirr* of a rattler just beside me. Regaining my composure, and returning to the charge with my revolver in my hand, I found that his snakeship had betaken himself to a gopher-hole (the "gopher" is a burrowing rodent), where I could hear a lulled crepitation. Stamping above the burrow caused the tune to assume a *crescendo* instantly, whereupon I sent down a "long '032" to further wake up the musician. His rattling now was loud and rapid. I fired a second time, and the song accelerated until all rattling blended into a steady buzz. If I had hit him I hadn't killed him, it was evident; so a third ball and stream of fire was sent into the hole. Out of the report came a shrill high-pitched humming which told of swifter vibration than even the buzzing had showed. Surely a snake was never more excited since the world began! But suddenly this became feeble, intermittent, and soon ceased altogether, so I concluded my shots had finally reached him.

That the rattling of the crotali answers the purpose of a call we know from the fact (recorded in many places) that other rattlesnakes quickly respond and hasten towards the one ringing his alarum. Moreover, in the latter part of the summer, the snakes sometimes make the sound loudly and long when they have no apparent reason to be alarmed, but, by the argument from analogy, can reasonably be supposed to be calling the opposite sex. That the rattling of one serpent in captivity has an immediate effect upon other crotali within hearing is constantly observed, and in the many cases where the young have been seen to run into the mouth of the old one for protection, they appear to have been summoned and informed of their danger by this signal.

The instant the snake suspects danger it throws itself into the coil of vantage and sounds its long roll, varying the swiftness of the vibration and the consequent loudness of its note as its apprehensions increase or diminish. The noise itself may not be instinctively fear-inspiring, nor, perhaps, is the growling of a lion, but in each case experience has taught men and the larger quadrupeds that that growl and this rattle mean not only a willingness to defend, but

the certain ability to do deadly harm. This menacing message, clicked from the vibrating tail, has caused many a man to turn back and give the snake a chance to escape, while at the same time it has been a warning to all other crotali within hearing to prepare for battle or to seek safety in flight.

ERNEST INGERSOLL

SCIENCE NOTES.

DR. MOFFATT'S ITALIAN AIR.

A CONSIDERABLE quantity of ink has been lately expended on Dr. Moffatt's invention of "Italian air" for the improvement of the voice. According to Dr. Moffatt's theory, peroxide of hydrogen is a prominent constituent of the air of Italy, and Italy is "the home of song" because the Italians have superlatively fine voices.

Mr. White, of Plymouth, writing to the *Lancet*, says that English pupils studying in Italy do not experience the remarkable effects claimed for Italian air, nor do Italian vocalists in England lose their vocal superiority. Dr. Andrew Wilson, quoting Mr. White in his valuable magazine *Health* (Feb. 22), says, "This looks like sensible criticism, and suggests that, after all, race-peculiarity, and not peroxide of hydrogen, lies at the root of Italian purity of song."

I am still more sceptical than Dr. Wilson, as I question the existence of any *natural* superiority of the Italian voice, as compared with the English; and, even worse still, claim for the crude English voice, especially the female voice, a decided superiority to that of the Italian. I believe that most of the Italian *maestri* who have had many pupils of both nations, and other opportunities of comparison, agree with me. I am told that Sir Michael Costa has often expressed his admiration of the natural powers of the British voice as exhibited to him when conducting the great choirs of our Provincial and Metropolitan Musical Festivals. The Bradford choir, and generally speaking those of the North, were specially mentioned by him.

I have heard the same expression of opinion in Italy, and have there witnessed some remarkable receptions of English *prima donnas*. They were not paid as much in cash as in London, simply because the scale of remuneration there is far lower, but the homage was almost ridiculous. Clara Novello, for instance (an Englishwoman, though she bore an Italian name), was called before the curtain fourteen times on the occasion of her benefit at *The Tordinona* when I was in Rome, and on leaving the theatre, the horses were taken from the carriage and replaced by a troop of young men, who dragged her

with torchlight accompaniments along the Corso and other main streets of the city.

The true source of the unquestionable preeminence of *trained* Italian vocalists is in the training, and the social status accorded to operatic artists. The musical profession there holds a similar rank to the legal profession here. The stage is level with the bar and the bench. Well-to-do people, and even members of the aristocracy, deliberately select the lyric theatrical profession for their children, male and female, and educate them accordingly with the aid of the State musical universities, the *conservatorj*, where not only vocal and instrumental music are taught, but all kinds of stage business, such as elocution, pantomime, fencing, dancing, &c. Years of steady daily drudgery are devoted to such preparation, with corresponding results.

Persiani, as a pure soprano, was the *prima donna* of Europe between forty and fifty years ago, not because nature had endowed her with the finest natural organ, but because her father was a great teacher and trained his daughter accordingly. English artistes are usually very lazy, and depend upon the natural excellence of their voices rather than upon the daily drill which really has the effect attributed by Dr. Moffatt to peroxide of hydrogen.

THE EFFECT OF HYDROGEN ON THE VOICE.

IF any of my readers have attended Dr. Moffatt's lectures they will probably reply to the above by saying that they witnessed the actual transformation of the lecturer's voice from a deep bass to a shrill tenor, consequent upon his breathing the preparation of hydrogen.

The experiment is a very old one. It dates from the establishment of "The Pneumatic Institution" by Dr. Beddowes, to whom, and the subscribers to the institution, Humphrey Davy, then a young aspirant to scientific fame, dedicated a volume of essays. The main object of this institution was to cure diseases by the breathing of gases.

Among other gases which were inhaled (often with serious inconvenience and danger) by the hopeful "pneumatists" was hydrogen. The effect of this upon the voice was one of their early observations. They found on inhaling it that the pitch of their voices changed most singularly, the deepest bass to pure soprano.

When but a small boy I witnessed this experiment made by Mr. Hemming in the theatre of the London Mechanics' Institution, and

have frequently repeated it myself for the instruction and amusement of my pupils in Edinburgh and Birmingham. I never found an audience that could resist it. Roars of laughter always follow the absurd change, which only lasts while the hydrogen remains in the lungs. Immediately it is expelled the voice returns to its original pitch.

I must not conclude this note without warning my readers who may be disposed to repeat this experiment, to make it at a considerable distance from any kind of light, as it is quite possible to mix with the hydrogen in the lungs a sufficient quantity of air to make it explosive, and an explosion within the air cells of the lungs would probably put an end to all further research by its victim. I have always kept at a respectful distance from any light, for at least five minutes after charging my lungs with the hydrogen, lest a small quantity should remain there.

A SUBURBAN COMPASS.

A FEW years ago, after visiting Mr. Ruskin's museum, which was then in a small house on an eminence at Upper Walkley, near Sheffield, I strolled into the country beyond, and presently lost my bearings. In order to regain them and find my way back again, I turned to practical use an observation made long before, viz., that the trees around Sheffield were all much more blackened on their sides presented to the town than on those with the rural aspect. I thus steered directly towards "The Wicker" until I regained the Hillsborough Tram route.

As the season for suburban walks is approaching, this experience may be useful to many of my readers; or supposing that they may not practically require it as a substitute for the pole star, it is curious to note the difference of the two sides of suburban trees, and trace the distance to which this difference extends, as showing how far the light, feathery particles of soot may travel.

The observation is the more interesting just now in connection with the long survival of the idea that the dust from the Krakatoa eruption has travelled all round the world in every direction, and remained suspended, with visible effect, since the 26th of August last, at elevations where the atmosphere is as rare as the best vacuum obtainable in an ordinary air pump receiver. As the specific gravity of volcanic dust is about three times as great as that of soot-carbon, and precipitated particles are much finer than those producible by mechanical attrition, the soot of London should, according to the

Krakatoans, remain suspended for years instead of months, and thus visibly affect the atmosphere of New Zealand.

I have traced the stain upon trees to a distance of eight to ten miles from London, and about the same from Sheffield, but have not made any observations in Epping Forest, where they should be most interesting, as it lies in the direction towards which the most prevalent winds from the most densely peopled part of London blow, and it affords opportunities of comparing the borders with the inner parts of the forest, in order to test the protective power of foliage by arresting and depositing the sooty particles, *i.e.*, filtering mechanical impurities from the air.

COAL MINING IN JAPAN.

THOSE who jump to the very general conclusion that Oriental progress is hopeless should study the recent history of Japan. As an example of what has been done there since the Japanese have awakened from their torpor of self-sufficiency, I quote from "Nature" the following particulars concerning a coal mine near Nagasaki. The workings "not only extend beneath the island of Takashima itself, but also beneath the sea, and have a total length of about seventy miles. About 2,500 people are employed there, and the output of coal is about 1,200 tons per day." This in spite of one of the most serious difficulties of coal mining, "the temperature is so high that spontaneous combustion is constantly occurring," which, together with the escape of fire damp, makes the mine very dangerous.

It has been said that the recent progress of Japan is merely a superficial imitation of Western customs. This is glaringly contradicted by what has been already done and is projected in connection with this coal mine. The Japanese are here teaching us how to use a coal mine as a scientific observatory for the solution of some obscure and difficult scientific problems.

They have commenced, and are continuing systematically, a series of experiments on electrical earth currents; they are applying the telephone and microphone to the examination of sounds produced by the movements of the solid rock; they are observing and measuring earth-tremors by means of an instrument devised for the purpose, a *tromometer*; by using two delicate levels they are determining whether the seasonal movements they have already discovered to occur on the surface of the soil extend underground; they are attempting to measure the influence of the tide (which rises and falls overhead about eight feet) in producing a bend or crushing in the

roof of the mine. "Observations on atmospheric electricity may subsequently be added."

All these observations are carried on in connection with others above ground, on variations of the tides, of temperature and atmospheric pressure. The escape of fire-damp and the entrance of water into the mine are also measured and recorded, and thus the influence of tides, atmospheric pressure, and temperature upon the liability to explosions will be removed from the range of speculation to that of established and measured fact. The Japanese who came to this country to learn the rudiments of mining are already beginning to teach our mining engineers some of the scientific elements of their business.

One of our most recent steps in the application of modern science to mining is that of issuing warnings when there is a considerable fall of the barometer. This is based on a general observation that the barometer has usually been low when great explosions have occurred. The more systematic observations of the Japanese have shown that the increased escape of gas precedes the fall of the barometer by about eight hours, and therefore that the warnings come too late.

BAROMETER WARNINGS OF COLLIERY EXPLOSIONS.

THE fact stated at the conclusion of the preceding note is very suggestive of theoretical speculations concerning the nature of the connection which exists between the movements of the atmosphere and colliery explosions.

The accepted theory is that when the pressure of the atmosphere is lessened, as indicated by the fall of the barometer, and the gases confined in the coal seam are thus subjected to a diminished constraint, they expand and escape more freely.

As the ordinary pressure of the air when the barometer stands at $29\frac{1}{2}$ inches amounts to 40,120 tons per acre, and a fall of one inch lessens this pressure by 1,360 tons, this theory is reasonable enough if the gas is confined in cavities having some communication with the face of the coal.

If no such communication already exists this difference of pressure, which measured on a smaller scale amounts to half a pound per square inch, is not likely to enable the gas to break through a solid barrier and make a new opening for itself, excepting where that barrier happens to be already strained very nearly to its breaking point.

It has long been established experimentally that sound waves produced in the air by firing of guns, tolling of bells, &c., are communicated to the earth, and that these waves travel much more rapidly than the air waves which produce them. The Japanese observations have shown that there are earth tremors also connected with barometric fluctuations, earth waves produced by atmospheric waves.

A priori reasoning indicates very decidedly that these barometric earth waves should travel more rapidly than the air wave of the barometric gradient. If this earth wave is sufficient to assist in that small cracking of the coal seam which supplies the outlets for the gas, we have an explanation of the Japanese discovery that the increase of fire-damp precedes the barometric disturbance by some hours.

IS LONDON SUBSIDING?

AN isolated mountain, Jebel Naiba, near Bona, in Algeria, 2,625 feet high, is gradually sinking, and as it goes down it bends the crust of the earth on which it rests in such wise as to produce a considerable depression around it, forming a lake (Lake Fezzara), having an area of 30,000 acres, which had no existence during the time of the Romans. It is now but 9 feet deep in its centre, and the remains of a Roman town lie beneath its waters.

I have expressed in several of these notes my decided convictions concerning the plasticity of the earth's crust; that its rigidity as displayed by actual terrestrial phenomena is far less than is ascribed to it by Sir William Thompson and other mathematicians. The sinking of this mountain is confirmatory of this view.

If I am right, no considerable weight can be put upon any part of the earth's surface without causing a proportionate depression. Great chains of high mountains may exist without any further sinking, as they may, in spite of their elevation, stand in equilibrium. All that is demanded for this is that the mean specific gravity of their own substance, and that below them, shall be a little less than that of the surrounding material. If so they will rise above the general level precisely as a piece of wood stands above that of the water on which it floats.

This equilibrium having been established, any transfer of material will disturb it. The erection of buildings constructed of material brought from a distance is a case of such disturbance, very small, it is true, when compared with the scale of natural operations, but existing and operating nevertheless.

Thus, London brick houses, made from London clay, dug from the immediate neighbourhood, can have no effect in depressing the ground on which they stand, but those constructed of stone brought from the Bath and other distant quarries, or of bricks from distant brickfields, must have some effect, to which the great stratum of the pavement must contribute.

Have we any evidence of such depression? I think we have. It is a notable fact that Roman remains are frequently found when excavations are made, and some of these are pavements. The level of old London was certainly lower than that of modern London. We are continually raising the level of the ground on which our cities stand by paving and repaving, and leaving behind old building materials. The great fire of London must have raised the general level considerably.

If any of my readers doubt this, let them make observations whenever they have an opportunity of examining any excavation in any of the older parts of London, such as openings down to the sewers. They will then discover a deposit of stratified rock not described by geologists; a deposit of paving stones, brick fragments, and other Roman débris, in some cases of considerable thickness.

What would happen to some of the lowest streets of London if they were suddenly reduced to their former level—Southwark, for example, to that of the time when the Sea Kings held it and built there a shrine to their patron saint, St. Olaf?

We know what does happen sometimes even now. The river overflows them in spite of the additional elevation produced by these artificial deposits. If these deposits were removed this would happen even with ordinary high tides, and the exceptional tides would be overwhelming.

If I am right we may look forward to increasing liability to such floods, and if I mistake not they actually have increased in a sensible degree during the last 40 years. Seven years of my own life were spent in Lambeth above 40 years ago. During that time there were no such floods as have occurred during the seven years just passed. None of the precautions now demanded and applied to keep back the waters were then used. Yet the high tides then, and the high tides now, represented, and still represent, the same approximation to sea level.

Special warnings of expected high tides are now issued and seriously required. They were neither issued nor required then.

PRINTING REFORM.

IN "The Popular Science Monthly" (New York) of January, is a paper by "Samuel Yorke at Lee," in which he advocates a more radical reform of printing than that which I illustrated in this Magazine of June, 1881. Mr. Yorke argues as I did against the glare of white paper, but instead of merely covering it with a larger amount of black by using thick letters he says, "Why not reform it altogether? Let our books be printed on green paper, and let our printers use red, yellow, or white ink for the noxious black."

I re-echo, Why not? At any rate the experiment should be tried, and I hope our go-ahead brethren will try it. The dazzle of white paper must be worse under their sky than under ours, and a fine opportunity of starting the reform will be afforded when the projected international copyright bill is passed and comes into operation.

A NEW SHRIMP.

IN an account of the zoological results of the work of the United States Fish Commission, communicated to "Nature," by Ralph S. Tarr, is the following appetising passage: "Crustacea were represented by many new and interesting forms, especially of shrimps, including many curious types. In 2,300 fathoms we dredged a *shrimp nearly a foot in length.*"

Can we transplant and acclimatise these? Temperature presents no difficulty, as the water at that depth is quite as cold as upon our coasts. It must be only a question of pressure, and these delicious crustacea should rather expand than contract when that is diminished.

That Gravesend luxury, "Tea made with shrimps," will become a very substantial meal when these are substituted for our familiar pigmies.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

THE LITERARY "RING."

MUCH has been heard during recent years of the Dramatic Ring, and the difficulties of breaking through it. The ring in question is supposed to consist of the playwrights who have obtained the hearing of managers, and are fortunate enough to keep all outsiders unheard and unread. For one of the untried dramatists who, regarding himself as the victim of a cabal, seeks, with no very remunerative or satisfactory result to himself, to produce his work at a morning performance there are, on a moderate computation, a score essayists, novelists, and the like who complain of a Literary Ring. No experience of the working man of letters is much more painful than the constant succession of appeals to which he must listen to furnish some literary aspirant with an entry into the charmed circle.

A simple entrance is all that is wanted, and fame and fortune follow as a matter of course. The few who, conscientiously unable to furnish a recommendation, are deaf to intercession, and the many who give fruitless introductions until publishers and editors learn to attach no value to them, constitute the "ring." Mere "whimsies of the brain" are these magic circles. In the cases in which early works that have subsequently attained distinction and been a fruitful source of profit have gone a-begging there has been some reason to account for the fact. Works of originality so startling as "Vanity Fair" and "Jane Eyre" are apt to puzzle the "reader," using the term in its technical sense, and to experience more difficulty in finding acceptance than others written on more conventional lines. As a rule, however, new blood is sought for with eagerness. Some hundreds of periodicals of one sort or another see the light every month in London alone, and there is nothing more to the interest of an editor or a publisher than to strike a new vein of literary ore. Every advantage, even to that of economy, is to be reaped from such a discovery, which appeals alike to the enterprising and the timid. If a writer has anything to say and has the gift of expression the entire market is open to him. It is the failures only who speak about rings.

PROSE STYLE.

AMONG the competitions or *plébiscites* that have sprung of late into fashion, concerning one or two of which I have lately written, I have heard of none dealing with the question of prose style. The chief obstacle to a satisfactory answer to the question which English or American writer has the best prose style consists in the fact that judges of what is good English prose are almost as few as good prose writers. Old models, it may be observed, no longer serve. To speak of Addison or Goldsmith as an absolute master of prose is simply to appeal to tradition. In the most masculine and vigorous style Swift would perhaps maintain his position. A *plébiscite* of *writers* would probably result in placing him at the top of the list. In a more ornate style Milton's noble prose, thick-strewn as it is with Latinisms, remains paramount, disturbed neither by Mr. Swinburne's glowing and burning language, nor Mr. Ruskin's picturesque and majestic phrase. Cardinal Newman would, I opine, obtain not a few votes, and Kingsley, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Gladstone, John Stuart Mill, Mr. Richard Jeffries, and Mr. John Morley would from different orders of mind win loudly-expressed admiration. Few except scholars would pause to think of Landor's sonorous and flexible English, of De Quincey's flowing periods, or of Peacock's vivacious and luminous prose. Charles Lamb at his best is supreme. I know serious passages of his which, for beauty and grace of diction, and for the happy and harmonious fitting of the phrase to the illustration, are unsurpassed. Macaulay's epigrammatic style is now almost as much out of date as Cowley's affected phrase. Shenstone has a claim, though but a small one, and Hooker and Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, who warms to rare eloquence, and ever quaint and ingenious Fuller, would find a few votes. Among press writers, if such can in these days be distinguished from professed *littérateurs*, I am disposed to assign a leading place to the late John Oxenford. If only for the sake of the style, a collection of his criticisms of the stage contributed to the *Times* should be reprinted. The present generation, which has all but lost them, will be the poorer for the loss. Whittier the poet spoke of Hawthorne as "the greatest master of the English language." That praise seems to me excessive, but Hawthorne's place is high.

INSECURITY OF LIFE IN MEDIÆVAL OXFORD.

FRESH proof how insecure were life and property in those days to which Mr. Morris looks back with regret, springs up from unexpected sources. In the Bodleian Library is a portion of the Coroner's Roll for Oxford, describing nine inquests held in that city between December 19, 1300, and June 15, 1302. This has now for the first time been printed by Professor Thorold Rogers in the pages of *Notes and Queries*. The deaths as to which investigation is made are as follows: December 19, 1300, John de Rypun is found dead, slain in a street brawl with a certain Richard of Maltby. Three days later Henry of Buckingham, clerk, is found slain by thieves unknown. His head had a mortal wound inflicted by a "pollhatchet" reaching to the skull, four fingers long, and another by a knife, one finger long and two deep, between the nose and left eye. January 5, 1301, Robert de Honniton, clerk, died by accident, falling through a hole in the bell-tower of St. Michael's Church, while assisting in ringing the bells. June 25, Simon the ffevre, of Wolvercot, and Alan, son of William le Strunge, were found dead in a certain close which is called Wycroft, in the suburb of Oxford. They were killed by thieves unknown. December 7, Sir Hugh Russell, clerk, of Wales, was slain in a quarrel with Master Elias, of Mongomery. Same day John de Newsham, clerk and schoolmaster, was drowned in the Cherwell while cutting rods for the purpose of whipping his boys; a singular instance, youth will hold, of the visitation of Nemesis. December 9, John de Hampstead, in the county of Northampton, clerk, was slain in consequence of interfering in a quarrel between Thomas of Horncastle and Nicholas de la March, clerks. August 13, 1302: John, son of John Godfrey, of Binsey, was accidentally drowned in the Thames. June 15: John Osgodeby was found dead, having been attacked with swords and slain by Thomas de Weldon, clerk, and John the Northerner, his servant, and Nicholas de Vylers, of Ireland, clerk. Here then we see ten deaths; four the result of brawls, and three due to robbers. If we think of the size of Oxford in the days of Edward I., we must admit that here is a tolerable bill of deaths from violence. What is most significant is, however, that in no case was any adequate forfeit exacted. The robbers remained unknown, the clerks who committed the injuries escaped. In one case only, that of Nicholas de Vylers, were clothing and books to the extent of 13s. 10d. seized. When it is thought that certainty of punishment is far more deterrent than severity, an explanation is furnished why deeds of violence were then

common. Outside the city bounds a fugitive from justice was safe from pursuit, and had only to fear at the hands of outlaws a fate such as he had himself bestowed.

THE BOOK FOR A RAILWAY JOURNEY.

IN reprinting from the Letters of Charles Lamb the "Little Essays" which will bear separation from the context, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has been inspired by a singularly happy idea. The cream of Lamb's humour is to be found in his letters. The veriest enthusiast cannot, however, re-read these in perpetuity. Here, however, in one short volume which may be glanced over in a few minutes or read in a couple of hours, we have a veritable collection of gems. Again and again in reading the volume I burst into a veritable guffaw. No one ever acknowledged so gracefully and yet so whimsically as Lamb the presents he received. The extract on the Present of a Watch is as humorous as anything in literature. Nowhere is there a book so good as this for a railway journey. My hope is that Mr. Fitzgerald will find material for another volume, if not for many more volumes.

THE REMEDY FOR AUTHOR BAITING.

SHOULD other measures fail, I think dramatists themselves should save the scandal of such scenes by refusing, on any terms, to come before the public. I have never yet been able to understand why they do so. In the case of an actor, who is accustomed to such exhibitions, and knows too how to bear himself, the practice may be comprehended. Why a private gentleman, however, who is no portion of the spectacle, and who does not know how to walk across a stage, should come, under any circumstances, before a curtain, I fail to see. One or two dramatists very properly refuse to face the ordeal. If men like Mr. Charles Reade, Mr. Burnand, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Godfrey will unite in this resolution, the practice of author baiting will expire of inanition. Never having written a drama, I do not know the temptation to come forward and bow acknowledgments to an applauding mob. I think, however, under existing conditions, I should have prudence enough, even if I had not self-respect enough, to avoid such an experiment.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY 1884.

PHILISTIA.

BY CECIL POWER.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

AT the very top of the winding footpath cut deeply into the sandstone side of the East Cliff Hill at Hastings, a wooden seat, set a little back from the road, invites the panting climber to rest for five minutes after his steep ascent from the primitive fisher village of Old Hastings, which nestles warmly in the narrow sun-smitten gully at his feet. On this seat, one bright July morning, Herbert I.e Breton lay at half length, basking in the brilliant open sunshine, and evidently waiting for somebody whom he expected to arrive by the side path from the All Saints' Valley. Even the old coastguardsman, plodding his daily round over to Ecclesbourne, noticed the obvious expectation implied in his attentive attitude, and ventured to remark, in his cheery familiar fashion, "She won't be long a-comin' now, Sir, you may depend upon it : the gals is sure to be out early of a fine mornin' like this 'ere." Herbert stuck his double eye-glass gingerly upon the tip of his nose, and surveyed the bluff old sailor through it with a stony British stare of mingled surprise and indignation, which drove the poor man hastily off, with a few muttered observations about some people being so confounded stuck up that they didn't even understand the point of a little good-natured seafarin' banter.

As the coastguardsman disappeared round the corner of the flag-staff, a young girl came suddenly into sight by the jutting edge of sandstone bluff near the High Wickham ; and Herbert, jumping up at once from his reclining posture, raised his hat to her with stately politeness, and moved forward in his courtly graceful manner to meet her as he approached. "Well, Selah," he said, taking her hand a

little warmly (judged at least by Herbert Le Breton's usual standard), "so you've come at last! I've been waiting here for you for fully half an hour. You see, I've come down to Hastings again as I promised, the very first moment I could possibly get away from my pressing duties at Oxford."

The girl withdrew her hand from his, blushing deeply, but looking into his face with evident pleasure and admiration. She was tall and handsome, with a certain dashing air of queenliness about her, too; and she was dressed in a brave, outspoken sort of finery, which, though cheap enough in its way, was neither common nor wholly wanting in a touch of native good taste and even bold refinement of contrast and harmony. "It's very kind of you to come, Mr. Walters," she answered in a firm but delicate voice. "I'm so sorry I've kept you waiting. I got your letter, and tried to come in time; but father he's been more aggravating than usual, almost, this morning, and kept saying he'd like to know what on earth a young woman could want to go out walking for, instead of stopping at home at her work, and minding her Bible like a proper Christian. In *his* time, young women usen't to be allowed to go walking, except on Sundays, and then only to chapel or Bible class. So I've not been able to get away till this very minute, with all this bundle of tracts, too, to give to the excursionists on the way. Father feels a most incomprehensible interest, somehow, in the future happiness of the Sunday excursionists."

"I wish he'd feel a little more interest in the present happiness of his own daughter," Herbert said, smiling. "But it hasn't mattered your keeping me waiting here, Selah. Of course I'd have enjoyed it all far better in your society—I don't think I need tell you that now, dear—but the sunshine, and the sea breeze, and the song of the larks, and the splash of the waves below, and the shouts of the fishermen down there on the beach mending their nets and putting out their smacks, have all been so delightful after our humdrum round of daily life at Oxford, that I only wanted your presence here to make it all into a perfect paradise.—Why, Selah, how pretty you look in that sweet print! It suits your complexion admirably. I never saw you wear anything before so perfectly becoming."

Selah drew herself up with the conscious pride of an unaffected pretty girl. "I'm so glad you think so, Mr. Walters," she said, playing nervously with the handle of her dark-blue parasol. "You always say such very flattering things."

"No, not flattering," Herbert answered, smiling: "not flattering, *Selah*, simply truthful. You always extort the truth from me with

your sweet face, Selah. Nobody can look at it and not forget the stupid conventions of ordinary society. But please, dear, don't call me Mr. Walters. Call me Herbert. You always do, you know, when you write to me."

"But it's so much harder to do it to your face, Mr. Walters," Selah said, again blushing. "Every time you go away I say to myself, 'I shall call him Herbert as soon as ever he comes back again : ' and every time you come back, I feel too much afraid of you, the moment I see you, ever to do it. And yet of course I ought to, you know, for when we're married, why, naturally, then I shall have to learn to call you Herbert, shan't I?"

"You will, I suppose," Herbert answered, rather chillily : "but that subject is one upon which we shall be able to form a better opinion when the time comes for actually deciding it. Meanwhile, I want you to call me Herbert, if you please, as a personal favour and a mark of confidence. Suppose I were to go on calling you Miss Briggs all the time ! a pretty sort of thing that would be ! what inference would you draw as to the depth of my affection ? Well, now, Selah, how have these dreadful home authorities of yours been treating you, my dear girl, all the time since I last saw you ?"

"Much the same as usual, Mr. Walters—Herbert, I mean," Selah answered, hastily correcting herself. "The regular round. Prayers ; clean the shop ; breakfast, with a chapter ; serve in the shop all morning ; dinner, with a chapter ; serve in the shop all afternoon ; tea, with a chapter ; prayer meeting in the evening ; supper with a chapter ; exhortation ; and go to bed, sick of it all, to get up next morning and repeat the entire performance *da capo*, as they always say in the music to the hymn-books. Occasional relaxations,—Sunday at chapel three times, and Wednesday evening Bible class ; mothers' assembly, Dorcas society, missionary meeting, lecture on the Holy Land, dissolving views of Jerusalem, and Primitive Methodist district conference in the Mahanaim Jubilee meeting hall. Salvation privileges every day and all the year round, till I'm ready to drop with it, and begin to wish I'd only been lucky enough to have been born one of those happy benighted little pagans in a heathen land where they don't know the value of the precious Sabbath, and haven't yet been taught to build Primitive Methodist district chapels for crushing the lives out of their sons and daughters !"

Herbert smiled a gentle smile of calm superiority at this vehement outburst of natural irreligion. "You must certainly be bored to death with it all, Selah," he said, laughingly. "What a funny sort of creed it really is, after all, for rational beings ! Who on earth could

believe that the religion these people use to render your life so absolutely miserable is meant for the same thing as the one that makes my poor dear brother Ronald so perfectly and inexpressibly serene and happy? The formalism of lower natures, like your father's, has turned it into a machine for crushing all the spontaneity out of your existence. What a *régime* for a high-spirited girl like you to be compelled to live under, Selah!"

"It is, it is!" Selah answered, vehemently. "I wish you could only see the way father goes on at me all the time about chapel, and so on, Mr. Wal—Herbert, I mean. You wouldn't wonder, if you were to hear him, at my being anxious for the time to come when you can leave Oxford and we can get comfortably married. What between the drudgery of the shop and the drudgery of the chapel, my life's positively getting almost worn out of me."

Herbert took her hand in his, quietly. It was not a very small hand, but it was prettily, though cheaply, gloved, and the plain silver bracelet that encircled the wrist, though simple and inexpensive, was not wanting in rough tastefulness. "You're a bad philosopher, Selah," he said, turning with her along the path towards Ecclesbourne; "you're always anxious to hurry on too fast the lagging wheels of an unknown future. After all, how do you know whether we should be any the happier if we were really and truly married? Don't you know what Swinburne says, in 'Dolores'—you've read it in the Poems and Ballads I gave you—

Time turns the old days to derision,
Our loves into corpses or wives,
And marriage and death and division
Make barren our lives?"

"I've read it," Selah answered, carelessly, "and I thought it all very pretty. Of course Swinburne always *is* very pretty: but I'm sure I never try to discover what on earth he means by it. I suppose father would say I don't read him tearfully and prayerfully—at any rate, I'm quite sure I never understand what he's driving at."

"And yet he's worth understanding," Herbert answered in his clear musical voice—"well worth understanding, Selah, especially for you, dearest. If, in imitation of obsolete fashions, you wished to read a few verses of some improving volume every night and morning, as a sort of becoming religious exercise in the elements of self-culture, I don't know that I could recommend you a better book to begin upon than the Poems and Ballads. Don't you see the moral of those four lines I've just quoted to you? Why should we wish to change from *anything* so free and delightful and poetical as lovers into anything so

fettered, and commonplace, and prosaic, and *banal*, as wives and husbands? Why should we wish to give up the fanciful paradise of fluttering hope and expectation for the dreary reality of housekeeping and cold mutton on Mondays? Why should we not be satisfied with the real pleasure of the passing moment, without for ever torturing our souls about the imaginary but delusive pleasure of the unrealisable, impossible future?"

"But we *must* get married some time or other, Herbert," Selah said, turning her big eyes full upon him with a doubtful look of interrogation. "We can't go on courting in this way for ever and ever, without coming to any definite conclusion. We *must* get married by-and-by, now mustn't we?"

"Je n'en vois pas la nécessité, moi," Herbert answered with just a trace of cynicism in his curling lip. "I don't see any *must* about it, that is to say, in English, Selah. The fact is, you see, I'm above all things a philosopher; you're a philosopher, too, but only an instinctive one, and I want to make your instinctive philosophy assume a rather more rational and extrinsic shape. Why should we really be in any hurry to go and get married? Do the actual married people of our acquaintance, as a matter of fact, seem so very much more ethereally happy—with their eight children to be washed and dressed and schooled daily, for example—than the lovers, like you and me, who walk arm-in-arm out here in the sunshine, and haven't yet got over their delicious first illusions? Depend upon it, the longer you can keep your illusions the better. You haven't read Aristotle, in all probability; but as Aristotle would put it, it isn't the end that is anything in love-making, it's the energy, the active pursuit, the momentary enjoyment of it. I suppose we shall have to get married some day, Selah, though I don't know when; but I confess to you I don't look forward to the day quite so rapturously as you do. Shall we feel more the thrill of possession, do you think, than I feel it now when I hold your hand in mine, so, and catch the beating of your pulse in your veins, even through the fingers of your pretty little glove? Shall we look deeper into one another's eyes and hearts than I look now into the very inmost depths of yours? Shall we drink in more fully the essence of love than when I touch your lips here—one moment, Selah, the gorse is very deep here—now don't be foolish—ah, there, what's the use of philosophising, tell me, by the side of that? Come over here to the bench, Selah, by the edge of the cliff; look down yonder into Ecclesbourne glen; hear the waves dashing on the shore below, and your own heart beating against your

bosom within—and then ask yourself what's the good of living in any moment, in any moment but the present."

Selah turned her great eyes admiringly upon him once more. "Oh, Herbert," she said, looking at him with a clever uneducated girl's unfeigned and undisguised admiration for any cultivated gentleman who takes the trouble to draw out her higher self. "Oh, Herbert, how can you talk so beautifully to me, and then ask me why it is I'm longing for the day to come when I can be really and truly married to you? Do you think I don't feel the difference between spending my life with such a man as you, and spending it for years and years together with a ranting, canting Primitive Methodist?"

Herbert smiled to himself a quiet, unobtrusive, self-satisfied smile. "She appreciates me," he thought silently in his own heart, "she appreciates me at my true worth; and, after all, that's a great thing. Well, Selah," he went on aloud, toying unreprieved with her pretty little silver bracelet, "let us be practical. You belong to a business family and you know the necessity for being practical. There's a great deal to be said in favour of my hanging on at Oxford a little longer. I must get a situation somewhere else as soon as possible, in which I can get married; but I can't give up my fellowship without having found something else to do which would enable me to put my wife in the position I should like her to occupy."

"A very small income would do for me, with you, Herbert," Selah put in, eagerly. "You see, I've been brought up economically enough, heaven knows, and I could live extremely well on very little."

"But *I* could not, Selah," Herbert answered, in his colder tone. "Pardon me, but I could not. I've been accustomed to a certain amount of comfort, not to say luxury, which I couldn't readily do without. And then, you know, dear," he added, seeing a certain cloud gathering dimly on Selah's forehead, "I want to make my wife a real lady."

Selah looked at him tenderly, and gave the hand she held in hers a faint pressure. And then Herbert began to talk about the waves, and the cliffs, and the sun, and the great red sails, and to quote Shelley and Swinburne; and the conversation glided off into more ordinary every-day topics.

They sat for a couple of hours together on the edge of the cliff, talking to one another about such and other subjects, till, at last, Selah asked the time, hurriedly, and declared she must go off at once, or father 'd be in a tearing passion. Herbert walked back with her

through the green lanes in the golden mass of gorse, till he reached the brow of the hill by the fisher village. Then Selah said lightly, "Not any nearer, Herbert—you see I can say Herbert quite naturally now—the neighbours will go talking about it if they see me standing here with a strange gentleman. Good-bye, good-bye, till Friday." Herbert held her face up to his in his hands, and kissed her twice over in spite of a faint resistance. Then they each went their own way, Selah to the little greengrocer's shop in a back street of the red-brick fisher village, and Herbert to his big fashionable hotel on the Marine Parade in the noisy stuccoed modern watering place.

"It's an awkward sort of muddle to have got oneself into," he thought to himself as he walked along the asphalt pavement in front of the sea-wall: "a most confoundedly awkward fix to have got oneself into with a pretty girl of the lower classes. She's beautiful certainly; that there's no denying; the handsomest woman, on the whole, I ever remember to have seen at any time anywhere; and when I'm actually by her side—though it's a weakness to confess it—I'm really not quite sure that I'm not positively quite in love with her! She'd make a grand sort of Messalina, without a doubt, a model for a painter, with her frank imperious face, and her splendid voluptuous figure; a Faustina, a Catherine of Russia, an Ann Boleyn—to be fitly painted only by a Rubens or a Gustave Courbet. Yet how I can ever have been such a particular fool as to go and get myself entangled with her I can't imagine. Heredity, heredity; it must run in the family, for certain. There's Ernest has gone and handed himself over bodily to this grocer person somewhere down in Devonshire; and I myself, who perfectly see the folly of his absurd proceeding, have independently put myself into this very similar awkward fix with Selah Briggs here. Selah Briggs, indeed! The very name reeks with commingled dissent, vulgarity, and green-grocery. Her father's deacon of his chapel, and goes out at night when there's no missionary meeting on, to wait at serious dinner-parties! Or rather, I suppose he'd desert the most enticing missionary to earn a casual half-crown at even an ungodly champagne-drinking dinner! Then that's the difference between me and Ernest. Ernest's selfish, incurably and radically selfish. Because this Oswald girl happens to take his passing fancy, and to fit in with his impossible Schurzian notions, he'll actually go and marry her. Not only will he have no consideration for mother—who really is a very decent sort of body in her own fashion, if you don't rub her up the wrong way or expect too much from her—but he'll also interfere, without

a thought, with *my* prospects and *my* advancement. Now, *that* I call really selfish; and selfishness is a vulgar piggish vice that I thoroughly abominate. I don't deny that I'm a trifle selfish myself, of course, in a refined and cultivated manner—I flatter myself, in fact, that introspective analysis is one of my strong points; and I don't conceal my own failings from my own consciousness with any weak girlish prevarications. But after all, as Hobbes very well showed (though our shallow modern philosophers pretend to laugh at him), selfishness in one form or another is at the very base of all human motives; the difference really is between sympathetic and unsympathetic selfishness—between piggishness and cultivated feelings. Now, *I* will *not* give way to the foolish and selfish impulses which would lead me to marry Selah Briggs. I will put a curb upon my inclinations, and do what is really best in the end for all the persons concerned—and for myself especially.”

He strolled down on to the beach, and began throwing pebbles carelessly into the splashing water. “Yes,” he went on in his internal colloquy, “I can only account for my incredible stupidity in this matter by supposing that it depends somehow upon some incomprehensible hereditary leaning in the Le Breton family idiosyncrasy. It's awfully unlike me, I will do myself the justice to say, to have got myself into such a silly dilemma all for nothing. It was all very well a few years ago, when I first met Selah. I was an undergraduate in those days, and even if somebody had caught me walking with a young lady of unknown antecedents and doubtful aspirates on the East Cliff at Hastings, it really wouldn't have much mattered. She was beautiful even then—though not so beautiful as now, for she grows handsomer every day; and it was natural enough I should have taken to going harmless walks about the place with her. She attracted me by her social rebelliousness—another family trait, in me passive not active, contemplative not personal; but she certainly attracted me. She attracts me still. A man must have some outlet for the natural and instinctive emotions of our common humanity; and if a monastic Oxford community imposes celibacy upon one with mediæval absurdity—why, Selah Briggs is, for the time being, the only possible sort of outlet. One needn't marry her in the end; but for the moment it is certainly very excellent fooling. Not unsentimental either—for my part, I could never care for mere coarse, commonplace, vena wretches. * Indeed, when I spoke to her just now about my wishing to make my wife a lady, upon my word, at the time, I almost think I was just then quite in earnest. The idea flitted across my mind vaguely—‘Why not send her for a year or two to be polished up at

Paris or somewhere, and really marry her afterwards for good and always?' But on second thoughts, it won't hold water. She's magnificent, she's undeniable, she's admirable, but she isn't possible. The name alone's enough to condemn her. Fancy marrying somebody with a Christian name out of the hundred and somethingth psalm! It's too atrocious! I really couldn't inflict her for a moment on poor suffering innocent society."

He paused awhile, watching the great russet sails of the fishing vessels flapping idly in the breeze as the men raised them to catch the faint breath of wind, and then he thought once more, "But how to get rid of her, that's the question. Every time I come here now she goes on more and more about the necessity of our getting soon married—and I don't wonder at it either, for she has a perfect purgatory of a life with that snivelling Methodistical father of hers, one may be sure of it. It would be awfully awkward if any Oxford people were to catch me here walking with her on the cliff over yonder—some sniggering fellow of Jesus or Worcester, for example, or, worse than all, some prying young Pecksniff of a third-year undergraduate! Somehow, she seems to fascinate me, and I can't get away from her; but I must really do it and be done with it. It's no use going on this way much longer. I must stop here for a few days more only, and then tell her that I'm called away on important college business, say to Yorkshire or Worcestershire, or somewhere. I needn't tell her in person, face to face; I can write hastily at the last moment to the usual name at the Post Office—to be left till called for. And as a matter of fact I won't go to Yorkshire either—very awkward and undignified, though, these petty prevarications; when a man once begins lowering himself by making love to a girl in an inferior position, he lets himself in for all kinds of disagreeable necessities afterwards;—I shall go to Switzerland. Yes, no place better after the bother of running away like a coward from Selah: in the Alps, one would forget all petty human degradations: I shall go to Switzerland. Of course I won't break off with her altogether—that would be cruel; and I really like her; upon my word, even when she isn't by, up to her own level, I really like her; but I'll let the thing die a natural death of inanition. As they always put it in the newspapers, with their stereotyped phraseology, a gradual coldness shall intervene between us. That'll be the best and only way out of it.

"And if I go to Switzerland, why not ask Oswald of Oriel to go with me? That, I fancy, wouldn't be a bad stroke of social policy. Ernest *will* marry this Oswald girl; unfortunately he's as headstrong as

an allegory on the banks of the Nile ; and as he's going to drag her inevitably into the family, I may as well put the best possible face upon the disagreeable matter. Let's make a virtue of necessity. The father and mother are old : they'll die soon, and be gathered to their fathers (if they had any), and the world will straightway forget all about them. But Oswald will always be there *en évidence*, and the safest thing to do will be to take him as much as possible into the world, and let the sister rest upon *his* reputation for her place in society. It's quite one thing to say that Ernest has married the daughter of a country grocer down in Devonshire, and quite another thing to say that he has married the sister of Oswald of Oriel, the distinguished mathematician and fellow of the Royal Society. How beautifully that warm brown sail stands out in a curve against the cold grey line of the horizon—a bulging curve just like the swell of Selah's neck, when she throws her head back, so, and lets you see the contour of her throat, her beautiful rounded throat—ah, that's not giving her up now, is it?—What a confounded fool I am, to be sure ! Anybody would say, if they could only have read my thoughts that moment, that I was really in love with this girl Selah !”

CHAPTER XIII.

YE MOUNTAINS OF GILBOA !

THE old Englischer Hof at Pontresina looked decidedly sleepy and misty at five o'clock on an August morning, when two sturdy British holiday-seekers, in knickerbockers and regular Alpine climbing rig, sat drinking their parting cup of coffee in the *salle-à-manger*, before starting to make the ascent of the Piz Margatsch, one of the tallest and by far the most difficult among the peaks of the Bernina range. There are few prettier villages in the Engadine than Pontresina, and few better hotels in all Switzerland than the old ivy-covered Englischer Hof. Yet on this particular morning, and at that particular hour, it certainly did look just a trifle cold and cheerless. “He never makes very warm in the Engadine,” Carlo the waiter observed with a shudder, in his best English, to one of the two early risers : “and he makes colder on an August morning here than he makes at Nice in full December.” For poor Carlo was one of those cosmopolitan waiters who follow the cosmopolitan tourist *clientèle* round all the spas, health resorts, kurs and winter quarters of fashionable Europe. In January he and his brother, as Charles and

Henri, handed round absinthes and cigarettes at the Cercle Nautique at Nice ; in April, as Carlo and Enrico, they turned up again with water ices and wafer cakes in the Caffè Manzoni at Milan ; and in August, the observant traveller might recognise them once more under the disguise of Karl and Heinrich, laying the *table d'hôte* in the long and narrow old-fashioned dining-room of the Englischer Hof at Pontresina. Though their native tongue was the *patois* of the Canton Ticino, they spoke all the civilised languages of the world, "and also German," with perfect fluency, and without the slightest attempt at either grammar or idiomatic accuracy. And they both profoundly believed in their hearts that the rank, wealth, youth, beauty, and fashion of all other nations were wisely ordained by the inscrutable designs of Providence for a single purpose, to enrich and reward the active, intelligent, and industrious natives of the Canton Ticino.

"Are the guides come yet?" asked Harry Oswald of the waiter in somewhat feeble and hesitating German. He made it a point to speak German to the waiters, because he regarded it as the only proper and national language of the universal Teutonic Swiss people.

"They await the gentlemen in the corridor," answered Carlo, in his own peculiar and racy English ; for he on his side resented the imputation that any traveller need ever converse with him in any but that traveller's own tongue, provided only it was one of the recognised and civilised languages of the world, or even German. They are a barbarous and disgusting race, those Tedeschi, look you well, Signor ; they address you as though you were the dust in the piazza ; yet even from them a polite and attentive person may confidently look for a modest, a very modest, but still a welcome trink-geld.

"Then we'd better hurry up, Oswald," said Herbert Le Breton, "for guides are the most tyrannical set of people on the entire face of this planet. I shall have another cup of coffee before I go, though, if the guides swear at me roundly in the best Roumansch for it, anyhow."

"Your acquaintance with the Roumansch dialect being probably limited," Harry Oswald answered, "the difference between their swearing and their blessing would doubtless be reduced to a vanishing point. Though I've noticed that swearing is really a form of human speech everywhere readily understood of the people in spite of all differences of race or language. One touch of nature, you see ; and swearing, after all, is extremely natural."

"Are you ready?" asked Herbert, having tossed off his coffee. "Yes? Then come along at once. I can feel the guides frowning at us through the partition."

They turned out into the street, with its green-shuttered windows all still closed in the pale grey of early morning, and walked along with the three guides by the high road which leads through rocks and fir-trees up to the beginning of the steep path to the Piz Margatsch. Passing the clear emerald-green waterfall that rushes from under the lower melting end of the Morteratsch glacier, they took at once to the narrow track by the moraine along the edge of the ice, and then to the glacier itself, which is easy enough climbing, as glaciers go, for a good pedestrian. Herbert Le Breton, the older mountaineer of the two, got over the big blocks readily enough; but Harry, less accustomed to Swiss expeditions, lagged and loitered behind a little, and required more assistance from the guides every now and again than his sturdy companion.

"I'm getting rather blown at starting," Harry called out at last to Herbert, some yards in front of him. "Do you think the despotic guide would let us sit down and rest a bit if we asked him very prettily?"

"Offer him a cigar first," Herbert shouted back, "and then, after a short and decent interval, prefer your request humbly in your politest French. The savage potentate always expects to be propitiated by gifts, as a preliminary to answering the petitions of his humble subjects."

"I see," Harry said, laughing. "Supply before grievances, not grievances before supply." And he halted a moment to light a cigar, and to offer one to each of the two guides who were helping him along on either side.

Thus mollified, the senior guide grudgingly allowed ten minutes' halt and a drink of water at the bend by the corner of the glacier. They sat down upon the great translucent sea-green blocks, and began talking with the taciturn chief guide.

"Is this glacier dangerous?" Harry asked.

"Dangerous, Monsieur? Oh no, not as one counts glaciers. It is very safe. There are seldom accidents."

"But there have been some?"

"Some, naturally. You don't climb mountains always without accidents. There was one the first time anyone ever made the ascent of the Piz Margatsch. That was fifty years ago. My uncle was killed in it."

"Killed in it?" Harry echoed. "How did it all happen, and where?"

"Yonder, Monsieur, in a crevasse that was then situated near the bend at the corner, just where the great crevasse you see before you

now stands. That was fifty years ago ; since then the glacier has moved much. Its substance, in effect, has changed entirely."

"Tell us all about it," Herbert put in carelessly. He knew the guide wouldn't go on again till he had finished his whole story.

"It's a strange tale," the guide answered, taking a puff or two at his cigar pensively and then removing it altogether for his set narrative—he had told the tale before a hundred times, and he had the very words of it now regularly by heart. "It was the first time anyone ever tried to climb the Piz Margatsch. At that time, nobody in the valley knew the best path ; it is my father who afterwards discovered it. Two English gentlemen came to Pontresina one morning ; one might say you two gentlemen ; but in those days there were not many tourists in the Engadine ; the exploitation of the tourist had not yet begun to be developed. My father and my uncle were then the only two guides at Pontresina. The English gentlemen asked them to try with them the scaling of the Piz Margatsch. My uncle was afraid of it, but my father laughed down his fears. So they started. My uncle was dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons, and a pair of brown velvet breeches. Ah, heaven, I can see him yet, his white corpse in the blue coat and the brown velvet breeches !"

"But you can't be fifty yourself," Harry said, looking at the tall long-limbed man attentively ; "no, nor forty, nor thirty either."

"No, Monsieur, I am twenty-seven," the chief guide answered, taking another puff at his cigar very deliberately ; "and this was fifty years ago : yet I have seen his corpse just as the accident happened. You shall hear all about it. It is a tale from the dead : it is worth hearing."

"This begins to grow mysterious," said Herbert in English, hammering impatiently at the ice with the shod end of his alpenstock. "Sounds for all the world just like the introduction to a Christmas number."

"A young girl in the village loved my uncle," the guide went on imperturbably ; "and she begged him not to go on this expedition. She was betrothed to him. But he wouldn't listen : and they all started together for the top of the Piz Margatsch. After many trials, my father and my uncle and the two tourists reached the summit. 'So you see, Andreas,' said my father, 'your fears were all folly.' 'Half-way through the forest,' said my uncle, 'one is not yet safe from the wolf.' Then they began to descend again. They got down past all the dangerous places, and on to this glacier, so well known, so familiar. And then my uncle began indeed to get careless. He laughed at his own fears : 'Cathrein was all wrong,' he said to my

father, 'we shall get down again safely, with Our Lady's assistance.' So they reached at last the great crevasse. My father and one of the Englishmen got over without difficulty; but the other Englishman slipped; his footing failed him; and he was sinking, sinking, down, down, down, slipping quickly into the deep dark green abyss below. My uncle stretched out his hand over the edge: the Englishman caught it; and then, my uncle missed his foothold, they both fell together, and were lost to sight at once completely, in the invisible depths of the great glacier!"

"Well," Herbert Le Breton said, as the man paused a moment. "Is that all?"

"No," the guide answered, with a tone of deep solemnity. "That is not all. The glacier went on moving, moving, slowly, slowly, but always downward, for years and years. Yet no one ever heard anything more of the two lost bodies. At last one day, when I was seven years old, I went out playing with my brother, among the pine-woods, near the waterfall that rushes below there, from under the glacier. We saw something lying in the ice-cold water, just beneath the bottom of the ice-sheet. We climbed over the moraine; and there, oh heaven! we could see two dead bodies. They were drowned, just drowned, we thought: it might have been yesterday. One of them was short and thick-set, with the face of an Englishman: he was close-shaven, and, what seemed odd to us, he had on clothes which, though we were but children, we knew at once for the clothes of a long past fashion—in fact, a suit of the Louis dix-huit style. The other was a tall and handsome man, dressed in the unchangeable blue coat and brown velvet breeches of our own canton, of the Graubunden. We were very frightened about it, and so we ran away trembling and told an old woman who lived close by; her name was Cathrein, and her grandchildren used to play with us, though she herself was about the age of my father, for my father married very late. Old Cathrein came out with us to look; and the moment she saw the bodies, she cried out with a great cry, 'It is he! It is Andreas! It is my betrothed, who was lost on the very day week when I was to be married. I should know him at once among ten thousand. It is many, many years now, but I have not forgotten his face—ah, my God, that face; I know it well!' And she took his hand in hers, that fair white young hand in her own old brown withered one, and kissed it gently. 'And yet,' she said, 'he is five years older than me, this fair young man here; five years older than me!' We were frightened to hear her talk so, for we said to ourselves, 'She *must be mad*;' so we ran home and brought our father. He looked

at the dead bodies and at old Cathrein, and he said, 'It is indeed true. He is my brother.' Ah, monsieur, you would not have forgotten it if you had seen those two old people standing there beside the fresh corpses they had not seen for all those winters ! They themselves had meanwhile grown old and grey and wrinkled ; but the ice of the glacier had kept those others young, and fresh, and fair, and beautiful as on the day they were first engulfed in it. It was terrible to look at !"

"A most ghastly story, indeed," Herbert Le Breton said, yawning ; "and now I think we'd better be getting under way again, hadn't we, Oswald?"

Harry Oswald rose from his seat on the block of ice unwillingly, and proceeded on his road up the mountain with a distinct and decided feeling of nervousness. Was it the guide's story that made his knees tremble slightly? was it his own inexperience in climbing? or was it the cold and the fatigue of the first ascent of the season to a man not yet in full pedestrian Alpine training? He did not feel at all sure about it in his own mind : but this much he knew with perfect certainty, that his footing was not nearly so secure under him as it had been during the earlier part of the climb over the lower end of the glacier.

By-and-by they reached the long sheer snowy slope near the Three Brothers. This slope is liable to slip, and requires careful walking, so the guides began roping them together. "The stout monsieur in front, next after me," said the chief guide, knotting the rope soundly round Herbert Le Breton : "then Kaspar ; then you, monsieur," to Harry Oswald, "and finally Paolo, to bring up the rear. The thin monsieur is nervous, I think : it's best to place him most in the middle."

"If you really *are* nervous, Oswald," Herbert said, not unkindly, "you'd better stop behind, I think, and let me go on with two of the guides. The really hard work, you know, has scarcely begun yet."

"Oh dear, no," Harry answered lightly (he didn't care to confess his timidity before Herbert Le Breton of all men in the world) : "I do feel just a little groggy about the knees, I admit ; but it's not nervousness, it's only want of training. I haven't got accustomed to glacier-work yet, and the best way to overcome it is by constant practice. 'Solvitur ambulando,' you know, as Aldrich says about Achilles and the tortoise."

"Very good," Herbert answered drily ; "only mind, whatever you do, for Heaven's sake don't go and stumble and pull *me* down on the top of you. It's the clear duty of a good citizen to respect the *lives*

of the other men who are roped together with him on the side of a mountain."

They set to work again, in single file, with cautious steps planted firmly on the treacherous snow, to scale the great white slope that stretched so temptingly before them. Harry felt his knees becoming at every step more and more ungovernable, while Herbert didn't improve matters by calling out to him from time to time, "Now, then, look out for a hard bit here," or "Mind that loose piece of ice there," or "Be very careful how you put your foot down by the yielding edge yonder," and so forth. At last, they had almost reached the top of the slope, and were just above the bare gulley on the side, when Harry's insecure footing on a stray scrap of ice gave way suddenly, and he began to slip rapidly down the sheer slope of the mountain. In a second he had knocked against Paolo, and Paolo had begun to slip too, so that both were pulling with all their weight against Kaspar and the others in front. "For Heaven's sake, man," Herbert cried hastily, "dig your alpenstock deep into the snow." At the same instant, the chief guide shouted in Roumansch to the same effect to Kaspar. But even as they spoke, Kaspar, pushing his feet hard against the snow, began to give way too; and the whole party seemed about to slip together down over the sheer rocky precipice of the great gulley on the right. It was a moment of supreme anxiety; but Herbert Le Breton, looking back with blood almost unstirred and calmly observant eye, saw at once the full scope of the threatening danger. "There's only one chance," he said to himself quietly. "Oswald is lost already! Unless the rope breaks, we are all lost together!" At that very second, Harry Oswald, throwing his arms up wildly, had reached the edge of the terrible precipice: he went over with a piercing cry into the abyss, with the last guide beside him, and Kaspar following him close in mute terror. Then Herbert Le Breton felt the rope straining, straining, upon the sharp frozen edge of the rock; for an inappreciable point of time it strained and crackled; one loud snap, and it was gone for ever. Herbert and the chief guide, almost upset by the sudden release from the heavy pull that was steadily dragging them over, threw themselves flat on their faces in the drifted snow, and checked their fall by a powerful muscular effort. The rope was broken and their lives were saved, but what had become of the three others?

They crept cautiously on hands and knees to the most practicable spot at the edge of the precipice, and the guide peered over into the great white blank below with eager eyes of horrid premonition. As he *did so*, he recoiled with awe, and made a rapid gesture with his hands,

half prayer, half speechless terror. "What do you see?" asked Herbert, not daring himself to look down upon the blank beneath him, lest he should be tempted to throw himself over in a giddy moment.

"Jesu, Maria," cried the guide, crossing himself instinctively over and over again, "they have all fallen to the very foot of the second precipice! They are lying, all three, huddled together, on the ledge there just above the great glacier. They are dead, quite dead, dead before they reached the ground even. Great God, it is too terrible!"

Herbert Le Breton looked at the white-faced guide with just the faintest suspicion of a sneering curl upon his handsome features. The excitement of the danger was over now, and he had at once recovered his usual philosophic equanimity. "Quite dead," he said, in French, "quite dead, are they? Then we can't be of any further use to them. But I suppose we must go down again at once to help recover the dead bodies!"

The guide gazed at him blankly with simple open-mouthed undisguised amazement. "Naturally," he said, in a very quiet voice of utter disgust and loathing. "You wouldn't leave them lying there alone on the cold snow, would you?"

"This is really most annoying," thought Herbert Le Breton to himself, in his rational philosophic fashion: "here we are, almost at the summit, and now we shall have to turn back again from the very threshold of our goal, without having seen the view for which we've climbed up, and risked our lives too—all for a purely sentimental reason, because we won't leave those three dead men alone on the snow for an hour or two longer! It's a very short climb to the top now, and I could manage it by myself in twenty minutes. If only the chief guide had slid over with the others, I should have gone on alone, and had the view at least for my trouble. I could have pretended the accident happened on the way down again. As it is, I shall have to turn back ingloriously, *re infecta*. The guide would tell everybody at Pontresina that I went on, in spite of the accident; and then it would get into the English papers, and all the world would say that I was so dreadfully cruel and heartless. People are always so irrational in their ethical judgments. Oswald's quite dead, that's certain; nobody could fall over such a precipice as that without being killed a dozen times over before he even reached the bottom. A very painless and easy death, too; I couldn't myself wish for a better one. We can't do them the slightest good by picking up their lifeless bodies, and yet a foolishly sentimental public opinion positively compels one to do it. Poor Oswald! Upon my soul I'm sorry for

him, and for that pretty little sister of his too; but what's the use of bothering about it? The thing's done, and nothing that I can do or say will ever make it any better."

So they turned once more in single file down by the great glacier, and retraced their way to Pontresina without exchanging another word. To say the truth, the chief guide felt appalled and frightened by the presence of this impassive, unemotional British traveller, and did not even care to conceal his feelings. But then he wasn't an educated philosopher and man of culture like Herbert Le Breton.

Late that evening a party of twelve villagers brought back three stiff and mangled corpses on loose cattle hurdles into the village of Pontresina. Two of them were the bodies of two local Swiss guides, and the third, with its delicate face unscathed by the fall, and turned calmly upwards to the clear moonlight, was the body of Harry Oswald. Alas, alas, Gilboa! The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places.

CHAPTER XIV.

"WHAT DO THESE HEBREWS HERE?"

FROM Calcombe Pomeroy Ernest had returned, not to Dunbude, but to meet the Exmoor party in London. There he had managed somehow—he hardly knew how himself—to live through a whole season without an explosion in his employer's family. That an explosion must come, sooner or later, he felt pretty sure in his own mind for several reasons: his whole existence there was a mistake and an anomaly, and he could no more mix in the end with the Exmoor family than oil can mix with vinegar, or *vice versa*. The round of dances and dinners to which he had to accompany his pupil was utterly distasteful to him. Lynmouth never learnt anything; so Ernest felt his own function in the household a perfectly useless one; and he was always on the eve of a declaration that he couldn't any longer put up with this, that, or the other "gross immorality" in which Lynmouth was actively or passively encouraged by his father and mother. Still, there were two things which indefinitely postponed the smouldering outbreak. In the first place, Ernest wrote to, and heard from, Edie every day; and he believed he ought for Edie's sake to give the situation a fair trial, as long as he was able, or at least till he saw some other opening, which might make it possible within some reasonable period to marry her. In the second place, Lady Hilda had perceived with her intuitive

quickness the probability that a cause of dispute might arise between her father and Ernest, and had made up her mind as far as in her lay to prevent its ever coming to a head. She didn't wish Ernest to leave his post in the household—so much originality was hardly again to be secured in a hurry—and therefore she laid herself out with all her ingenuity to smooth over all the possible openings for a difference of opinion whenever they occurred. If Ernest's scruples were getting the upper hand of his calmer judgment, Lady Hilda read the change in his face at once, and managed dexterously to draw off Lynmouth, or to talk over her mother quietly to acquiesce in Ernest's view of the question. If Lord Exmoor was beginning to think that this young man's confounded fads were really getting quite unbearable, Lady Hilda interposed some casual remark about how much better Lynmouth was kept out of the way now than he used to be in Mr. Walsh's time. Ernest himself never even suspected this unobtrusive diplomatist and peacemaker; but as a matter of fact it was mainly owing to Lady Hilda's constant interposition that he contrived to stop in Wilton Place through all that dreary and penitential London season.

At last, to Ernest's intense joy, the season began to show premonitory symptoms of collapsing from inanition. The twelfth of August was drawing nigh, and the coming-of-age of grouse, that most important of annual events in the orthodox British social calendar, would soon set free Lord Exmoor and his brother hereditary legislators from their arduous duty of acting as constitutional drag on the general advance of a great, tolerant, and easy-going nation. Soon the family would be off again to Dunbude, or away to its other moors in Scotland; and among the rocks and the heather Ernest felt he could endure Lord Exmoor and Lord Lynmouth a little more resignedly than among the reiterated polite platitudes and monotonous gaieties of the vacuous London drawing-rooms.

Lady Hilda, too, was longing in her own way for the season to be over. She had gone through another of them, thank goodness, she said to herself at times with a rare tinge of pensiveness, only to discover that the Hughs, and the Guys, and the Algies, and the Montys were just as fatuously inane as ever; and were just as anxious as before to make her share their fatuous inanity for a whole lifetime. Only fancy living with an unadulterated Monty from the time you were twenty to the time you were seventy-five—at which latter date he, being doubtless some five years older than one-self to begin with, would probably drop off quietly with suppressed gout, and leave you a mourning widow to deplore his untimely and

lamented extinction for the rest of your existence! Why, long before that time you would have got to know his very thoughts by heart (if he had any, poor fellow!) and would be able to finish all his sentences and eke out all his stories for him, the moment he began them. Much better marry a respectable pork-butcher outright, and have at least the healthful exercise of chopping sausage-meat to fill up the stray gaps in the conversation. In that condition of life, they say, people are at any rate perfectly safe from the terrors of *ennui*. However, the season was over at last, thank Heaven; and in a week or so more they would be at dear old ugly Dunbude again for the whole winter. There Hilda would go sketching once more on the moorland, and if this time she didn't make that stupid fellow Ernest see what she was driving at, why, then her name certainly wasn't Hilda Tregellis.

A day or two before the legal period fixed for the beginning of the general grouse-slaughter, Ernest was sitting reading in the breakfast-room at Wilton Place, when Lynmouth burst unexpectedly into the room in his usual boisterous fashion.

"Oh, I say, Mr. Le Breton," he began, holding the door in his hand like one in a hurry, "I want leave to miss work this morning. Gerald Talfourd has called for me in his dog-cart, and wants me to go out with him now immediately."

"Not to-day, Lynmouth," Ernest answered quietly. "You were out twice last week, you know, and you hardly ever get your full hours for work at all since we came to London."

"Oh, but look here, you know, Mr. Le Breton; I really *must* go to-day, because Talfourd has made an appointment for me. It's awful fun—he's going to have some pigeon-shooting."

Ernest's countenance fell a little, and he answered in a graver voice than before, "If that's what you want to go for, Lynmouth, I certainly can't let you go. You shall never have leave from me to go pigeon-shooting."

"Why not?" Lynmouth asked, still holding the door-handle at the most significant angle.

"Because it's a cruel and brutal sport," Ernest replied, looking him in the face steadily; "and as long as you're under my charge I can't allow you to take part in it."

"Oh, you can't," said Lynmouth mischievously, with a gentle touch of satire in his tone. "You can't, can't you! Very well, then, never mind about it." And he shut the door after him with a bang, and ran off upstairs without further remonstrance.

"It's time for study, Lynmouth," Ernest called out, opening the

door and speaking to him as he retreated. "Come down again at once, please, will you?"

But Lynmouth made no answer, and went straight off upstairs to the drawing-room. In a few minutes more he came back, and said in a tone of suppressed triumph, "Well, Mr. Le Breton, I'm going with Talfourd. I've been up to papa, and he says I may 'if I like to.'"

Ernest bit his lip in a moment's hesitation. If it had been any ordinary question, he would have pocketed the contradiction of his authority—after all, if it didn't matter to them, it didn't matter to him—and let Lynmouth go wherever they allowed him. But the pigeon-shooting was a question of principle. As long as the boy was still nominally his pupil, he couldn't allow him to take any part in any such wicked and brutal amusement, as he thought it. So he answered back quietly, "No, Lynmouth, you are not to go. I don't think your father can have understood that I had forbidden you."

"Oh!" Lynmouth said again, without a word of remonstrance, and went up a second time to the drawing-room.

In a few minutes a servant came down and spoke to Ernest. "My lord would like to see you upstairs for a few minutes, if you please, sir."

Ernest followed the man up with a vague foreboding that the deferred explosion was at last about to take place. Lord Exmoor was sitting on the sofa. "Oh, I say, Le Breton," he began in his good-humoured way, "what's this that Lynmouth's been telling me about the pigeon-shooting? He says you won't let him go out with Gerald Talfourd."

"Yes," Ernest answered; "he wanted to miss his morning's work, and I told him I couldn't allow him to do so."

"But I said he might if he liked, Le Breton. Young Talfourd has called for him to go pigeon-shooting. And now Lynmouth tells me you refuse to let him go, after I've given him leave. Is that so?"

"Certainly," said Ernest. "I said he couldn't go, because before he asked you I had refused him permission, and I supposed you didn't know he was asking you to reverse my decision."

"Oh, of course," Lord Exmoor answered, for he was not an unreasonable man after his lights. "You're quite right, Le Breton, quite right, certainly. Discipline's discipline, we all know, and must be kept up under any circumstances. You should have told me, Lynmouth, that Mr. Le Breton had forbidden you to go. However,

as young Talfourd has made the engagement, I suppose you don't mind letting him have a holiday now, at my request, Le Breton, do you?"

Here was a dilemma indeed for Ernest. He hardly knew what to answer. He looked by chance at Lady Hilda, seated on the ottoman in the corner; and Lady Hilda, catching his eye, pursed up her lips visibly into the one word, "Do." But Ernest was inexorable. If he could possibly prevent it, he would not let those innocent pigeons be mangled and slaughtered for a lazy boy's cruel gratification. That was the one clear duty before him; and whether he offended Lord Exmoor or not, he had no choice save to pursue it.

"No, Lord Exmoor," he said resolutely, after a long pause. "I should have no objection to giving him a holiday, but I can't allow him to go pigeon-shooting."

"Why not?" asked Lord Exmoor warmly.

Ernest did not answer.

"He says it's a cruel, brutal sport, papa," Lynmouth put in parenthetically, in spite of an angry glance from Hilda; "and he won't let me go while I'm his pupil."

Lord Exmoor's face grew very red indeed, and he rose from the sofa angrily. "So that's it, Mr. Le Breton!" he said, in a short sharp fashion. "You think pigeon-shooting cruel and brutal, do you? Will you have the goodness to tell me, sir, do you know that I myself am in the habit of shooting pigeons at matches?"

"Yes," Ernest answered, without flinching a muscle.

"Yes!" cried Lord Exmoor, growing redder and redder. "You knew that, Mr. Le Breton, and yet you told my son you considered the practice brutal and cruel! Is that the way you teach him to honour his parents? Who are you, sir, that you dare set yourself up as a judge of me and my conduct? How dare you speak to him of his father in that manner? How dare you stir him up to disobedience and insubordination against his elders? How dare you, sir; how dare you?"

Ernest's face began to get red in return, and he answered with unwonted heat, "How dare you address me so, yourself, Lord Exmoor? How dare you speak to me in that imperious manner? You're forgetting yourself, I think, and I had better leave you for the present, till you remember how to be more careful in your language. But Lynmouth is not to go pigeon-shooting. I object to his going, because the sport is a cruel and a brutal one, whoever may practise it. If I have any authority over him, I insist upon it that he shall not go. If he goes, I shall not stop here any longer. You can do

as you like about it, of course, but you have my final word upon the matter. Lynmouth, go down to the study."

"Stop, Lynmouth," cried his father, boiling over visibly with indignation: "Stop. Never mind what Mr. Le Breton says to you; do you hear me? Go out if you choose with Gerald Talfourd."

Lynmouth didn't wait a moment for any further permission. He ran downstairs at once, and banged the front door soundly after him with a resounding clatter. Lady Hilda looked imploringly at Ernest, and whispered half-audibly, "Now you've done it." Ernest stood a second irresolute, while the Earl tramped angrily up and down the drawing-room, and then he said in a calmer voice, "When would it be convenient, Lord Exmoor, that I should leave you?"

"Whenever you like," Lord Exmoor answered, violently. "To-day if you can manage to get your things together. This is intolerable, absolutely intolerable! Gross and palpable impertinence, in my own house, too! 'Cruel and brutal,' indeed! 'Cruel and brutal.' Fiddlesticks! Why, it's not a bit different from partridge shooting!" And he went out, closely followed by Ernest, leaving Lady Hilda alone and frightened in the drawing-room.

Ernest ran lightly upstairs to his own little study sitting-room. "I've done it this time, certainly, as Lady Hilda said," he thought to himself: "but I don't see how I could possibly have avoided it. Even now, when all's done, I haven't succeeded in saving the lives of the poor innocent tortured pigeons. They'll be mangled and hunted for their poor frightened lives, anyhow. Well, now I must look out for that imaginary schoolmastership, and see what I can do for dear Edie. I shan't be sorry to get out of this after all, for the place was an impossible one for me from the very beginning. I shall sit down this moment and write to Edie, and after that I shall take out my portmanteau, and get the man to help me put my luggage up to go away this very evening. Another day in the house after this would be obviously impossible."

At that moment there came a knock at the door—a timid, tentative sort of knock, and somebody put her head inquiringly halfway through the doorway. Ernest looked up in sudden surprise. It was Lady Hilda.

"Mr. Le Breton," she said, coming over towards the table where Ernest had just laid out his blotting-book and writing paper, "I couldn't prevent myself from coming up to tell you how much I admire your conduct in standing up so against papa for what you thought was right and proper. I can't say how greatly I admire it. I'm so glad you did as you did do. You have acted nobly." And

Hilda looked straight into his eyes with the most speaking and most melting of glances. "Now," she said to herself, "according to all correct precedents, he ought to seize my hand fervently with a gentle pressure, and thank me with tears in his eyes for my kind sympathy."

But Ernest, only looking puzzled and astonished, answered in the quietest of voices, "Thank you very much, Lady Hilda: but I assure you there was really nothing at all noble, nothing at all to admire, in what I said or did in any way. In fact, I'm rather afraid, now I come to think of it, that I lost my temper with your father dreadfully."

"Then you won't go away?" Hilda put in quickly. "You think better of it now, do you? You'll apologise to papa, and go with us to Dunbude for the autumn? Do say you will, please, Mr. Le Breton."

"Oh dear, no," Ernest answered, smiling quietly at the bare idea of his apologising to Lord Exmoor. "I certainly won't do that, whatever I do. To tell you the truth, Lady Hilda, I have not been very anxious to stop with Lynmouth all along: I've found it a most unprofitable tutorship—no sense of any duty performed, or any work done for society: and I'm not at all sorry that this accident should have broken up the engagement unexpectedly. At the same time, it's very kind of you to come up and speak to me about it, though I'm really quite ashamed you should have thought there was anything particularly praiseworthy or commendable in my standing out against such an obviously cruel sport as pigeon-shooting."

"Ah, but I do think so, whatever you may say, Mr. Le Breton," Hilda went on eagerly. "I do think so, and I think it was very good of you to fight it out so against papa for what you believe is right and proper. For my own part, you know, I don't see any particular harm in pigeon-shooting. Of course it's very dreadful that the poor dear little things should be shot and wounded and winged and so forth; but then everything, almost, gets shot, you see—rabbits, and grouse, and partridges, and everything; so that really it's hardly worth while, it seems to me, making a fuss about it. Still, that's not the real question. You think it's wrong; which is very original and nice and proper of you; and as you think it's wrong, you won't countenance it in any way. I don't care, myself, whether it's wrong or not—I'm not called upon, thank goodness, to decide the question; but I do care very much that you should suffer for what you think the right course of action." And Lady Hilda in her earnestness almost laid her hand upon his arm, and looked up to *him* in the most unmistakable and appealing fashion.

"You're very good, I'm sure, Lady Hilda," Ernest replied, half hesitatingly, wondering much in his own mind what on earth she could be driving at.

There was a moment's pause, and then Hilda said pensively, "And so we shall never walk together at Dunbude on the Clatter any more, Mr. Le Breton! We shall never climb again among the big boulders on those Devonshire hillsides! We shall never watch the red deer from the big pool on top of the sheepwalk! I'm sorry for it, Mr. Le Breton, very sorry for it. Oh, I do wish you weren't going to leave us!"

Ernest began to feel that this was really growing embarrassing. "I dare say we shall often see one another," he said evasively; for, simple-minded as he was, a vague suspicion of what Lady Hilda wanted him to say had somehow forced itself timidly upon him. "London's a very big place, no doubt; but still, people are always running together unexpectedly in it."

Hilda sighed and looked at him again intently without speaking. She stood so, face to face with him across the table for fully two minutes; and then, seeming suddenly to awake from a reverie, she started and sighed once more, and turned at last reluctantly to leave the little study. "I must go," she said hastily; "Mamma would be very angry indeed with me if she knew I'd come here; but I couldn't let you leave the house without coming up to tell you how greatly I admire your spirit, and how very very much I shall always miss you, Mr. Le Breton. Will you take this, and keep it as a memento?" As she spoke, she laid an envelope upon the table, and glided quietly out of the room.

Ernest took the envelope up with a smile, and opened it with some curiosity. It contained a photograph, with a brief inscription on the back, "E. L. B., from Hilda Tregellis."

As he did so, Hilda Tregellis, red and pale by turns, had rushed into her own room, locked the door wildly, and flung herself in a perfect tempest of tears on her own bed, where she lay and tossed about in a burning agony of shame and self-pity for twenty minutes. "He doesn't love me," she said to herself bitterly; "he doesn't love me, and he doesn't care to love me, or want to marry me either! I'm sure he understood what I meant, this time; and there was no response in his eyes, no answer, no sympathy. He's like a block of wood—a cold, impassive, immovable, lifeless creature! And yet I could love him—oh, if only he would say a word to me in answer, how I could love him! I loved him when he stood up there and bearded papa in his own drawing-room, and asked him how dare he

speak so, how dare he address him in such a manner! I *knew* then that I really loved him. If only he would let me! But he won't! To think that I could have half the Algies and Berties in London at my feet for the faintest encouragement, and I can't have this one poor penniless Ernest Le Breton, though I go down on my knees before him and absolutely ask him to marry me! That's the worst of it! I've humiliated myself before him by letting him see, oh, ever so much too plainly, that I wanted him to ask me; and I've been repulsed, rejected, positively refused and slighted by him! And yet I love him! I shall never love any other man as I love Ernest Le Breton."

Poor Lady Hilda Tregellis! Even she too had, at times, her sentimental moments! And there she lay till her eyes were red and swollen with crying, and till it was quite hopeless to expect she could ever manage to make herself presentable for the Cecil Faunthorpe's garden-party that afternoon at Twickenham.

(To be continued.)

BUILDERS' RUBBISH.

HAS anybody ever met with an Englishman or an Englishwoman who was heartily ashamed of the size of London? Misgivings on the subject are not uncommon, but who can produce the tearful penitent who goes about in moral sackcloth because of the disgrace and sin involved in it? Nobody. "London"—say the geography books, and we all think the same—"is the largest city in the world, and both by its size, its wealth, the multitude of its public buildings and charitable institutions, the extent of its commerce," &c., "it must be regarded as the most important city in existence." Well, if the mere size of the overgrown thing is boastable, obviously the increase of bulk still quietly in process is commendable rather than not. Yet even the most complacent, without going up into that remarkable dovecote which surmounts St. Paul's, and surveying the metropolis "from Chiswick to the Pool," may be excused for desiring some Statute of Limitations to be applied to its extension.

It wants a despot, however, to say to a city, "Thus far, and no farther!" How delightful, for instance, it is to read in Herodotus of the cartings away of populations and the manufacture of human warrens at a moment's notice. Think, too, of the changes which have taken place in an area of ten or twenty square miles round the site where Delhi now stands. Not far from the Jumna and the famed "Street of Silver," outside the city gates, there are the remains of a whole ruined capital, with ghostly untenanted streets, imperial squares without a solitary passer-by, silent palaces, and a massive citadel gone to decay. These vast and desolate ruins are as much worth seeing as the great Temple at Karnac, or Columba's Cathedral in Iona; as much, almost, as the wiped-out slums close to the St. Pancras Railway Station in London. But what are they? This, forgetful Briton, is Tughlakabad; for did not Emperor Tughlak, soon after the Mussulman invasion of India, take it into his royal head that a new "empire city" was absolutely essential to his dignity and greatness? So he bade the folk of Delhi pack up their "Gladstones," and decamp, just as, some day, a future Russian

Czar may (after conquering our posterity) order the frightened Baboo of Calcutta to pack his "Ripon," and repair to a New Calcutta somewhere up in Kashmir or Thibet. Yet were there *two other capital cities built and abandoned* before Tughlakabad was as much as thought of.

There is a famous iron pillar, with Sanskrit writing, somewhere near Delhi. It was stuck in the ground by Rajah Dháva, "who obtained with his own arm an undivided sovereignty on the earth for a long period"—so, at least, he says, and he ought to be acquainted with the facts. Every letter of the inscription is supposed to represent a cut inflicted by the sanguineous rajah on the backs (or fronts) of his enemies. Well, this potentate, who existed at least fifteen hundred years ago, transferred his people, bag and baggage, from Indraprastha—that was the first capital—two miles away, to the site of modern Delhi. Then Delhi was burned down. Then it was built up again by a gentleman called Amang Pál; but Pál's work was short-lived, for in a brief space a succeeding monarch had a bad dream, or an attack of spleen, or a doctor with a "salubrious locality" which wanted puffing, and so he removed himself and the few hundred thousand Delhiites to Kanauj, not far off. A second Pál arrived on the scene, some half-century later, whose chief physician or favourite devil-raiser may have become alarmed at the depreciation of house property in old Delhi—at all events, from whatever reason, back trooped king and nobles and people from Kanauj to their old city on the Jumna. After that came Tughlak's little whim to remove to Tughlakabad, which did not suit another potentate, Firoz, who in turn built Firozabad, and finally—a real blessing for the poor inhabitants, hurried from pillar to post, from new metropolis to newer—came Lord Lake and the stable English. They have stopped this perpetual flux of capitals, at all events. But what unnumbered flittings and shiftings, of brick and marble and stone, and of flesh and blood, too! What Aladdin-like buildings of palaces in a single night!

Something of the same sort would add variety to life in England. We sadly want an Oriental bashaw with five tails and five hundred odd wives, to clap his hands, summon his dusky attendants, and say "Remove me this city! All the people must be out of London by to-morrow's cock-crow. Whoever tarries, dies. I have fixed—in conversation with Fatima, the almond-eyed, the bulbul-mouthed—on a site for a new capital. The grand vizier ventured to oppose my wishes. By-the-by, you may as well cut him down as you pass through the Jasper Chamber. He has hung long enough. Know

that the banks of the Thames no longer please me. They are also distasteful to Fatima. Therefore proclaim to the people that they, themselves, their children, their camels, and their wives, must retire to the centre of Salisbury Plain. At dawn to-morrow five hundred janissaries shall set fire to the dwellings and the mosques, and woe to the London Fire Brigade if it interferes! And stay! Inform the chairmen and directors of the Great Western and South-Western Railway lines that if they fail to carry expeditiously, ere to-morrow's dawn, every soul that now breathes in London to the place I have appointed, their heads shall be struck off by the scimitar of Binns." But we have no despots of this desirable sort. A well-authenticated school-boy in an actual examination was once requested to define "Democracy," and described it as "Government by Dukes and Deacons;"—at all events, it is very far indeed from any resemblance to the "magnificently stern" and rather sweeping sway of despots. How furiously would the *Caucuses* rage together, were somebody—say Lord Salisbury—to moot the idea of checking London's growth by arbitrary edict!

Yet consider just one of the consequences of what Mr. Morris calls "the spreading of the hideous town." We will not talk here of "bitter cries," if you please, or anything of that kind. There are enough pens scratching and tongues wagging at that work—which chiefly needs hands. But the steady centrifugal swelling of the metropolitan monster does other things besides forcing the poor to live in pestilent cupboards, and defiling the air of a whole county. Have you ever thought what it does in its remorselessness, when it comes upon a quiet country village, or on an old and goodly mansion, "the big house on the hill," where have dwelt generations of easy squires, giving to the poor about them, sweetening life for others, and enjoying it, too, themselves?

London does not stay, you may be sure, for the squire's palatial burrow. Like a skillful commander invading a country, it reconnoitres to see what the obstacle in front is. Then it feels gradually forward on each side; throws out a few two-storied, semi-detached, "genteel villa residences," as skirmishers, and supports them afterwards with files of less genteel terraces. So it slowly creeps along both flanks of the great mansion and its lordly acres, its home farm, and its fine timber; till boards have to be put up all round the hedges which skirt the demesne, to shut off the ugly dwarf houses, and prevent the dirty brats from climbing over their back walls into the park; and, one fine day, the squire looks casually out of his front windows, across the gravel sweep and flowery lawn, and over the

sloping fields, and—on the farther side from town, the side which he has always looked upon as free, inviolable country, safe from London's awful advance—he perceives a strange stir. Yes, there are men actually filling in a ditch! And where on earth has that hedge gone, where the children report that the best violets grow? Why, it has disappeared as by magic. And on the grass there are great masses of bricks being carted, and pyramids of deal planks are stacked, and—ah! yes, there can be no further doubt about it. The speculative builder is at his gruesome toil. General London has skilfully “turned” the squire's fortress, and is marching on.

On that morning the squire's breakfast is spoiled. As he moodily turns back to his table he talks bitterly of directing the family solicitor to see about selling the estate to “some rich haberdasher fellow.” And he has got quite a new light on English history. What idiots those monarchs of ours were, three hundred years ago! Why did not James, or Elizabeth, or somebody, forbid London to spread westward beyond Temple Bar? The futile fools! And here it is—out ten miles in the country, and not finished its advance yet!

You can easily light on such a house and grounds in many of our suburbs. They look for all the world like one of those sand-castles built by children on the shore, which the tide is surrounding and will soon submerge. Desolately the old house lifts its drowned roof above the flood of streets, which come on, one after the other, like billows. In its way it is as pathetic a sight as an East-end hovel; possibly its tale of family sorrows is no less tragic.

The house can be inspected at will, for the fields are all open, and they stretch right up to the front porch. Every window-pane is broken, so there is no difficulty in gazing in at the damp desolation of the vacant rooms, with the handsome paper peeling off the walls in flakes, and the grand cornices a mass of cobwebs and mildew. Where the ivy on the outside has not stretched its arms, you see that the stucco is departing from the brickwork. All the slates on the low roof of a wing of the house are broken in, and the gas-lamp hung in the fine old porch is, as to its iron-work, rust, and as to its glass, riddled and loopholed. There is a solemnity about the grand hall, which you observe through a shattered pane, and in the sweep of the broad stone stairs into the upper desolations. Outside, weeds usurp the gravel drive; signs of obliterated beds exist on the untended lawn, where some firs and rare shrubs stand like sentinels, as they stood when flowers laughed at their feet, and eyes looked forth on the view with pride from those front windows.

Tennyson was a veritable seer when he said :—

All within is dark as night ;
In the window is no light ;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

By the way, how fondly he dwells on the idea of deserted houses ! There must have been some strong impression produced on the poet's mind by the sight of a real "Lonely moated Grange" once upon a time, probably in youth. Says Amphion :—

My father left a park to me,
But it is wild and barren ;
A garden, too, with scarce a tree,
And waster than a warren.

And Mariana's flower-pots with blackest moss

Were thickly crusted, one and all.

But in this suburban Moated Grange there are no flower-pots at all. There is no sign of life about the place, and you might go on ringing the front door bell, the rusty handle of which still hangs expecting visitors, for a month without attracting much attention—beyond that of the contemplative donkey that is browsing on the succulent grasses which rankly adorn one of the ornamental flower-beds.

Emerson says man is not meant to dwell among the ruins, or be like those animals that look backward. So we will pass on to the kitchen garden, which ought to lie behind that old brick wall where the coping is off, and the blackened door has lost a panel—it has merely mouldered away, and perhaps the donkey put his foot through it in derision. You look through the gap, and are at once conscious of complete desolation. The kitchen garden is like Maremma ! You thought the mansion a ruin, but the kitchen garden is a perfect wreck. It is large, and enclosed on three sides with high walls, and on the fourth side with palings, to which you make your way round. There is no difficulty in entering through the palings ; they are broken in scores of places, but it matters not at all, as there is nothing worth petty larceny inside. The old fruit trees still cling to the walls, it is true, but having been left untended for years they are mere dead relics. It is a horrible notion, but they look just like crucified malefactors, whose executioners have gone away and forgotten to take them down, so there the withered skeletons hang, and will hang, till the unmaking of the world. No fruitage do these scarecrows bear

now. Their trunks seem strangely blackened, and many of the shrivelled arms are loose and float in the wind, as the fastenings have rotted long ago and fallen from the nails. It is exactly Tennyson's picture:—

The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the garden wall.

Then there are the fine old standard apples and pears dotted about this unspeakable wilderness, and you cannot help pitying them; they are not quite dead yet, but the prowling youth of the neighbourhood is evidently seeing to the killing process with much diligence. All the boughs within swinging distance have been bent downwards* and broken off, and now trail their melancholy extremities on the earth. And the top branches are absolutely bare of all signs of leaves, from which it is only natural to conjecture that they form the occasional squatting resort of such Naturalists' "Tree-dwellers" as cats, and the male young of the human species.

Then a further observation will show you that the paths in this bear-garden are almost indistinguishable from the adjacent beds. Were it not for a fringe of straggling box it would be difficult to know where the gravel ends and the soil begins—the weeds are equal masters of both. Wild neglect marks the old currant and gooseberry bushes, which are moribund—indeed, as you look closer at them, quite defunct, and blighted as if some sirocco had passed over the doomed garden. Has the London breath poisoned the place? For mere letting-things-alone seems hardly able to account for the dismalness of these "Lugentes Campi."

You stroll along, and by-and-by come suddenly on quite a pretty sight. Among some low trees there is grass as short and velvety as a lawn, and a small circular pond, too—the latter plainly the old family fish-pond, the aquarium of the juveniles of the big house. It still attracts, with the gleams of sunlight falling on its dark waters and mossy sides. How many a time must the youngsters of "the Hall" have rushed wildly off to enjoy the (probably) forbidden pleasure of lying full length on their stomachs at the margin, and dipping their hands down into the water in the curious belief that the roach, and trout, and goldfish were capable of "honourable susceptibility," like George Eliot's sparrows, and would generously come and be caught! But now, do our best, we shall see no sign of a skimming fin—only old bricks lying at the bottom, and black branches floating about. If there still exist any fish there, then there can be no grown boys in those battalions of streetlets which one sees lifting serried chimney-pots to heaven beyond that farther field

and the line of poplars. The British boy, given liberty to wander at will, would have emptied half-a-dozen deserted ponds of this size in about two days.

Working round again to the neighbourhood of the mansion, you come across the stables and outbuildings, and find—probably to your surprise—that there is some life about the old place yet. If you are curious, and try to lift the worn latch of the stable-door, a head will emerge from a loft window up above, and a voice will articulate—

“Who goes there?”—or rather its modern substitute—“What d’yer want?”

And if you interrogate the owner of the voice, who is a shock-headed youth, he tells you as follows:—

“Yer can’t get into the place. No. It’s locked. That’s why. No, I ain’t allowed to let folks in. Who owns the ’ouse? Why, Mr. Sharp, the builder, of course. What’s going to be done to it? Pulled down, I’ve heard say,”—and the head, tired of questions, disappears.

This must be the guardian of the whole demesne—Mr. Sharp’s *locum tenens*. One might almost say of him,

“Sad on the jutting eminence he sits.”

That is, on the top of the loft, but he is not particularly sad, and does not feel at all the sense of mildew and melancholy that strikes the visitor. One can see the empty stalls and mouldered woodwork through the paneless windows. One out-house has its roof entirely off, and most of its walls broken down into the centre—a wilderness of brick-dust.

From one side of the house there is a path which trends away down through a copse, and then skirts a hedge under a fir avenue; it probably once ended in a wicket gate leading out on to the high road, several fields away. The path is just the sort which one sees near old mansions and hardly elsewhere. It has graceful bends in it round clumps of trees, dips into a hollow and winds up the other side; its polished gravel, where the carpety moss has not overgrown, makes one think it as old as the house itself—which it probably is. And it is pathetic to think of the lovers who have sauntered down this leafy avenue, towards the stream lying in that small valley you see, near the edge of the squire’s old territory. But it is a mistake to speak of the stream as still existing. It is now a dry, refuse-filled ditch, towards which the little houses come trooping down yonder sloping hill as if to drink.

Some very cheerful gipsy children are playing about the fields in front of the mansion. Much of the turf has gone from the fields

and now adorns the grass-plots of the villas around. It is nice that it should be so useful, yet the bare patches it leaves behind are not beautiful, and the stones all scattered about dot the grass with a leprosy of flints. If the fields were still in their old condition, jealously kept, and trimly-grassed, there would be a sense of desecration in the sight of those brats belonging to the travelling shop-waggon at their play in them. But now there is none. One is glad of the gipsy offspring—they add liveliness and a sense of humorous contrast to the scene. Probably the contemplative donkey is part of the gipsy stud. What would the squire's head gardener have said to it once, as it insolently tramples over his choicest flower-beds?

What a fascination these old manor-houses do possess for all of us, after all! They may be, as Mr. Matthew Arnold pleasantly suggests, the "fortified places of the Philistines"; yet one cannot help lingering with fond regret over their decline and fall, when adversity or London overtakes them thus. One forgets then the faults of the squire race—and the quiet, unobtrusive way they had of absorbing bits of common land into their estates, thereby defrauding the poor in the meanest of all possible manners—and how some of them have been worthy of spiteful Herr Teufelsdröck's Latin epitaph on the partridge-shooting German baron. You only remember their virtues, and their "stately lives," which made such an impression on Lord Beaconsfield. The architect who built this fine old pile never dreamed that some day it would be shut in, like a fly in amber, or like the Italian peasant caught on the Vesuvian foot-hills by the lava of a new eruption. If he had, perhaps he would have thought of making it movable—constructing wheels in the cellarage, in fact. Anything would be better than seeing those insolent paper placards affixed to the outside walls, announcing that the materials of the mansion are to be sold as "sound old bricks."

"Old bricks!" Well, here of a verity is a sea-change into something rich and strange. And the something will, no doubt, be an ordinary suburban colony, with domiciles built on the "greatest ugliness of the greatest number" principle. You see that Mr. Sharp knows his own mind, and exists in the sure and certain hope that the "Plantagenet Park Estate" will do very well indeed for the construction of no end of genteel detached and semi-detached villas, and more plebeian terraces. That such is his intention you gather from the boards dotted about the grounds, on one of which is inscribed the pleasing prophecy that "eight eligible shops" will be planted in lieu of the mansion—on its very site!

But when the builder comes to tear down the old walls, will not

the ghosts arise? Will no shadowy "army of the dead" lay viewless hands on those rash men, as it once "beleaguered the walls of Prague" in Longfellow's ballad? No, after all, the speculative builder is doing a necessary work, and the Powers Below—if not those above—are with him. If he would only use better mortar, and indulge his clients with the facile boon of some cheap architectural beauty! It is not *his* fault—it is "that blessed word, Evolution"—which is responsible for the fact that you will have a nightmare of little houses in your sleep to-night, and that you go away revolving many memories from this characteristically suburban scene of rust, and mould, and chaos come again.

H F. LESTER.

OUR DEBT TO INSECTS.

IT has often occurred to me as a curious fact, when I have been watching the bees and butterflies in an English meadow of a summer morning, that no one should ever yet have adequately realised (so far as I know) the full amount of human indebtedness to those bright and joyous little winged creatures. I do not mean our practical indebtedness to insects for honey and bees-wax, silk and satin, cochineal and lacquer, or a hundred other such-like useful products: these, indeed, are many and valuable in their own way, though far less so than the tribute we draw from most of the other great classes of animal life. But there is one debt we owe them so out of all proportion to their size and relative importance in the world, that it is strange it should so seldom meet with due recognition. Odd as it may sound to say so, I believe we owe almost entirely to insects the whole presence of colour in nature, otherwise than green; without them our world would be wanting in more than half the beautiful objects which give it its greatest æsthetic charm in the appreciative eyes of cultivated humanity. Of course, if insects had never been, the great external features of the world would still remain essentially the same. The earth-sculpture that gives rise to mountains and valleys, downs and plains, glens and gorges, is wholly unconnected with these minute living agents; but all the smaller beauties of detail which add so much zest to our enjoyment of life and nature would be almost wholly absent, I believe, but for the long-continued æsthetic selection of the insect tribes for innumerable generations. We have all heard over and over again that the petals of flowers have been developed mainly by the action of bees and butterflies; and as a botanical truth this principle is now pretty generally accepted; but it may be worth while to reconsider the matter once more from the picturesque and artistic point of view by definitely asking ourselves, How much of beauty in the outer world do we owe to the perceptions and especially to the colour-sense of the various insects?

If we could suddenly transplant ourselves from the gardens and groves of the nineteenth century into the midst of a carboniferous

jungle on the delta of some forgotten Amazon or some primæval Nile, we should find ourselves surrounded by strange and somewhat monotonous scenery, very different from that of the varied and beautiful world in which we ourselves now live. The huge foliage of gigantic tree-ferns and titanic club-mosses would wave over our heads, while a green carpet of petty trailing creepers would spread luxuriantly over the damp soil beneath our feet. Great swampy flats would stretch around us on every side ; and instead of the rocky or undulating hills of our familiar Europe, we should probably see the interior country composed only of low ridges, unlifted as yet by the slow upheaval of ages into the Alps or Pyrenees of the modern continent. But the most striking peculiarity of the scene would doubtless be the wearisome uniformity of its prevailing colours. Earth beneath and primitive trees overhead would all alike present a single field of unbroken and unvarying green. No scarlet flower, golden fruit, or gay butterfly would give a gleam of brighter and warmer colouring to the continuous verdure of that more than tropical forest. Green, and green, and green, again ; wherever the eye fell it would rest alike upon one monotonous and unrelieved mass of harsh and angular verdure.

On the other hand, if we turn to a modern English meadow, we find it bright with yellow buttercups and purple clover, pink-tipped daisies and pale-faced primroses. We see the hedges white with may or glowing with dog-roses. We find the trees overhead covered with apple-blossom or scented with horse-chestnut. While in and out among the beautiful flowers flit equally beautiful butterflies,—emperors, admirals, peacocks, orange-tips, and painted ladies. The green of the grassy meadow and the blue of the open sky serve only as backgrounds to show off the brighter hues of the beautiful blossoms and the insects that pay court to them incessantly.

To what is this great change in the general aspect of nature due ? Almost entirely, we may now confidently conclude, to the colour-sense in the insects themselves. The lovely tints of the summer flowers, and the exquisite patterns on the butterfly's wings, have alike been developed through the taste and the selective action of these humble little creatures. To trace up the gradual evolution of the insect colour-sense and its subsequent reactions upon the outer world, we must go back to a time when neither flower nor butterfly yet existed.

In the carboniferous earth we have reason to believe that almost all the vegetation belonged to the flowerless type—the type now represented amongst us by ferns and horse-tails. These plants, as

everybody knows, have no flowers, but only spores or naked frondlets. There were a few flowering plants, it is true, in the carboniferous world, but they belonged entirely to the group of conifers, trees like the pines and cycads which bear their seeds in cones, and whose flowers would only be recognised as such by a technical botanist. Even if some stray archaic members of the true flowering groups already existed, it is, at any rate, almost certain that they must have been devoid of those gay petals which distinguish the beautiful modern blossoms in our fields and gardens.

A flower, of course, consists essentially of a pistil or seed-producing organ, and a certain number of stamens or fertilisers. No seed can come to maturity unless fertilised by pollen from a stamen. But experience, and more especially the experiments of Mr. Darwin, have shown that plants produced from the pollen of one flower applied to the pistil of another are stronger and more vigorous than plants produced from the stamens and ovules of a single blossom. It was to obtain the benefit of this cross-fertilisation in a simple form that flowers first began to exist; their subsequent development depends upon the further extension of the same principle.

The pines and other conifers, the grasses and sedges, and the forest trees, for the most part depend upon the wind to waft the pollen of one blossom to the pistil of the next. Hence their flowers generally protrude in great hanging masses, so that the breeze may easily carry off the pollen, and that the pistils may stand a fair chance of catching any passing grain. Flowers of some such types as these were doubtless the earliest of all to be evolved, and their colours are always either green or plain brown.

But wind-fertilisation is very wasteful. Pollen is an expensive product to the plant, requiring much useful material for its manufacture; and yet it has to be turned loose in immense quantities on the chance that a stray grain here and there may light upon a pistil ready for its reception. It is almost as though the American farmers were to throw their corn into the Atlantic in hopes that a bushel or two might happen to be washed ashore in England by the waves and the Gulf Stream. Under such circumstances, a ship becomes of immense importance; and nature has provided just such ships, ready-made for the very work that was crying out to them. These ships were the yet undifferentiated insects, whose descendants were to grow into bees, rosebeetles, and butterflies.

Already, in the carboniferous world, winged insects had begun to exist. Some of these must soon have taken to feeding among the hanging blossoms of the first flowering plants. Insects are fond of

the soft and nutritious pollen ; and it would seem at first sight as though they could therefore be only enemies to the plants which they visited. But as they went from flower to flower in search of food, they would carry pollen from one to the other, clinging to their heads, feet, or legs ; and so would unconsciously aid in fertilising the blossoms. Though some of the pollen would thus be eaten up, yet the saving effected by the substitution of the insect as a ship, for the old wasteful mode of dispersal by the wind, would more than compensate for the loss thus brought about. Accordingly, it would naturally happen that those flowers which most specialised themselves for fertilisation by means of insects, would gain a considerable advantage over their neighbours in the struggle for existence. For this purpose, their outer leaves ought to assume a cup-like shape, instead of the open clusters of the wind-fertilised type ; and their form should be directed rather to saving the pollen than to exposing it ; while their efforts must chiefly be expended in attracting the insects whose visits would benefit them, and repelling all others. Those flowers which chanced to vary most in these directions would best succeed from generation to generation ; and their descendants would finally become so modified as to be fitted for fertilisation by insects only.

It would be needless here to allude once more to the changes in shape and arrangement thus brought about by the action of the insects. The attraction of perfume and honey, the devices of adaptation and modification, by which plants allure or detain their insect visitors, must be taken for granted, and we must pass on to our proper subject of colour.

If, when insects were first beginning to visit flowers, there was any special difference by which the pollen-bearing parts could be easily distinguished from the other organs of the plant, we may be sure that it would be seized upon by the insects as a guide to the existence of food, and would so be further strengthened and developed in all future plants of the same species. Now, we have reason to believe that just such a primitive difference *does* exist between flowers, and leaves or stems ; and *that* difference is one of colour. Even if we look at the catkins and grass-blossoms of our own day, we see that they differ slightly in hue from the foliage of their respective plants. But it seems not improbable that colour may have appeared much more frequently and abundantly in *primitive* wind-fertilised flowers than in those of our own epoch ; because wind-fertilised flowers are only injured by the visits of insects, which would be attracted by bright colour ; and hence natural selection would tend to keep down the development of brilliant tints in them, as soon

as these had become the recognised guides of the insect eye. In other words, as flowers have now split up, functionally speaking, into two great groups, the wind-fertilised and the insect-fertilised, any primitive tendency towards the production of bright leaves around the floral organs will have been steadily repressed in the one group and steadily encouraged in the other.

Did such a primitive tendency ever exist? In all probability, yes. The green parts of plants contain the special colouring matter known as chlorophyll, which is essential to their action in deoxidising the carbonic acid of the atmosphere. But wherever fresh energies are being put forth, the reverse process of oxidation is going on; and in this reverse process the most brilliant and beautiful colours make their appearance. We are all familiar with these colours in autumn leaves; and we may also observe them very conspicuously in all young shoots or growing branches, especially in the opening buds of spring, the blanched heads of rhubarb or seakale, and the long sprays of a sprouting potato, grown in a dark cellar. Now, the neighbourhood of the floral organs is just such a place where energies are being used up and where colour is therefore likely to appear. Mr. Sorby has shown that the pigment in petals is often exactly the same as that in the very young red and yellow leaves of early spring, and the crimson foliage of autumn, in the same plant. It would be impossible to go fully here into the evidence which might be offered on this head: an immense mass of facts shows us that colour is always tending to appear in the leaves which immediately surround the floral organs; and that this tendency has been strengthened by insect selection of the most conspicuous blossoms, until it has finally resulted in the brilliant corollas of such flowers as those which we now cultivate in our modern gardens.

But all this takes for granted the very fact with which we are now concerned, the existence and growth of an insect colour-sense. How do we know that insects can distinguish colours at all? For otherwise all this argument must be fallacious, and the presence of bright corollas must be due to some other cause.

Of all insects, bees are the most confirmed flower-haunters, and they have undergone the greatest modification in relation to their visits in search of honey. We might expect, therefore, that bees would exhibit a distinct colour-sense; and this is actually the case. Sir John Lubbock's experiments clearly prove that bees possess the power of distinguishing between red, blue, green, and yellow. Being anxious to see whether insects were really attracted by the hues of flowers, he placed slips of glass, smeared with honey, on paper of

various colours ; and the bees upon which he experimented soon learnt to return to one particular colour only, even though both the paper and the honey were occasionally transposed. Thus we have direct evidence of the clearest sort that the higher insects *do* actually perceive the difference between various colours. Nay more, their perception in this respect appears to be closely analogous to our own ; for while the bees had no difficulty in discriminating between red, orange, or yellow, and green, they did not seem to perceive so marked a distinction between green and blue. Now this fact is very like that which we perceive to hold good with the human eye, for all of us are much more likely to confuse green and blue than any two other hues.

If, then, bees and wasps, as Sir John Lubbock has shown, and butterflies, as we may infer from other observations, *do* possess this developed colour-sense, we may ask, how did they obtain it? In all probability it grew up side by side with the growth of bright-hued flowers. Just as those blossoms which exhibited the greatest tendency to display a brilliant whorl of tinted leaves, in the neighbourhood of their stamens and pistils, would best succeed in attracting insects, so, in return, those insects whose eyes were most adapted for distinguishing the pink and yellow blossoms from the green foliage, would best succeed in procuring food, and would thus live down their less gifted competitors.

It may reasonably be asked, How could an animal without a colour-sense develop such a faculty by the aid of natural selection alone? At first sight the question seems indeed a difficult one ; but it is possible, I think, to suggest a way in which it may have happened. Colours, viewed objectively, consist of æther waves having different rates of vibration. In an eye devoid of the colour-sense, all these æther-waves would doubtless set up the same sort of action in all the ends of the nerves, and would therefore produce exactly the same general sensations. But if in certain eyes there was the slightest tendency for some of the nerve-terminals to respond specially to the oscillations of one particular order, while others of the nerve-terminals responded rather to oscillations of a different order, there would be the first ground-work for the evolution of a colour-sense. If this diversity of action in the nerve-ends proved of no service to the animal, it would go no further, because those individuals who possessed it would not be favoured beyond those who did not. But if it proved useful, as it undoubtedly would do to flower-haunting insects, natural selection would ensure its survival and its constant increase from generation to generation. Even colour-blind people

amongst ourselves can be taught by care and attention to discriminate slightly between the hues which they at first confuse ; and if we were to choose out, time after time, from a colour-blind race, all those individuals who were best able to see these distinctions, we should, no doubt, at last succeed in producing a perfect colour-sense. This is just what natural selection seems to have done in the case of bees and butterflies.

Yet it may be urged that insects perhaps had a colour-sense *before* they began to haunt flowers, and that this sense enabled them to pick out the brighter blossoms from the very beginning. Such an hypothesis would make the origin of beautiful flowers a much more simple matter ; but we can hardly accept it, for a very good reason. Before the existence of flowers there was probably nothing upon which insects could exert a colour-sense. Now we know that no faculty ever comes into existence until it is practically of use to its possessors. Thus, animals which always live fixed and immovable in one place never develop eyes, because eyes would be quite useless to them ; and even those creatures which possess organs of vision in their young and free state, lose them as soon as they settle down for life in a permanent and unchangeable home. So, unless insects had something to gain by possessing a colour-sense, they could never get one, prophetically, so to speak, against the contingency of flowers at some time or other appearing. Of course, no creature would develop such a sense merely for the sake of admiring the rainbow and the sunset, or of observing gems and shells or other such bright-hued but useless bodies. It is in the insect's practical world of food-hunting and flower-seeking that we must look for the original impulse of the colour-sense.

Again, throughout the whole animal world, we see good reasons for concluding that, as a matter of fact, and apart from such deductive reasoning, only those species exhibit evident signs of a colour sense, to whom its possession would be an undoubted advantage. Thus, in this very class of insects, bees, as Sir John Lubbock's experiments show us, do undoubtedly distinguish between red, orange, yellow, and green. Butterflies also are attracted by colours, and will, in particular, fly down to objects of the same hue as their own mates. Of course, bees and butterflies, always living among flowers, especially require a good sense of colour ; and so they quite accord with our expectation. Wasps, again, are omnivorous creatures, living partly upon animal and partly upon vegetable food. Everybody knows that they will quite impartially feast upon a piece of raw meat, or upon the sunny side of a peach. Now, wasps, as Sir John Lubbock proved,

to distinguish colours ; but they are somewhat less guided by apparently, than are bees ; and this again bears out the generalisation. Ants are much more miscellaneous in their they have no wings (roughly speaking), and they do not visit except by the casual process of walking up the stems. Hence our sense would be of little or no use to them : and Sir John Huxley's experiments seem to show that they scarcely possess one, they possess it in a rudimentary form. Once more, moths fly in the dusk, or quite at night, and the flowers which lay them- out to attract them are white or pale yellow, since no others are visible in the evening. Thus a perception of red, blue, or orange probably be useless to them : and Mr. Lowne has shown that the eyes of nocturnal insects differ from those of diurnal insects in a way closely analogous to that in which the eyes of bats and owls differ from those of monkeys and humming-birds. These differences are probably connected in both cases with an absence of special organs for discriminating colours ; and we shall see a little later on while the day-flying butterflies are decked in crimson and orange as the eyes of their fastidious mates, the night-flying moths are mostly dull and dingy in hue, or reflect the light only in the same way as the night-flowering blossoms among which they seek food. Ascending to the vertebrates, the birds are the class which live most in a world of fruits or flowers ; and Mr. A. R. Wallace has pointed out that birds on the whole need to perceive colour more than any other animals, because their habits require that they should recognise their food at a considerable distance. But they possess a very large proportion of certain nerve-terminals called cones, which are three times as numerous in their eyes as the other kind, called rods. These cones are almost universally believed to be the special organs of colour-perception, and in mammals they are usually *less* numerous than the rods, which are supposed to be the organs cognizant of light and shade. Nocturnal birds, such as owls, have very few cones, while nocturnal mammals have none. Again, the yellow spot in the retina, consisting almost entirely of cones, is present in all diurnal birds ; but amongst mammals it occurs only in the fruit-eating class of monkeys, and in man. So that on the whole we may say the positive evidence justifies us in believing that a well-developed colour-sense exists only in those animals which can be decidedly benefited by its possession. And for these reasons it seems improbable that insects ever developed such a sense until the need for it arose among the beautiful flowers. Now that we have arrived at this theoretical conclusion, let us

hark back again for a while to the reactions which the colour-sense, thus aroused, produced upon the flowers which gave it birth.

We may take as a capital example of an insect-fertilised flower, an English dog-rose. Compare this mentally with the wind-fertilised blossoms, such as grasses and catkins, and it is at once obvious that the great difference between them consists in the presence of a coloured corolla. No wind-fertilised plant ever has a whorl of gay petals; and though the converse is not quite true, yet almost all insect-fertilised plants are noticeable for their brilliant tints of red, white, blue, or yellow. The structures in which these pigments reside have no function whatsoever, except that of attracting the insect eye. They are produced by the plant at an enormous physiological expense; and if their object were not to secure the visits of insects, they would be just so much dead loss to the species. Nor is it only once that these coloured corollas have been developed. They occur, quite independently, in both great divisions of flowering plants, the monocotyledons and the dicotyledons. This coincidence could hardly have happened had it not been for that original tendency which we already noticed for pink, scarlet, or orange pigments to appear in the neighbourhood of the floral organs. Nor is it twice only, in all probability, that flowers have acquired bright petals through insect visits, but a thousand times over. In almost every family, insect-fertilised, self-fertilised, and wind-fertilised species are found side by side, the one with brilliant petals, the others with small, green, and inconspicuous flowers.

For comparison with the dog-rose, one could not find a better type than that common little early spring blossom, the dog's mercury. It is a wind-fertilised flower, and it does not wish to be seen of insects. Now, this mercury is a very instructive example of a degenerate green flower. For, apparently, it is descended from an insect-fertilised ancestor with bright petals; but owing to some special cause, it has taken once more to the old wasteful habit of tossing its pollen to the wandering winds. As a consequence it has lost the bright corolla, and now retains only three green and unnoticeable perianth-pieces, no doubt the representatives of its original calyx. Almost equally instructive is the case of the groundsel, though in this case the process of degradation has not gone quite so far. Groundsel is a degenerate composite, far gone on the way of self-fertilisation. No class of flowers have been more highly modified to suit the visits of insects than the composites. Hundreds of their tubular bells have been crowded on to a single head, so as to make *the greatest possible attractive display*; and in many cases the outer

blossoms of the head, as in the common yellow ragwort, or in the daisy and the sunflower, have been flattened out into long rays, which serve as pennants or banners to catch the insect eye. They are very successful flowers, perhaps the most successful family on the whole earth. But the groundsel, for some reason of its own, has reversed the general family policy. It is rarely visited by insects, and has, therefore, apparently taken once more to self-fertilisation; and a complete alteration has thus been effected in its appearance, when compared with its sister composites. Though it has not yet quite lost its yellow centre blossoms, it has no rays, and its bells are almost concealed by its large and ugly green involucre. Altogether, we may say that groundsel is a composite far advanced on its way to a complete loss of the characteristic composite habits. It still receives the visits of a very few stray insects; but it does not lay itself out to court them, and it is, probably, gradually losing more and more of its winged clients from day to day. Thus we see that any flower which will benefit by insect-fertilisation, whether it be a monocotyledon or a dicotyledon, high up or low down in either series, is almost sure to acquire brilliant petals; while, on the other hand, any flower which gives up the habit of relying upon insects is almost sure to lose or minimise its petals once more, and return to a state resembling in general type the catkins and grasses or the still lowlier self-fertilised types.

The same sort of conclusion is forced upon us if we look at the various organs in each flower which display the brilliant pigments. The petals are most commonly the seat of the attractive coloration, as in the dog-rose and the marsh-mallow. But in many other flowers, like the fuchsia, the calyx is also beautifully coloured, so as to aid in the general display. In the tulips and other lilies, the crocus, the iris, and the daffodil, sepals and petals are all coloured alike. In *marvel-of-Peru* and purple clematis, the petals are wholly wanting. In the common meadow-rue, it is the essential floral organs themselves which act as allurements; while, in the *mesembryanthemums*, the outer stamens become flattened and petal-like, so as to resemble the corolla of other flowers. In the composites, like daisies, where many blossoms are crowded on one head, the outer row of blossoms are often similarly flattened into rays which only serve the purpose of attracting insects towards the fertile flowers of the centre. Nor does the colouring process stop at the regular parts of the flower alone: the neighbouring bracts and leaves are often even more beautifully tinted than the flowers themselves. In the great white arums, grown in windows as *Æthiopian lilies*, the actual blossoms lie right inside

the big sheath or spathe, and cluster round the tall yellow spike or spadix in the centre: and this sheath acts the part of petals in the more ordinary flowers. Many euphorbias have very inconspicuous little blossoms, but each small colony is surrounded by a scarlet involucre which makes them some of the gayest among our hot-house plants. The poinsettia, which is so familiar a fashionable dinner-table plant, bears little yellow flowers which would not of themselves attract the eyes of insects; but it makes up for this deficiency by a large surrounding bunch of the richest crimson leaves, whose gorgeous colouring makes the tree a universal favourite with tropical bees and butterflies. The lovely bougainvillea carries the same idea one step further, for its small flowers are enclosed by three regularly-arranged bracts of a delicate mauve or pink; and when one sees a tree covered with this magnificent creeper in full blossom, it forms one of the most glorious masses of colour to be found in the whole of external nature. Many tropical plants, and especially those of parasitical habit, are much given to developing these extra allurements of coloured leaves, and their general effect is usually one of extreme brilliancy. From all these examples, we can draw the conclusion that colour does not belong by original nature to one part of the plant rather than another; but that wherever the coloured juices which result from oxidation of chlorophyll and its analogues began to show themselves, in the neighbourhood of the stamens and pistil, they would attract the attention of insects, and so grow more and more prominent, through natural selection, from generation to generation, till they finally attained the present beauty of the tulip, the rose, the poinsettia, and the bougainvillea.

From this marvellous reaction of the colour-sense in insects upon the vegetal world, we must next pass on to its reaction upon the hues of insects themselves. For we probably owe the exquisite wings of the butterfly and the gorgeous burnished bronze of the rose-beetle to the very same sense and the very same selective action which has produced the hues of the lily and the hyacinth. What proofs can be shown that the colours of insects are thus due to sexual selection? In the first place, we have the certain fact that bees at least, and probably other insects, do distinguish and remember colours. Not only so, but their tendency to follow colour has been strong enough to produce all the beautiful blossoms of our fields and gardens. Moreover, we have seen that while bees, which are flower-haunters, are guided greatly by colour, wasps, which are omnivorous, are guided to a less extent, and ants, which are very miscellaneous feeders, not at all. It may be objected that insects do not care for

the colour apart from the amount of honey; but Mr. Anderson noticed that when the corollas of certain flowers had been cut away, the insects never discovered or visited the flowers; and Mr. Darwin lopped off the big lower petals of several lobelia blossoms, and found that the bees never noticed them, though they constantly visited the neighbouring flowers. On the other hand, many bright-coloured bells have no honey, but merely make a great show for nothing, and so deceive insects into paying them a call on the delusive expectation that they will be asked to stay to dinner. Some very unprincipled flowers, like the huge Sumatran rafflesia, thus take in the carrion flies, by resembling in smell and appearance a piece of decaying meat. Moreover, certain insects show a preference for certain special flowers over others. One may watch for hours the visits paid by a bee or a butterfly to several dozens of one flower, say a purple lamium, in succession, passing by unnoticed the white or yellow blossoms which intervene between them. Fritz Müller mentions an interesting case of a lantana, which is yellow on the first day, orange on the second, and purple on the third. "This plant," he says, "is visited by various butterflies. As far as I have seen, the purple blossoms are never touched. Some species inserted their probosces both into yellow and into orange flowers; others, as far as I have observed, exclusively into the yellow flowers of the first day." Mr. T. D. Lilly, an American naturalist, observed that the coloured petunias and morning-glories in his garden were torn to pieces by bees and butterflies in getting at the honey, while the white or pale ones were never visited. These are only a few sample cases out of hundreds, in which various observers have noted the preference shown by insects for blossoms of a special colour.

Again, we may ask, Do different species of insects show different degrees of æsthetic taste? The late Dr. Hermann Müller, who specially devoted himself to the relations between insects and flowers, showed most conclusively that they do. The butterflies, which are at once the most locomotive and the most beautiful of their class, appear to require larger masses of colour for their attraction than any other group; and the flowers which depend upon them for fertilisation are, in consequence, exceptionally large and brilliant. Müller attributes to this cause the well-known beauty of Alpine flowers, because bees and flies are comparatively rare among the higher Alps, while butterflies, which rise to greater elevations in the air, are comparatively common; and he has shown that, in many cases, where a lowland flower is adapted for fertilization by bees, and has a small or inconspicuous blossom, its Alpine congener has been modified so as to be

suiting for fertilisation by butterflies, and has, therefore, brilliant bunches of crimson or purple blossoms. In his last work, he shows that, while bees form as many as 75 per cent. of the insects visiting the beautiful and attractive composites, they form only 14 per cent. of those which visit the plain green and white umbellates, like the wild carrot and fool's parsley. Butterflies frequently visit the composites, but almost never the umbellates, which last depend mainly upon the smaller flies and other like insects. Of two small hedge flowers, *Galium mollugo* and *G. verum*, Müller notes that they agree closely in other points, but the first is white, while the second is yellow, which, he says, renders it more attractive to small beetles. Of certain other flowers, which lay themselves out to attract wasps, Müller quaintly observes that they are obviously adapted "to a less æsthetically cultivated circle of acquaintances." So that the close studies of this accurate and painstaking naturalist led him to the conclusion that insects differ greatly from one another in their taste for colour. Probably we shall be right if we say that the most æsthetic among them all are the butterflies, and next the bees—these two classes having undergone the most profound modifications in adaptation to their flower-haunting life—and that the carrion flies and wasps bring up the rear.

Is there any evidence, however, that insects ever notice colour in anything else but flowers? Do they notice it in their own mates, and use it as a means of recognition? Apparently they do, for Mr. Doubleday informed Mr. Darwin that white butterflies often fly down to pieces of white paper on the ground, mistaking them doubtless for others of their species. So, too, Mr. Collingwood notes that a red butterfly, let us say, nailed to a twig, will attract other red butterflies of the same kind, or a yellow one its yellow congeners. When many butterflies of allied species inhabit the same district, it often happens that the various kinds undergo remarkable variation in their colouring so as to be readily recognisable by their own mates. Again, Mr. Patterson noticed that certain blue dragon-flies settled in numbers on the blue float of a fishing-line; whilst two other species were attracted by shining white colours. On the whole, it seems probable that all insects possessing the colour-sense, possess also a certain æsthetic taste for colours.

Indeed, it is difficult to see how it could be otherwise. Whenever an animal exercises a faculty much, the exercise comes to have pleasant feelings attached to it; and this is especially the case with all sense-organs. Creatures which live on honey love sweet things; carnivores delight in the taste of blood. Singing birds listen with

interest to musical notes : and even insects will chirp in response to a chirp like their own. So, creatures which pass all their lives in the search for bright flowers must almost inevitably come to feel pleasure in the perception of brilliant colours. This is not, as so many people seem to think, a question of relative intellectual organisation : it is a mere question of the presence or absence of certain sense-centres.

But it may finally be urged that even though insects recognise and admire colours in the mass, they would not notice such minute and delicate patterns as those on their own wings. Let us see what evidence we can collect on this head. First of all, insects have not only produced the petals of flowers, but also the special markings of those petals. Now these markings, as Sprengel pointed out a century since, bear a constant reference to the position of the honey, and are in fact regular honey-guides. If one examines any flower with such marks upon the petals, it will be found that they converge in the direction of the nectaries, and show the bee or butterfly whereabouts he may look for his dinner. Accordingly, they must have been developed by the gradual action of insects in fertilising most frequently those flowers which offered them the easiest indication of where to go for food. Unless insects noticed them, nay more, noticed them closely and accurately, they could never have grown to their present definite correlation with the nectary, a correlation which, Mr. Darwin says, first convinced him of the reality of their function. "I did not realize the importance of these guiding marks," says Sir John Lubbock, "until, by experiments on bees, I saw how much time they lose if honey which is put out for them is moved even slightly from its usual place." In short, insects, like men, are creatures of habit. How complicated these marks sometimes become, we can see in most orchids.

Again, the attention insects pay to comparatively small details of colour and form is clear enough from the *mimicry* which sometimes occurs amongst them. In some instances, the mimicry is intended to deceive the eyes of higher animals, such as birds or lizards, and can therefore prove nothing with regard to the senses of the insects themselves. But in a few cases, the disguise is adopted for the sake of deceiving other insects ; and the closeness of the resemblance may be accepted as good evidence of acute vision in the class so mimicked. Thus, several species of flies live as social parasites among the hives or nests of bees. These flies have acquired belts of colour and patches of hair, closely imitating the hosts whose honey they steal ; while their larvæ have even the ingratitude to devour the larvæ of the bees themselves. Of course, any fly who entered a bee-

hive could only escape detection and condign punishment at the hands—or rather at the stings—of its inhabitants, provided it looked so like the householders as to be mistaken by them for one of the community. So any fly which showed at first any resemblance to a bee would for a while be enabled to rob with impunity : but as time went on, the bees would begin to perceive the true nature of the intruders, and would kill all those which could be readily distinguished. Thus, only the most bee-like flies would finally survive ; and the extent to which the mimicry was carried would be a rough test of the perceptive powers of the bees. Now, in these particular cases, the resemblance is so close that it would take in, not only an unpractised human observer, but even for a moment the entomologist himself. Similar instances occur amongst mantidæ and crickets.

And now let us apply these facts to the consideration of the problem before us. If those insects which especially haunt flowers are likely to have so acquired a colour-sense, and a taste for colours ; and if they are capable of observing minute markings, bands, or eye-like spots ; then we might naturally infer that they would exhibit a preference for the most beautifully coloured and variously ornamented of their own mates. Such a preference, long continued and handed down to after generations, would finally result in the development of very beautiful and varied colours among the flower-haunting species. We might expect, therefore, to find the most exquisite insects amongst those races which are most fully adapted to a diet of honey and pollen ; and such I believe to be actually the case.

Before proceeding further, precautions should be taken against a misconception which has already occurred in this connection. It is not meant that bright colours will be found *only* amongst flower-haunters ; for it may easily happen that in a few instances other causes may conspire to produce brilliant hues. Nor is it meant that *all* flower-haunters are necessarily brilliant ; for it may also happen that some special need of protection will occasionally keep down the production of conspicuous tints. But what *is* meant is that brilliant colours are found with very exceptional frequency amongst the specially flower-haunting animals.

Butterflies are the order of insects which require the largest mass of colour to attract them, and which seem to possess the highest æsthetic sensibility. It is hardly necessary to say that butterflies are also the most beautiful of all insects ; and are, moreover, noticeable for the most highly developed ornamental adjuncts. Those butterflies make the best matches in their world of fashion which have the brightest crimson on their wings or the most exquisite gloss in their changeful

golden scales. With us, an eligible young man is too often a young man with a handsome estate in the country, and with no other attractions mental or physical. Amongst insects, which have no estates, an eligible young butterfly is one with a peculiarly deep and rich orange band upon the tip of his wings. Thus the cumulative proof of the æsthetic superiority of butterflies seems well-nigh complete.

If we examine the lepidoptera or butterfly order in detail, we shall find some striking conclusions of the same sort forced upon us. The lepidoptera are divided into two great groups, the moths and the butterflies. Now, the moths fly about in the dusk or late at night; the flowers which attract them are pale, lacking in brilliancy, and, above all, destitute of honey-guides in the shape of lines or spots; and the insects themselves are generally dark and dingy in coloration. Whenever they possess any beauty of colour, it takes the form of silvery scales which reflect what little light there may be in the grey gloaming. The butterflies, on the other hand, fly by day, and display, as we know, the most beautiful colours of all insects. Here we must once more recall that difference between the structure of the eye in nocturnal and diurnal species which Mr. Lowne has pointed out. Nor is this all. While most moths are night-fliers, there are a few tropical genera which have taken to the same open daylight existence as the butterflies. In these cases, the moths, unlike their nocturnal congeners, are clad in the most gorgeous possible mixtures of brilliant metallic colours.

Other instances of like kind occur in other orders. Thus, among the beetles, there is one family, the rose-chafers, which has been specialised for flower-haunting; and these are conspicuous for the beauty of their colouring, including a vast number of the most brilliant exotic species. Their allies, the common cock-chafers, however, which are not specialised in the same manner, are mere black and inconspicuous insects. So among the flies: most of the omnivorous families are dull and ugly; but several of the flower-haunting tribes are adorned with brilliant colours, and live upon honey. In fact, an immense majority of the brightest insects are honey-suckers, and seem to have derived their taste for beautiful hues from the nature of the objects among which they seek their food.

There is one striking and obvious exception, however, which has doubtless already suggested itself to the minds of readers. I mean the bees. These are the most flower-loving of all insects, and yet they are comparatively plain in their coloration. We must remember, however, that the peculiar nature of the commonwealth amongst the

social bees prevents the free action of the selective preference by which we account for the brilliancy of all other flower-haunting species. The queen or mother bee is a prisoner for life; her Majesty's domestic arrangements are all made for her by the state; she does not herself seek honey among flowers, and those bees which do so have no power of transmitting their tastes to descendants, as they live and die mere household drudges. On the other hand, the solitary bees are in many cases exquisitely coloured, as we might expect from their power of free choice; and one flower-haunting family of the same order, the Chrysidæ, are aptly compared to the humming-birds in the richness of their colouring.

One more peculiarity of great interest must also be noted. It appears that many insects have two sets of colours, seemingly for different purposes; the one set protective from the attacks of enemies, the other set attractive to their own mates. Thus several butterflies have the lower side of their wings coloured like the leaves or bark on which they rest, while the upper sides are rich with crimson, orange, and gold, which gleam in the bright sunlight as they flit about among their fellows. Butterflies, of course, fold their wings with the under side outward. On the other hand, moths, which fold their wings in the opposite manner, often have their upper surfaces imitative or protective, while the lower sides are bright and beautiful. One Malayan butterfly, the *Kallima paralecta*, has wings of purple and orange above, but it exactly mimics dead foliage when its vans are folded; and, as it always rests amongst dry leaves, it can hardly be distinguished from them, as it is even apparently spotted with small fungi. In these and many other cases one cannot help believing that while imitative colouring has been acquired for protective purposes, the bright hues of the concealed portion must be similarly useful to the insect as a personal decoration.

It would seem, then, that we owe half the loveliest objects in our modern world to the insect colour-sense. It is the bee and the butterfly which have given us the gorgeous orchids and massive creepers of the tropics, the gentians and rhododendrons of the Alps, the camellias and heathers of our conservatories, the may and primroses of our English meadows. To the same primitive taste, exerted in a slightly different direction, are due the gilded wings of Brazilian moths, and the exquisite tints of our own ruby or sapphire-coloured summer insects. The beauty and the glory of the world are not for the eyes of man alone; they appeal equally to the bee and the butterfly, to the bird and the child. To some people it *strangely* seems a nobler belief that one animal only out of all the

earth enjoys and appreciates this perpetual pageant of natural loveliness ; to me it appears, on the contrary, a prettier and more modest creed, as well as a truer one, that in those higher and purer delights we are but participants with the vast mass of our humbler dumb fellow-creatures.

GRANT ALLEN.

*ROMANCE IN THE SUPPRESSION
OF BOOKS.*

JOJAKIMUS" burned the roll of Baruch ; his fate was untoward. In a certain city in the year 1627 it was decreed that on a stated day the Gospels should be burnt ; the night before, 150 houses were in ashes on the ground. A pretty analogy ; first made, for anything I can allege, by John Christopher Becman in the "Politica Parallela" of some half-century after. But not singular ; for between the times of "Jojakimus" and the "certain city," and since then, there have been to the full twenty analogous cases—where the book-burner has, with profane hand, lighted the lamp of his own destruction. Yet it must not be disguised, and that notwithstanding the common notion that to persecute is to proclaim, that many a work has been lost to us, that many a work has been choked by the suppressing hand. What havoc has not been made of the History of Cremutius Cordus, of the Chronicle of Fabyan, of the Bible of Tyndal, of the "Commercial Restraints" of the Hon. Hely Hutchinson—all so familiar in title ? The case was not quite so ill with Luther's "Table Talk," the most charming and living of his works, but—witness its history—it was bad enough.

Captain Henry Bell was engaged by the first two Stuarts for four years beyond seas in making investigations "about the pretended loving Letter which the Emperesse wrote to her Highnesse the Lady Elizabeth your Majestie's sister, Anno 1618, under the colour of which Letter that horrible plot should have taken effect at Ratisbone, which was contrived at Vienna" against the Lady Elizabeth, King James, and others. During this time he heard that there had been destroyed in Germany "above 80,000 of Martin Luther's Books, entitled his last Divine Discourses." Now the affair had happened thus. Some of the princes who had seceded from the Roman Catholic faith had ordered that every parish should receive a copy of the book—the "Table Talk" so carefully collected by Lauterbach, and arranged by Aurifaber—throughout their principalities, the book *to be chained* and kept in memory of the Reformation. But Pope

Gregory III., to prevent the effects this promised, "did fiercely stir up and instigate the Emperor, then in being, viz., Rudolphus II.," to make an edict that every copy should be burned, and that it should be death for any person to have or keep one. The edict was speedily put in execution, and with such effect that we read "not one of all the said printed books, nor so much as anie one copie of the same, could be found out, nor heard of in anie place." Now, in 1626, Caspar van Sparr (who knew Bell well) had occasion to build upon the old foundation of a house that had been occupied by his grandfather at the time of the edict, "and, digging deep into the ground under the said old foundation, one of the said original printed books was there happily found, lying in a deep obscure hole, being wrapped in a strong (coarse) linen cloth, which was waxed all over with Bees' wax within and without; whereby the book was preserved fair without any blemish (though it had been hid from the knowledge of all men 52 years)." But in 1626 misfortune still threatened, for the imperial throne was filled by Ferdinand II., who was inimical enough to Protestants. So Caspar van Sparr sent it to Bell, now in England, knowing that he "had the knowledge of the High Dutch tongue very perfect," and urged him forthwith to translate it. For six weeks Bell neglected the work; then comes the most marvellous of the whole of this wonderful tale, of which he has given a "true relation."

"I being in bed with my wife one night between twelve and one of the clock, she being asleep, but myself yet awake, there appeared unto me an ancient man, standing at my bed's side, arrayed all in white, having a long and broad white beard hanging down to his girdle-steel, who taking me by my right ear, spoke these words following unto me: 'Sirrah! Will not you take time to translate that book which is sent unto you out of Germany? I will shortly provide for you both place and time to do it.' And then he vanished away out of my sight."

About a fortnight after this phantasmagoric visitation Captain Bell was seized at his lodging in King Street, Westminster, under warrant of the Council-board—a tendency of his to dun the Government for five thousand pounds odd, which by payment or service had become due to him, being highly disrelished. He remained a prisoner ten years. Five of these were spent in penitence for neglect of the ghostly admonition and arduous translation. Then the work of the importunate creditor got to the ears of Archbishop Laud, who borrowed the translation, and for two years forgot to return it. Eventually, in February 1646, a rumour of it reached the Commons,

who ordered it to be printed. This was done, but not for several years—not, in fact, till after Bell's death.

More heroic than this elaborate and literal burying of a treasure in a napkin are the expedients to which, under very present distress, the possessors of things worthy have resorted. Especially has there proved a savour of romance in the incongruity of pious scheming for the preservation of religious books—such scheming as that of Mrs. Schebolt, of Bohemia, who on one of the many edicts taking effect in that country for the delivery by the peasants of any Bible in their possession, consigned hers during search of the house to the central place in a batch of dough, ready for the oven, and baked it, with the effect that the heart of the crumb of the loaf has resisted age down to this day, and is enshrined in Lucas county, Ohio. But if circulation, which after all is the ultimate end of a book, is proposed to be attained, the palm for ingenuity must be conceded to plans like Voltaire's. Badgered by M. Tronchin as the more than suspected author of the "Dictionnaire Philosophique," odious to the Genevans, he assumed horror with that remarkable work, and directed the official to be wary of the packages which should arrive at the book-stall of Chirol on a certain Monday. The packages were duly seized, and the "Dictionnaire" discovered; but, lulled into security in other directions, there passed the frontiers heavier consignments for Gando, another bibliopolist of Geneva. Indignant at this first trick, smacking of smuggling, M. Tronchin launched against Voltaire an uncompromising requisition, and his work was burned by the common executioner, September 26, 1764. The device of carrying into Geneva the most revolutionary and atheistical of matter under sanctified titles—"cock titles" is the technical term—of bringing ribaldry into the churches bound as the Psalms, or socialistic licentiousness into the academies of the young interleaved with the respectable platitudes of the copy-books, has an indiscriminateness in it which the breadth of and even the opposition to Voltaire, and his really pure but practically defiant resolution to propagate love of knowledge, cannot excuse. To disseminate is not to throw broadcast.

The action of Voltaire in defence of his own books reminds one of his action in defence of Clairon. This distinguished actress (to whose merits and more the philosopher was susceptible enough to write flattering verses) chose at one point of her career to respond to the unreasonable anathemas which French priests hurled at all comedians and dramatists—a practice sanctioned by the indubitable authority of the primitive Fathers of the Church—by refusal to *reappear* on the stage, putting forward the very logical plea that none

had a right to desire her to continue her profession if she was to be damned for it. Unluckily Mademoiselle Clairon was not only the repudiated of the Church, but the servant of the King, and if constancy in playing brought her best spiritual interests into jeopardy, declining to play brought her body to prison. Now this penalty of reticence became very sensible to the palpable part of her, when that palpable part was placed in the Bastille; and on the King's shortly ordering the players to come to Versailles, and Clairon being specified among those who were to go, her duty to her sovereign, which was clear, no longer suffered her to argue the priestly point, which was not. But the fracas was too brisk and too pretty to be thus spent, so against the holy thunderings from the episcopal hillocks of France out came a treatise proving from the laws and constitutions of the temporal kingdom that comedians had an irrefragable claim to all the privileges and immunities of their country equally with all other citizens. This pamphlet had no sooner made its appearance but, like an arch-heretic, it was seized on and condemned to be burnt in the Place-de-Grève by the hands of the common hangman. And the martyrdom of that piece was a palingenesis in the form of a printed controversy between the "Intendant des Menus," or Master of the King's Revels, as advocate for the stage, and the Abbé Grizel as counsel for the Church. Of this the author was undoubtedly Voltaire. It is curious to observe how, just about a century and a half before, a more direct struggle between clergy and parliament had taken place in France respecting the censure of two anonymous works, "Admonitio ad Regem" and "Mysteria Politica," of which Barthélemi de Grammont says the record was not kept "ne ejus controversiæ memoria transiret ad posteros."

But ends more tragic than the conflagration of pamphlets amid the bavins of bigots have transpired in the annals of the suppression of books. The career of Antonio de Dominis gives a case in point. Born in 1556, he had risen with tolerable rapidity to the Archbishopric of Spalatro, a post which in reality conferred the primacy of Dalmatia and Croatia. While acting in this high office he formed a friendship with Bishop Bedell, who was then chaplain to Sir Henry Wotton, Ambassador from the Court of James I. in the city of Venice. The friendship grew very firm, and the persecuted Paul Sarpi (not less unfortunate than Fulgentio) made up afterwards a progressive triumvirate. Under the influence of these men Spalatro became convinced that the Church of England approached far more nearly to the purity of creed and worship of the Bible than did the Church of Rome. Accordingly, after fourteen years' research, he avowed his conviction, and set his seal to his deed by flight from Venice and

Dalmatia. His last step was soon justified : the great work, "De Republica Ecclesiastica," in which he had embodied the results of the labours of a decade, being decreed, even before it was completely ready, together with his printed confession, as unfit even for the hands of papal Bishops, presumably because, less pure than light, which flings itself untainted through the foulest mires, they might haply be contaminated. Ensnared at the Hague, where Sir Dudley Carleton temporarily stayed his wants, neither did this fulmination, nor that of the Sorbonne, which limited its censure to the first four books of the "De Republica Ecclesiastica," greatly alarm the fugitive Bishop. But he presently sped his way to England, and on December 16, 1616, scarcely forty days after the decree, was received on these shores with clamatory joy. More substantial were the profits to which his appointment within a few months to the Deanery of Windsor, the Mastership of Savoy, and the Rectorship of West Ilsley, in Berkshire, appeared to point ; and little seemed left for hope to do when the embrace of a scheme he had been quick to concoct for reconciling England and Rome proved wide, rapid, and influential. But this happy commencement was broken in upon by the wiles of Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador. Taking advantage of some slight disodour into which De Dominis incautiously brought himself by dealings with his tenants, he sought to inflame King James's mind against him, and at the same time to urge the Dean of Windsor to seek higher preferment. A report of the Archbishop of York's death was issued—perfectly false—application for the dignity incontinently made and coldly received. The effect of this was that James became interested in seeing whether the man he had protected was or was not a real convert. His interest was falsely satisfied. By infinite cunning Gondomar obtained from Rome a pardon and a promise of a cardinal's hat as the price of reconciliation to Rome to be acknowledged by De Dominis; squeezed from De Dominis, on whose mind he patiently and insidiously wrought, a recantation; and placed the documentary evidence of his double triumph before the King. Four days later, on January 16, 1621, the Dean of Windsor himself sought permission to depart from the kingdom. On the 21st he had a conversation with several divines of the Church of England, stating sincerely his belief that both Churches were true, though in each was something erroneous, and volunteering urgently his best influence at Rome for temporal peace. The upshot was that James did not grant his permission, but issued his command that the Dean should leave the kingdom within twenty days. Then came the bitter part. On his return to Rome he found he had been a dupe. His name

was used for all sorts of publications against the Church of England ; his experience alleged to prove the rottenness of heresies from their odious fruits. Yet with his own voice he firmly endeavoured to overtop the hurricane of obloquy by proclaiming that but for the doctrine of transubstantiation the Churches might be reconciled. Here was the opportunity for his long-determined downfall. He was imprisoned in the Castle of St. Angelo, where he died, "not without suspicion of murder or poison." Being dead, a definitive sentence was passed upon him. He was declared unworthy of the favour of the Holy See Apostolic ; was deprived of all honour, benefit, or dignity ; was confiscated of his goods ; and was given over to the secular powers, that he and his picture, together with the books he had written, should be burned. He was accordingly placed in a well-pitched coffin, and that in a greater, was then "recognised" and carried to the Church of Minerva, where he was laid upon the table in an eminent place, with the portrait and "a little sacke full of books which he had printed." The body and its strange accompaniments were burned in the Campo di Fiori.

Witness Gregorio Leti, Antonio de Dominis is not the only foreigner who has found British protection—uninjured bulwark though that may be—a screen whose further side has hedged the bloodier field. Not that there was anything very disastrous in Leti's end. Indeed his whole life was rather comical. Disgusted with the religion of his parents, because on "confessing" to some gallantry he was ordered to eat, or at least to chew, seven stalks of straw—a subtle association—he took to Calvinism at Geneva, and carried it with him about 1680 to England. Charles II. made him a present, and promised him the place of historiographer. Thereupon he set to work at a history of England, twelve hours during three days of the week, and six hours during the others. When his book was done, the King graciously sat up on successive nights to be read to ; but, shocked at several passages, he so instructed the Council that all the copies were ordered to be seized, and Leti warned to quit the kingdom in six days. He went to Amsterdam, and though his entire works were, on December 22, 1700, condemned at Rome, and trouble was threatened respecting certain letters on lotteries, he lived to the age of seventy-one—not a more thrilling fate than so very untrustworthy an historian deserved.

It cannot of course be contended that inaccuracy had much to do with the persecution of Leti. It certainly had nothing to do with that of Michele Amari, whose interesting case brings us to times much more recent than we have yet contemplated. Led by a

stimulus distinctly revolutionary, he commenced in 1836 a work upon the Sicilian Vespers. In the progress of the work the true historic spirit was soon substituted for any propagandism, so that by April 1842 there was published at Palermo a history sound, laborious, and brilliant. But no amount of reserve in expression of sympathy could cover the parallelism presented by ancient and modern events, or could disguise the resemblance borne by Charles of Anjou to Ferdinand II. After six months' dreaminess and strenuous exertion to believe in its own impeccability the Government accordingly stirred. The book was prohibited. The censors who had neglected to stop it in the press were turned out of office. The Sicilian publisher, condemned on a false charge of clandestine printing, was exiled to the island of Ponza. Five journals which had noticed the work were suppressed. Finally the author was summoned to Naples "to be interrogated." Foreseeing the result of a catechism to be conducted by Del Carretto, who was known to recognise his features in William l'Estendard, and to be controlled by a sovereign who saw himself aimed at (as already said) in the delineation of Charles of Anjou, Amari embarked—not for Naples, but for France.

Ah! what sorrow mates with Revolution? Compassion lingers perhaps less with Amari than with his associates. Yet sorrow does *not* mate with Revolution. It only gathers in its trail. The turning wheel of politics jars the social gear, and bruises the climbers along the length of the roughened surface. But Revolution's child is *Horror*; and Horror cannot mate. It is aloof. The white hand is uplifted—only the red hand grasps. Those that cling to the very wheel of politics—whose hearts do not know their faintness, whose hands feel not they have clutched with strength of numbness, not of will—are flung into immensity. There is no trail; but there is abrupt relief. One force prevails. A shock to impetus proceeds often from the power that loves to give an impetus; the grotesque combats with the terrific; to herald and stem there is potency in caricature.

It is not, then, so much because tension craves to be relaxed, as because passions are then capable—for riot of mirth, or riot of wrath—that comicalities profusely spread the paths of agitation and of war. This is scarcely the burden that seems to be borne by the troubles of Thomas Spence, but it has been suggested, and can too broadly serve. As to Spence, the course of his troubles was merely this. A certain net-maker of Aberdeen, who had nineteen children, married twice. His second wife was Margaret Flet, a native of the *Orkneys*, whose business had been the selling of stockings. One of

this couple's sons was named Thomas—Thomas Spence. He was born on the Quayside, Newcastle, June 21, 1750. After doing something in his father's trade he became clerk to a smith, opened a school on his own account, took two posts in the schools of others, and then prepared "the Spencean system." By this system, designed to suit all the peoples of the earth, he proposed to divide the nation into parishes, to which the land should be inalienably attached; the rents were to be paid quarterly to the parish officers, and after subtracting the necessary expenses of the country and of the State, the remainder was to be equally divided among the parishioners. Every parish was to have its schools and libraries, and its annual representative in Parliament, every man was to be a militiaman, and every fifth day was to be a Sabbath. This effusion procured him expulsion from the Philosophical Society, before which he read it. None the less he proceeded to develop it in a Utopian work, on Owen's model, entitled, "The Constitution of Spensonia," and when the French Revolution was succeeded by the Napoleonic flood, this was seriously adduced as evidence for the necessity of suspending the Habeas Corpus Act. In the meanwhile the eccentric author had turned his attention to phonetics, and produced a treatise indifferently entitled "The Grand Repository of the English Language," or the "Ensklopedea Britanika." Requiring the caresses of married life, he took to him Miss Elliott, of Hexham, but neither she nor her one child made him happy, and he came to London. In Holborn he kept a stall, at one end of which he sold "saloop," and at the other had a board stating that he retailed books in numbers. After this many of his publications were dated from "The Hive of Liberty, No. 8 Little Turnstile, High Holborn." Among them was one of the strangest periodicals ever issued from the press—"One Pennyworth of Pig's Meat, or Lessons for the People, alias (according to Burke) the Swinish Multitude. Published in Penny Numbers weekly. Collected by the Poor Man's Advocate (an old, persecuted Veteran in the cause of Freedom) in the course of his reading for more than twenty years." This was carried on from 1793 to 1795;¹ and on January 5 of the latter year the *Morning Chronicle* contained a letter showing that abundant attempts had been already made to prosecute him in respect of it. For more than seven months he stated he had been confined; four times he had been dragged from his business by runners and messengers, thrice indicted before grand juries, twice had true bills been found against him, thrice had he

¹ In 1794 a work of yet more unsavoury title was aimed at by prosecution—the "Hog's Wash" of Daniel Isaac Eaton.

been lodged in prison for different periods, and once put to the bar, yet never once convicted. Worse luck both in matrimony and authorship—those perennial cradles of capacity and fear—was in keeping. For Spence adds to that eccentric batch of persons who have married maids—hapless their destiny, piquant their charms—from a doorstep. Carrying a parcel of No. 1 of "The World turned Upside Down," he perceived a pretty girl cleaning the steps of a gentleman's house, asked her whether she was disposed to marry, and was accepted on the spot. Alas! his wife had been moved but by jealousy of an inconstant swain, who proved too conscious of the duty of reconciliation to suffer variety in the status of his beloved to balk it. Nor was the matron content with that adventure, but, sailing to the West Indies with an unstable captain, broke conjugal joys for a term of years. Yet so passionate was this curiously initiated love that the philosopher received his returned wife with adoration, and only after intolerable wrongs pensioned her off. No wonder it such treatment raised feelings less urbane which required an outlet in literary warmth. Unhappily the public is callous to domestic circumstances, and Sir Edward Law, Attorney-General, found it necessary in 1801 to file an injunction against the author of "The Restorer of Society to its Natural State"—a natural state so cruelly exemplified in his own surroundings—for which Lord Kenyon and a special jury adjudged that society in its polished condition required the satisfaction of £50, with twelve months' imprisonment of its would-be disturber. Still there was the hope of posthumous compensation. It was realised. His numerous disciples gathered round their perished master, distributed appropriate medallions to his honour, and caused the funeral pageantry to be preceded by a huge pair of scales, typical of the dispensation of justice Thomas Spence had founded.

The influence of Napoleon was seen at work throughout the Continental press in modes much more direct than the casting about with ridicule of the speculative timidity of the British House of Commons. Not only was there that utter abandonment of any guidance of public opinion which culminated so farcically in the announcements, ingeniously graduated, describing on March 9 and 10, 1815, how the cannibal had escaped from his den and the Corsican ogre had landed at Cape Juan, and on the 21st and 22nd how the Emperor was at Fontainebleau, and his Imperial and Royal Majesty had with acclamation made his entrance into the palace of the Tuileries; but there was downright and unscrupulous suppression of whatever was adverse, with very little care from what

part of the world it had issued. Borne aloft on the shield of magnificent deeds, which need magnificent comment, he was too astute not to see that the vast waste attendant on glory might overlap his supporters, blinding their eyes to splendour, and awaking their consciousness to burden. Imagine, then—or is it not more true that, throbbing with praise, he was attuned to a sphere so celestial, but so hollow, that the thin wave of resonance from the cry of the land tracked out not a fissure, but shattered the form—threatening not perfection, but life? Imagine, then, what sanctity the law of nations, or the law of individual liberty, had for this minion of power. Yet sometimes his swoop was not too overwhelming to admit of romance. So at least it was in one case. I mean in 1809; when the *corpus delicti*, in a state of manufacture, was a pamphlet describing his policy, forsooth, as ambitious, to which indignation gave rapid touches in the hands of a certain citizen of Leipsic. Fouché immediately set his emissaries at work; the man's house was stripped, but nothing found. This, however, was learnt—that he had been visited a few days earlier by a friend, one Herr Schustler, who lived in the outskirts of Prague, and numbered among his weaknesses a particular attachment to women. It was immediately discerned that the manuscript had passed to this friend, and as immediately decided to detach one of the nymphs of the "Cytherian Cohort" to rescue it. Assuming the name of Madame Saulnier, the beautiful spy established herself opposite her prey's house. A day or two had but passed before she ascertained that it was his periodic habit to ride into the town, and had planned to meet him on his homeward journey. Providing herself and her servant with a couple of horses, as soon as she descried her man at a distance, pretending to be wearied with the heat, she alighted, and reclined on the grassy turf by the roadside, with the bridle of her horse dangling on her arm, and her veil, with luxurious negligence, drawn over her face. As if alarmed by the sound of his carriage, she sprang up with the semblance of fear. The horse, unconscious of his mistress's design, was seasonably restless, and the gallant Herr Schustler had in a moment leapt from his carriage and run to her aid. Magic moment, when, with the predisposing glow of generosity, the enchantress lifted her veil! The German was lost, the more utterly that, with charmingly assumed modesty, his captor allowed it to be learnt that she was his near neighbour. To complete all, as it seemed, early on the morrow the gallant called. The charms of voice and music drew from him the confession that he could not live without her. Here surely was the moment of triumph. But it was not; for the corruptress who had succeeded as a woman, as a

woman succumbed. She felt an admiration, new in experience to her, for the man she was sent to inveigle ; and after tampering with love and the duty bribery had set through three weary, brilliant months, she received at the altar, her mission unwrought, the hand of the man she should have seduced. However, a wife has opportunities. Seeming to have casually learnt of the misfortune of her husband's friend, she found that her husband had indeed received the fatal manuscript, but on the first intimation of the seizure had consigned it to the flames.

It is noteworthy that Napoleon, so bitter an opponent of the freedom of the press, was in youth himself, in a way more trivial perhaps in fact than reminiscence—so strange is the distinction that accrues to demeanour in reflexive aspects—the subject of censure. When fourteen, in writing to his family, he chanced to use terms disrespectful to the King. According to the practice of the school, the letter was submitted to his superior, who, noticing the offensive passage, extemporised a suitable lecture and insisted on the document being burnt. Long afterwards, in 1802, the professor was commanded to attend a levée, in order to receive a pupil, when, good-humouredly, the First Consul reminded his old tutor how times had changed since this episode of his boyhood. Revision of the work of English kings has sometimes occurred in the fulness of life under circumstances less pleasant. It was so, for instance, with James II. He had quitted England for the Court of Louis XIV. on December 23, 1688. On March 12 in the following year he chose to arrive at Dublin, and was so far justified as to be received with blazing bonfires and the customary symbols of a noisy pomp. A fortnight later a proclamation was issued for assembling a parliament, and early in May those that heeded the summons were addressed by the Abdicator at the King's Inn. The inaugurating speech claimed the championship of liberty of conscience for James—a very good principle, on the strength of which the mock parliament sat till July 20. "The whole of its proceedings," says a writer in the *Dublin University Magazine* for 1843, "were subsequently declared null and void, and the Acts passed by it were burned. They had been printed at His Majesty's printing-house, Ormond Quay, and at the College Arms in Castle Street. But great pains were taken to destroy the original editions of the Acts ; and while such as were found were burnt in the Castle Chamber, the imposition of any others subjected the offender to a penalty of £500. It is said that one only—the Act for raising £20,000—is in existence, and that is to be found in the King's Inn Library." From an entry in the Lords' Journals for November 7,

1745, it appears that others of the Stuarts suffered similar contemptuous treatment. Two certain papers signed "James R.," and four signed "Charles P. R.," were, we read, directed to be burnt by the common hangman at the Royal Exchange on Tuesday, November 12. Proclamations of about the time of the battle of Worcester, and, above all, James's Royal "Book of Sports," would show yet further instances.

But if pretenders to royalty have been pursued out of England, the representatives of English kings *de facto* have been sustained in foreign lands. In 1682, for example, the Count de Maiole's "History of the War of Holland," written in Italian, was suppressed at the instance of Lord Preston, the English Ambassador in Paris, because of the discoveries it made of transactions between the Courts of England and France about entering into the war and for carrying it on. A more conspicuous case—one, at least, more personal—connects itself with the Sir Dudley Carleton, whom we have already heard of as giving succour to the hapless Antonio de Dominis. The fact was that about January 1610 it became apparent in Holland that divisions between those who leaned to Calvinistic and those who leaned to Arminian views on questions of predestination, co-operation in grace, final perseverance, and other mighty and might-provoking doctrines, had reached an unpleasant climax. The Arminians had drawn up a statement in which they called themselves Remonstrants—a name destined to become fixed on them—and as they differed from the Contra-Remonstrants in points only which required very fine explanation, it was apparent that the battle, like all those fought on narrow strips of ground, must be fierce as that of Horatius, Chabrias, or Haring of Horn. And so, indeed, with occasional intermittances, it was till September 1617, when a new phase of the feuds was developed. The magistrates of Amsterdam (who sided with the Contra-Remonstrants) carefully raised this quarrel with the province of Holland, when to inflame it they hit on the capital expedient of proposing the holding of a National (before a Provincial) Synod. There were all sorts of resistances and replies, and the result was as unsettled as ever when, on October 6, Sir Dudley, the envoy of Great Britain, spoke on behalf of the holding of the Synod, and stoutly blamed the Remonstrants. The States of Holland thereupon made their answer, shelving the blame; and in November their designs were supported by the appearance of an anonymous pamphlet, called "The Balance or Scales," "as prepared to weigh that writing, which, whilst it defended the Remonstrants, handled the English envoy so freely." This pam-

phlet, subtly conceived, the envoy naturally resented. He even induced the States-General not only to forbid it "by placard," as proclamations were termed, but to promise a reward of a thousand guilders to any who should discover and convict the author, and of five hundred to any who should so deal with the printer, in whose behalf a pardon was offered as the price of betrayal of his employer's name. Now the deputies of the province of Holland had, as a matter of fact, fearful of this too vigilant service, issued orders for the "Balance's" suppression, but they scrupled at offering a reward, and were supported in this resistance by the deputies of Utrecht and Over-Yssel. Against the will of these provinces, the States-General showed intention of proceeding, and sought to issue a censure in the name of all the States. The Hollanders took a strong practical step, by forbidding their enemies' printer, Hillebrandt Jacobson van Won, to print the placard, and he, distressed by conflicting authorities, thought inactivity best. The other four provinces accordingly employed their own printers; and the general consequence was that the placard got about in some districts, but was in most towns disregarded, while at the same time the original pamphlet was translated into French and enjoyed a vigorous circulation. "Some," adds the Dutch historian, Gerrit Brandt, "took great pains to discover the author (who was Jacobus Taurinus, a minister of Utrecht), but at that time in vain; for such inquiries have seldom any success when they are made against the will of the magistrates and so great a part of the community." As for the English envoy, he blustered about the matter again some few weeks later, charging the author of the "Balance" with raising sedition; but then, recognising that the dignity of the Imperial Kingdom he served was satisfied by what, to eyes not diplomatic, must appear a pitiful pother, suffered the matter to drop.

Occasionally, very occasionally, pure literary ardour has resulted in governmental or municipal destruction of books. The bonfires which consumed on English soil now a work of Milton's, now one of Defoe's or Hobbes's, of Swift's or Steele's, may have been heaped the higher through those men's literary eminence; and prudery has slain its thousands. But it is seldom that there has been a parallel to the action of the canton of Uri, which, in honour of the dubious Tell, long held to be the mighty son of its contracted acres, ordered the burning of the pamphlet wherein the eldest son of Haller sought to show that that distinguished hero was a mythical growth, one stage of whose existence was portrayed by a Danish legend to be found in *Saxo Grammaticus*. No; it is rather against science, which has

threatened ever and anon to out-boom the reverberant siren voices of religion in their temporal and ecclesio-political aspects, that the halloos and horns of the censor have sounded. It must be confessed that in the echo that has met them too often has been discernible poverty of spirit, or else perhaps a misconception in philosophy that they that will not receive truth should not be allowed the chance of conquest against, not those who can receive it, but those that hold it.

Was it some such misconception that led Descartes, on hearing of the imprisonment of Galileo, to retard his treatise upon the system of the world? He clearly himself did little of which he was ashamed, or he would scarcely have written as he did to Père Mersenne, in a letter of November 19 or 20, 1633. He claims, he says, the position of a debtor in begging time just as the period for payment is arriving with respect to "Mon Monde," which three years since he had promised for New Year's Day, 1634. For, says he—and the point has interest not only as carrying some justification, but as showing the slowness with which intercommunication was effected two centuries and a half ago—I lately made inquiries of friends in Sweden and Amsterdam for the work of Galileo, which I understood had been published in Italy last year, that I might examine it before completing my own; whereupon I was advised that it had indeed been published, but that all the copies had been burnt and the author condemned in some penalty or other, "ce qui m'a si fort étonné que je me suis presque résolu de brûler tous mes papiers, ou de moins de ne les laisser voir à personne. Car je n'ay pu m'imaginer qu'un homme qui est Italien, et qui plus est très-bien-venu du Pape, à ce que j'apprens, ait pu être *criminalisé* pour autre chose que parce qu'il aura sans doute voulu établir le mouvement de la terre, que je sçay bien avoir été autrefois censuré par quelques cardinaux." No doubt; *qui bene latuit bene vixit*. All the same he did not escape. A fine was imposed, and his works also were ordered to be burned.

But however problematical is the justness of the connection of State with science through religion, it is indisputable that the affairs of Cabinets may raise cases which fitly lie well within its determinative and punitive province. Accordingly English history alone presents not one or two cases in which professed "secret memoirs" have been dragged somewhat austerely to the light. One of the most interesting of these, the circumstances of which have retained something of their mystery to this day, is a compilation of the year 1699, entitled, "Memoirs of Secret Service. By Matthew Smith." These memoirs consisted chiefly of letters from which it was made to appear that

Smith had given to the Duke of Shrewsbury early information of the assassination plot against William III.—the plot of which the public discovery was due partly to Fisher, a little to De La Rue, but chiefly to Pendergrass. This Smith, who thus placed the Duke in the odious light of a conspirator, was, says Macaulay, “a wretched spy”—a description to which exception cannot be taken. With some excess of emphasis, but with the advantage of becoming thereby able to draw a pretty parallel between Shrewsbury and Peterborough—Shrewsbury with “one of those minds in which the slightest scratch may fester to the death;” and Peterborough with “one of those minds of which the deepest wounds heal and leave no scar”—he adds that the contents of the memoirs which bear Smith’s name constituted “a foul calumny” beyond the doubt of any one who has examined the evidence. He gives, however, no intimation that there has been dispute whether the “wretched spy” was the author of the opprobrious volume. In this it is difficult to say he is not right. It would have lent dramatic interest, of which the noble historian would not have failed to avail himself, to attach weight—where weight indeed cannot reasonably be attached, the tacit acceptance of a contrary doctrine by bibliographers notwithstanding—to an assertion in the “Memoirs of Secret Service of John Macky;” for in these memoirs are drawn those “characters of the Court of Great Britain,” made famous by the pungent, racy, contemptuous, misanthropic marginalia of Dean Swift; and the assertion of one of them gives the authorship to this very Earl of Peterborough, though allowing him the assistance of Dr. Davenant. It is hardly so clear that the composition—the mere secretarial work and arrangement—was not a product of the facetious Tom Brown, whose memory (loth one is to say it) by no means tells anything which prevails against the likelihood of his compliance with a scheme which brought guineas to his pocket, wit to the aid of his employers, and disrepute to a man of a sensitive conscience. However, it must be allowed that Smith was either clumsy enough, generous enough, or well enough paid to draw the whole blame on himself. He was originally laid hold of during the progress of the investigation of Sir George Barclay’s plot. “I was taken up,” says he piteously, “by a messenger at midnight in my lodgings, and my papers seized. But Providence (for I can think it no less) put it into my head to show the messenger proofs of my correspondence with the Secretary’s office, which convinced the fellow that he was under a mistake, there being another gentleman of the same name hard by, to whose house he immediately went and broke it open, and took the gentleman (who might well be surprised at such a visit) into custody. This gave me

time to secure those original letters, for which the messenger came as well as for me. The next morning the gentleman was set at liberty and the error of the messenger corrected, and I again taken up. After which I was severely examined as a new-found traitor." The severe examination did not result in anything immediately formidable. He was forbidden the Court, but retained in sufficient toleration to be either thought worth sending out of the country, or to be genuinely employed through Arnold of the Lower House in the dirtier part of Government work in Holland. Finding his pay irregular he returned. This was not well. The Duke of Shrewsbury had long written a letter to the Lords in his own defence; and on this Smith or Brown published "Remarks." Upon December 7, 1699, Smith was accordingly ordered to be brought before the Lords; on the 11th he was voted guilty of breach of privilege; on the 15th a petition of his was met by a resolution that his "Remarks" were false and scandalous, and must be burnt by the hand of the common hangman in the Old Palace Yard, Westminster, on the following Monday; on the 18th a Committee was appointed, greatly with an eye to him, to examine the Journals for precedents of punishment; and on the following day the culprit was committed a prisoner to the Gatehouse at Westminster, where he stayed a considerable time.

Some pleasant occurrences, chiefly at times more sanguinary than those in which Smith was forced by his double policy to make half-hearted use of his bafflement of the midnight messenger, would reward the patience of any one prepared to follow in the track of Imperial swords—tales of rescue and escape, of extraordinary presence of mind, or drollest misconception. Morlot, a French printer, received relief as accidental as any one. About 1649 he had allowed the author of the "*Custode du Lit de la Reine*"—the Regent, Anne of Austria—to send his libellous work to his press. He was apprehended, and conducted under good escort to a "petit local." Thence he issued only on the day fixed for his execution. Chance was that that very day a riot broke out, the Hussars who formed Morlot's *cortège* were dispersed as if by magic, and the condemned was at large. Superfluous to say, he renounced typography.

Some perhaps may judge that to the sharp external check of fate nobility belongs—from reflected or "applied" higher design. But of original right nobility belongs by universal suffrage to intense fixity in meeting fate. Nobility of the latter kind would seem to have become no more extinct on British territory within the last half-century, than nobility of the former kind was in France just two centuries before. What confirmations of this there are, who can

tell? Here is one. After John Mitchel had been sentenced to fourteen years' transportation for the publication of two articles inciting to treason in the *United Irishman*, it was determined that other journals should be begun to take its place. Within two weeks from the trial there was accordingly started the *Irish Tribune*, of which Kevin Izod O'Doherty was jointly editor with Richard Dalton Williams, the "Shamrock" of the *Nation*. The first number was dated June 10, 1848. Again, just two weeks later, commenced another revolutionary organ, the *Irish Felon*, over which John Martin, who had hitherto been marked out by no desperate resistance of English policy, assumed the control. Before the middle of July the Government thought sufficient had been done to justify the compulsory appeal of the *Tribune* to the people, and the effective arrest of the *Felon's* career. So the police were ordered forcibly to stop the sale of the papers by vendors in the streets, to break open the offices, to seize types, presses, and books. More; warrants were issued for the capture of all the editors—O'Doherty, Williams, Martin, Duffy of the *Nation* with them. Duffy was released, Martin convicted, Williams acquitted; and this was the tale of Kevin O'Doherty. Before his "Young Ireland" journalism, while receiving the fit education of a Dublin medical student, he had made suit to a lady of Galway, Miss Eva Mary Kelly, whose revolutionary tendencies had already budded and shown fruit in the patriotic songs contributed above the signature of "Eva" to the *Nation*. Now Kevin's luck was to be sent first to Newgate, then on August 10 to be arraigned at the bar of Green Street Court-house on the charge of treason-felony. The jury disagreed. A second jury was empanelled, and a second jury disagreed. The day before his third arraignment he was offered a virtual pardon if he would plead guilty. He was under great tension. He sent for Eva. "It may seem," said he, "as if I did not feel the certainty of losing you, perhaps for ever, but I don't like this idea of pleading guilty. Say, what shall I do?" "Do?" was the response, "why, be a man, and face the worst; I'll wait for you, however long the sentence may be." Next day Kevin was sentenced to ten years' transportation. Eva was allowed to see him once more. "Be you faithful!" whispered she; "I'll wait." And she did. There was some solace in calling in really expressive verse upon the people to acknowledge her intense faith in the lover of his country and of her; but more in the period of testing being cut short. He had sailed out to Van Diemen's Land in November 1849, and after full five years he was set at liberty, on condition of his residing "anywhere out of the United Kingdom." He went to

Paris; but by one short, snatched visit to Ireland he risked the breach of the condition. It was to land at Kingstown. In two days Eva was his bride. In 1856 the pardon granted to the exile was made unconditional. Ireland was now once more visited, degrees in medicine taken, and practice set up successfully. Some years afterwards man and wife sailed for Sydney, and made their home in Brisbane. In 1877 the Hon. Kevin Izod O'Doherty accepted a seat in the Legislative Council.

These are some of the more romantic episodes in the history of the suppression of books. In England the day of burning books by the common hangman has passed. The list, disregarded as it has been by students both of history and literature, certainly reached to a length little short of four hundred items. But the widely interpretable terms of blasphemy, indecency, and seditiousness are causes of suppression certainly not inactive either among us or on the Continent. The condemnation of M. Léon Taxil's novel, "*Les Amours Secrets de Pie Neuf*," at Montpellier; the burning of the Gospels at Barcelona; the confiscation of a translation of the "*Decamerone*" at Berlin; the prohibition of "*Laferte's*" or the Princess Dolgorouki's "*Alexandre II.: Détails inédits de sa Vie intime et sur la Mort*," at St. Petersburg; the dismissal of Mr. Joynes by Mr. Hornby from Eton; the seizure of the *Kerry Sentinel* at Tralee—these and many other instances which crowd almost within a year show that the hand of the censor has not lost its cunning to grasp. Whether in this there be a shock to liberty, politicians, and they whose interests should be represented by them, have it alike in power and in duty to decide.

MID-WINTER ON THE GANGES.

LEAVING Southampton on a grey wintry day, we reached Calcutta in time for a pleasant social Christmas, amid flowers and sunlight; and a few days later we started on our journey up country, never halting till we reached the ancient city of Moorshe-dabad. There we left the railway, and were ferried across the Bhagarithi, a tributary of the Ganges. Following its course for some miles, a beautiful moonlight drive brought us to the English settlement in the town of Berhampore, where kind friends welcomed us to their pleasant home.

We did such justice to our new quarters that the sun was up, and our host miles away, pursuing his morning work, before we awoke to share the charming *chota házeri*, the Indian "little breakfast," of coffee and fragrant fruits.

Then looking out, we saw signs of military life, which reminded us that this station is said to have been the cradle of mischief, which resulted in the massacre at Meerut, and the terrible story of 1857. Here it was that the 19th Bengal Native Infantry, having been found guilty of mutinous conduct, was disarmed and disbanded. Strange to say, however, no further evil resulted in this place.

And very calm and peaceful it all seemed now as I sat in the pleasant verandah, sketching some fine old india-rubber trees in the garden. They have the same growth of stem as the banyan—*i.e.* very much divided into small stems, round one parent mass; the leaves thick and glossy. Then we adjourned to an open summer-house, looking down on the broad, blue river, the Bhagarithi, from the wooded banks of which peep temples and tombs innumerable. The weather was perfect, like a calm English summer, scarcely a leaf quivering in the still, sunlit air.

After a while we started to explore some of the tombs, and had a first experience of elephant-riding; clambering up by a ladder, then holding on during the terrific convulsion when the good old beast (who had knelt down to facilitate our ascent) suddenly struggled to his feet again. I am not sure that elephant-riding ever becomes altogether a pleasure, but its discomforts vary greatly with the individual animal, some trudging smoothly along, others jolting hatefully.

The seats also vary much in the amount of purchase they afford. In the present instance we captured our grizzly hahti¹ unawares, and rode him quite in the rough, with only a pad, on which we sat poised, in fear and trembling.

Finding our position too precarious to be pleasant, our mahout (driver) bade his charge kneel, and so we clambered down again. The old man was, to our eyes, well-nigh as great a curiosity as his charge; his grey beard, and hair and eyelashes, contrasting so strangely with the dark brown of his loose wrinkled skin.

Having rowed across the river, a walk through deep sand at last brought us to the tomb, where, shadowed by grand old trees and fair white flowers, rest the evil ashes of Sarajah Dowla, the amiable inventor of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

I think I scarcely need remind you of that story; how, in the year 1756, this powerful Nawaub, at the head of a large army, attacked the English garrison of three hundred men, who alone defended the "English Factory," which, standing in a marshy jungle, then represented the Calcutta of the present day. After a gallant defence the Factory was captured, and a hundred and forty-six prisoners immured in a dungeon eighteen feet square, with only one opening for air, and this, in the stifling heat of a burning Indian summer—a space too small for the confinement of even one European.

The horrors of that night may be imagined: the piteous cries for mercy; the vain struggles to burst open the door; the prayers for water; the mad despair in which at last the captives fought with and trampled on one another in the agonising effort to reach the window; entreating the guards to fire on them and end their torture. The fiends watched them from the window, and replied to their prayers with shouts of laughter. When the morning broke, and the Nawaub called for the prisoners, the soldiers had to pile up the dead to make way for the living to escape. Only twenty-three, more dead than alive, had survived those hours of indescribable horror, and were transferred to wretched sheds and fed with grain and water; some loaded with irons. As to the dead, their burial admitted of no delay, so a great pit was dug into which one hundred and twenty-three bodies were flung, and hidden out of sight.

Those deaths were swiftly avenged, when, in the battle of Plassy, Clive, with a force of three thousand men, utterly routed the Nawaub's army of sixty thousand, who fled, leaving guns, camp baggage, and a legion of cattle to the victors, who thus, in fact, became masters of the land, where, hitherto, they had only dwelt on sufferance.

¹ *Hahti*, elephant.

Immediately after this victory Fort William was built at Calcutta. The Black Hole long continued in use as part of a warehouse, but was at length demolished. Many other stories are current of Sarajah Dowla's amiable propensities; one of the least horrible tells how he caused boats to be filled with men and then sank them in mid-stream, that he, sitting in his black marble palace, might watch their drowning agonies.

We returned home by boat, in the moonlight. Several dead Hindoos floated past us. Vultures innumerable and tall adjutants were quarrelling over every such delicious morsel that drifted ashore, while countless frogs, foxes, jackals, and hyenas blended their voices in one sweet chorus, screaming, croaking, barking, baying, yelling. The piercing shrieks and yells of the latter are about the most unearthly sound imaginable, but one to which we soon got accustomed; a hungry pack of jackals often careering past our very door, or venturing almost into the verandah. Sometimes they do creep in, and hide in the houses, when they are detected by their fox-like smell. They rarely bite unless molested. Nevertheless, there are many stories of their carrying away children from the native huts.

These poor wretches are strangely utilised. I was sitting one day among the tall plantains in the garden, sketching an old bullock-well, and could not think why men were continually coming past with dead pariah dogs and jackals, till I found they were being buried at the roots of the vines to enrich the grapes! That well, by the way, was very near becoming the scene of a little tragedy; for as I rose suddenly to watch a glorious red sunset, I kept unconsciously stepping backward, till, literally, I almost *felt* my foot stayed on the brink, in the very act of stepping down into the horrible blackness; not "the way home" that one would choose! It made me shudder all the evening to think what news that mail might have taken home.

These wells are a favourite means of suicide among Hindoo women, on the smallest pretext of any domestic quarrel. One magistrate told me that he had been tormented in his district by the multitude of such deaths, being convinced that deliberate murders were being committed at his very door, and yet baffling his powers of detection. At last he succeeded in fishing up one woman alive, and made sure of a full confession. So he promised her protection from all danger if she would betray her murderer, and was considerably taken aback when she indignantly denied having been thrown in, and said she had jumped in of her own free will. When questioned as to her reason for so doing, she replied that her husband

had declared she could not bake his chupatties properly, "and did the Sahib imagine that any woman would survive such an insult?" We have heard of certain Jewish rabbins who allow divorces on grounds so slight that they suffer an aggrieved husband to put away the wife who has only been so unfortunate as to let his soup be singed; but so deliberate a mode of "cutting off your nose to spite your face" as this Hindoo woman had devised to avenge herself on her lord, is certainly rather startling.

New Year's Eve found us encamped in a beautiful jungle at Dewan Serai; the Nawaub Nazim having got up a great wild boar hunt, to which he invited all the ladies in the neighbourhood, providing elephants on which we should accompany the beaters. Only two ladies were able to go, and were rewarded by a most delightful expedition. A long drive through well-wooded country showed us some fine old banyan trees, and sundry temples. We found the camp pitched under a large group of splendid old mango trees, and had our first experience of those luxurious Indian tents with the invariable black and yellow lining. One large central tent made a first-rate dining-room, where we did ample justice to good fare. Several members of the Calcutta Tent Club were present, mustering, in all, seventeen spears. The Nawaub himself was detained by illness until the last morning; his son, however, arrived in time for the sport.

Nothing can well be conceived more picturesque than such a camp as this, at night; the dark trees on every side—their glossy leaves reflecting the blue moonlight, and their great boles lighted up by the red camp fires, around which crouch all manner of native servants, in groups, according to their caste, with (or without) flowing drapery and bright turbans. Beyond the white tents of the Sahibs¹ are picketed their horses; and in the nullah below, the bullocks are drinking; while tall camels and great dark elephants, and bullock-carts, and brilliantly curtained native carriages (quaint little Ekkas) stand about in all directions, guarded by a multitude of camp followers, and more fires. And all this lies in vivid light and shadow, clear as day, only softened and made beautiful by the dreamy moonlight.

We sat at the door of our tents, and watched the Old Year out; and so 1869 came in, in a style to us altogether new, a foretaste of how we should spend very many of its nights. It was bitterly cold, however, and we were thankful to heap on all our warm clothes, and oh! so glad of thick worsted mittens. From the depths

¹ Gentlemen.

of the forest came the eerie cries of the jackals; and we tried to persuade ourselves that we could distinguish the bark of genuine *bonâ fide* wolves, which were said to be alarmingly on the increase in this province of Behar.¹

Next morning we were off betimes for a genuine day's "pig-sticking." It was a very pretty field. Fourteen elephants, each with several riders, formed in line, to beat the long grass. Of course, the gentlemen were mounted, ready to gallop in pursuit of any boars we started. All the morning we were on poor ground, and found

¹ The official returns of our War with Wild Beasts in British India are suggestive. Between the years 1875 and 1880 the numbers are as follow:—

Number of Persons Killed

	By Elephants	By Tigers	By Leopards	By Bears	By Wolves	By Hyenas	By other Wild Beasts	By Snakes
1875	61	828	204	84	1,061	68	2,015	17,070
1876	52	917	156	123	887	49	1,143	15,946
1877	46	819	200	85	564	24	1,180	16,777
1878	33	816	300	94	845	33	1,323	16,812
1879	38	698	277	121	492	28	1,270	17,388
1880	46	872	261	108	347	11	1,195	19,150

Number of Cattle Killed

	By Elephants	By Tigers	By Leopards	By Bears	By Wolves	By Hyenas	By other Wild Beasts	By Snakes
1875	6	12,423	17,098	529	9,407	2,118	3,489	3,166
1876	3	13,116	15,373	410	12,848	2,039	4,573	6,468
1877	23	16,137	14,488	999	11,934	1,590	5,081	2,945
1878	13	13,129	15,101	590	10,497	3,229	4,317	1,825
1879	53	14,257	17,670	941	12,224	2,378	5,615	1,874
1880	—	15,339	19,732	482	13,507	2,279	4,511	2,536

NUMBER OF WILD BEASTS DESTROYED IN THE SAME PERIOD.

	Elephants	Tigers	Leopards	Bears	Wolves	Hyenas	Other Wild Beasts	Snakes
1875	5	1,789	3,512	1,181	5,683	1,386	8,801	270,185
1876	4	1,693	3,786	1,362	6,976	1,585	8,053	212,371
1877	2	1,579	3,559	1,374	4,924	4,417	9,996	127,295
1878	1	1,493	3,237	1,283	5,067	1,202	10,204	117,958
1879	6	1,412	3,061	1,208	5,059	942	6,947	132,961
1880	3	1,680	3,047	1,100	4,243	1,215	3,589	212,776

only three pigs, two of which were slain ; not till one of them had shown fight, and severely cut one of the young Nawaub's horses. No one, whose ideas of pigs are limited to the common domestic animal, can have any notion of the amount of sport to be obtained from these wild boar of the jungles. Only rouse one of these gaunt, lean creatures from his lair in the tall grass, and he will dash through the thorniest hedges, spring broad ditches, tumble over, and scramble up again, and away he tears over the plain at a pace which will test the energies of the best horse in the field.

The object of each pursuer is to get the first spear, in other words, first draw blood. Sometimes a grim old tusker has pluck to turn, and charge his pursuer, and then the luckless steed may chance to get some ghastly cuts, before his grisly foe has yielded his life-blood to the rider's spear. When the brawny boar thus stands at bay, he is no mean antagonist, as he stands champing in his rage and covered with foam ; his savage little eye glittering and his sharp cutting tusks all ready for work ; and very nasty work he can do if only he can get the chance, as divers men, even Pucca Shikarees,¹ have ere now found to their cost. We heard of one officer in the Rifles, whose horse having been frightfully cut, threw his rider, leaving him at the mercy of the infuriated pig, which literally cut him from head to heel, inflicting upwards of fifty wounds ere his comrades came up to his rescue.

At midday we halted for tiffin, beneath the cool broad shadow of a clump of mango trees, and a very pleasant picnic it was, to all except the young Nawaub, who was keeping the rigid fast of Ramazan, and from sunrise till sunset could neither eat, drink, nor smoke. Even at sunset, he only allowed himself a cup of tea and a bit of bread, content to wait till his return to Moorshedabad at midnight for a more solid repast.

After tiffin our road lay through most exquisite jungle ; chiefly masses of tall feathering bamboos, and glossy plantains with their immense leaves. When we came to clumps so thick that we could not get through, the elephants deliberately broke off branch by branch, till they had made an opening high enough to clear our heads.

On reaching the grass again, we started eight boars in rapid succession, of which seven were speared. The luckless pigs made wonderfully good running, and showed fight moreover, and more than one horse was terribly cut. The excitement was tremendous, but the fun soon changed to grief, for one fast and furious charge

¹ First-class sportsmen,

resulted in a list of casualties so serious as to bring the day's sport to a sudden close. Two men were down, with their horses, one rolling over with the pig, the poor brute already having two spears in him. Worse than all, one rider lay helpless in agony, his horse having rolled over him. He feared his hip was crushed. Mercifully it proved to be a broken rib and a dislocated ankle, but this was not known till next day, when a doctor arrived. Meanwhile, his friends improvised a litter, and carried him slowly back to camp. It was late before the torch-lit procession came in; a very different scene from the morning start, and an anxious night for the watchers. As our fagged elephants slowly trudged campwards, we drearily agreed that hunting instincts were very imperfect, and (like our radicalisms) were mere theories that could not stand the test of practice!

So entirely upset were all our ideas, that none even thought of saving the boar's tusks, so the camp followers divided the spoil, as they always do; for though the Hindoos have nearly as great an abhorrence as the Mahommedans of tame pigs, they have no objection to wild boar; even Brahmins will sometimes eat this meat. They have a sacred hog, Baraha, under which form Vishnu was once incarnate, and raised the earth from the depths of ocean on his tusks. I suppose for his sake they make this honourable distinction. The English never seem to think of tasting wild pig, though it must be precisely the same as Westphalian hams, which are so highly prized.

Next morning the Nawaub arrived in person, but his son did not return. His Highness is reported to have about forty children; and wives without number. It is said that his burial ground contains a long border of infant Nawaubs, whose untimely deaths have been the occasion of much lamentation.

Thinking we had had enough of pig-sticking, the feminine element forsook the camp. Our route lay farther up-country, so we had to return to the railway, our next halt being at Allahabad, which involved about thirty-five hours of consecutive travelling. A liberal supply of champagne, *pâté de foie gras*, and such good things had been sent with us (we were a party of three), so we had a merry supper, and a sound sleep, notwithstanding the exceeding cold. We were nevertheless very grateful to a Scotchman, who brought hot coffee at daybreak to his unknown countrywomen.

We passed the great coal mines at Raneegunge, which extend right under the bed of the Domooder, a rapid, impetuous torrent, liable to wild floods; its stream is now bridged by a stately viaduct. The country seemed to become more and more dusty as we proceeded;

all the green rice fields lay behind us, and everything looked dry and parched. The air was intensely still, and the hot sunshine seemed to make even the birds heavy of wing. We noted that along the horizon lay a dull brassy red cloud, which was gradually rising. It was a dust-storm rapidly sweeping over the plain. As it approached, the trees were violently tossed and shaken, the ground strewn with the yellow blossoms of the sweet babool tree, branches were torn off; in fact, it was a tremendous squall. In another moment we found ourselves in almost total darkness, by reason of the vast mass of floating sand, which was being blown along by the fury of the gale. We had quickly shut every window, yet in it came, so that we were half smothered. These storms are very destructive to houses; so rapidly does the eddying whirlwind approach, that there is hardly time for the precaution of shutting doors, windows, and shutters, and in some cases the very roofs have been torn off.

We reached Allahabad at midnight, and here another cordial Scotch welcome awaited me. How pleasant to find blazing fires and hot tea, to say nothing of the very unexpected luxury of a hot bottle in bed! Could this really be India? I had to send for a tailor next day to manufacture extra flannels! At the same time he had to make a white cover for my umbrella, as even my thick sun-hat was insufficient for safety when exposed to the sun's rays. Even in the daytime one step makes all the difference from extreme freshness of the shade into the pleasant but dangerous sunshine, and after nightfall the air is, in the winter months, decidedly chilly.

We were now for the first time living in a real Indian bungalow, with high thatched roof and pillared verandah. It had, however, a few special features of its own. Here my host held his magisterial court or cutchery, with his staff of moonshees (writers) and native police. Beneath the broad shade of the neeme and tamarind trees waited the crowd of witnesses, those who came from afar having divers quaint carriages; there they sometimes sat for hours, smoking and devising how best to bamboozle the unfortunate magistrate, who, however, was happily gifted with perceptions too keen for the success of their little plots, and, guessing the truth by some intuition, would collect his mass of infinitesimal evidence with an acuteness which reminded me of those Australian trackers who, when searching for the body of a murdered man, suddenly, in the heart of the trackless bush, stopped, and picking up an ant, examined it minutely, and declared that it carried a minute atom of white man's flesh. They then watched, and saw other ants running in the contrary direction,

and, judging that these were making for the feast, followed, and sure enough found the body of him they sought!

These Indian bungalows of the plains are always built only in one story. The rooms are large and high, but not so high as the roof. The ceiling is merely a sheet of tightly stretched canvas, along which we can see little feet running, for the space between the ceiling and the thatch is the home of a multitude of lizards, grey squirrels, and divers other creatures. These Indian lizards are ugly little things, and the Mahommedans wage war against them, and call them "crab cheese," evil things, and vow they bite. This, however, is a mere excuse for killing them, from some preposterous belief that the lizard hangs its head in mimicry of their attitudes in worship. This, I think, is one of the few exceptions to the kindness with which all living creatures are treated—the Hindoos of course protecting all life—from the ever-present belief in transmigration, and the consequent conviction that every bird or beast may be animated by some spirit once human. At the same time it must be confessed that the manner in which wretched posthorses and waggon-bullocks are maltreated is beyond measure brutal. Nevertheless kindness to all living creatures is the general rule, so all manner of living things become tame, and scarcely move away at the approach of man.

One family of pretty grey birds is known as The Seven Sisters; it is a species of Minar which has adopted the number of perfection and always goes about in that company. These assemble outside the bath-rooms, along with the sparrows and the crows, well knowing the hour when the big wooden tubs will be emptied, and the water allowed to rush out, to freshen the roses. So the birds wait for their bath and drink.

Every bed-room has its own bath-room, with one corner built off by a little wall a foot high, to allow for the process of upsetting baths. Along this low wall stand a row of great round water-pots of red earthenware, and before daybreak a bheestie walks in with a skin of water just drawn from the well, and fills them all. They are literally round, like balls; so, to prevent their rolling over, there are either hollows in the clay wall, on which they stand, or else rings of straw. To lift them you must hold them by the round mouth, and very heavy they are. Here a castor-oil lamp is kept burning all night, as darkness is supposed to be alike favourable to thieves and creeping things, snakes and centipedes. It is astonishing how quickly your instinct teaches you to be on the watch for these.

For my own part, I had such a morbid terror of finding some creature curled up inside my slippers, that I always took the precau-

tion of keeping these under my pillow, and, as to stepping on the floor barefooted, that would have involved an amount of courage to which I could lay no claim ! more especially when the rooms are carpeted with that Indian grass matting of which sharp tiny points are for ever suggesting the presence of stinging creatures. The matting is sometimes made of grass, sometimes of bamboo, or a sort of papyrus which is split when green, and makes a smooth shiny flooring, always cool and clean.

In some of the older bungalows, the bath-rooms and verandahs are coated with chunam, which looks like cream-coloured polished marble. It is a sort of fine lime, made of burnt sea shells, and supposed to have been mixed with the white of eggs. The secret of its manufacture has however been lost, and no substitute has been found to compare with it.

Among the household pests especially dreaded, none entail more vigilant precautions than the destructive white ants, creatures no bigger than grains of living rice, whose armies work so swiftly and so silently, that, if left undisturbed for a day or two, they will completely destroy any woodwork to which they take a fancy ; and although, from their love of working in darkness, they will not touch the outer surface, but leave a most respectable exterior, a touch will soon betray the hollow sham, and prove that nothing remains beneath so fair a show but crumbling dust. So strong is their aversion to light that, as a general rule, it is sufficient safeguard merely to raise each box or article of furniture on such a stand as shall allow a free current of air beneath it. A couple of bricks or empty wine bottles laid like rollers are all that is needed ; also, to avoid close contact with the wall. Wherever these busy workers make their way, they form secure tunnels for their own safety, of hard mortar as solid as stone ; sometimes so entirely filling up the woodwork which they have hollowed, that it becomes a more solid structure than before, though of a different material. Pictures have sometimes been thus dealt with, and mirrors, when fastened to the walls, their wooden framework and back being entirely eaten away all but the thinnest external crust, while the glasses remain strongly cemented to the wall itself.

Countless are the annoyances consequent on books and papers being thus destroyed—indeed, goods of all sorts. One tradesman told me he had received a large supply of English goods one day, and unpacked them in the evening. One single night they lay on the ground, and next morning were literally reduced to powder. He showed me his door, apparently of good strong timber, which, however, crumbled at a touch, utterly destroyed ; and the worst of it

is that once they attack a house there is no limit to their devastations, nor any means of knowing which rafter or door-post will next give way. We happily escaped any serious damage from these tiny hidden foes, though sometimes a little ridge of hard earthy cement, running along a door or wall, would mark where they were beginning to tunnel a dark covered way for future operations, thus giving timely warning to experienced eyes. Another race of ants which sometimes proved troublesome are the little red fellows, which attack an ill-cured plume or any such pleasant article of food, and reduce it to very small fragments indeed. But the creatures that gave us the most trouble (chiefly in the hills) were the lovely little silvery fish-insects, never exceeding an inch in length, in form just like a little fairy fish, with several minute legs near the head. They chiefly delight in unwashed muslin and paper of all sorts, and their ravages were really without end. Any book left undisturbed on a shelf, any box left unopened for a few days, was sure to be detected by these beautiful innocent-looking silvery creatures, whom it seems so cruel to kill, but who, nevertheless, are so terribly destructive. One day, on unfolding a new muslin square, I found it absolutely riddled with holes bitten clean out by these sharp invisible teeth, and on inspecting the case where it had lain, I captured fully a hundred of these mischievous little beauties, of every size, down to a mere pin's point.

Of larger creatures, not mischievous, none delighted me so much as the little grey squirrels, which make their home in every corner of the thatch and in every old tile on the roof of the gardeners' sheds. They are the loveliest little creatures, darting in and out in the sunshine. Sometimes I have seen one dart up to my side and carry off a scrap of biscuit or bread, and sit nibbling it in delight till the great saucy crows, with the grey necks, came to snatch it from him. Their impudence knows no bounds. I have often seen them carry off bread from a child's hands, if she chanced to turn her head the other way, to the great amazement of the poor wee woman. And constantly twenty or thirty would come close round the verandah to see whether the large Angora cat could spare any of her breakfast. The cat, in her turn, would sit watching for the entrance of the Kitmutgars (table servants), whose bare feet were a source of great delight to her; so she would spring out suddenly and make a dive at them, to the great discomfiture of the owners, who, however, have rather a weakness for cats, and are invariably kind to them.

The excellence of these men as waiters is astonishing. They are so very attentive; so quick and watchful. There is one thing, however, which the Eastern mind cannot master—namely, the propriety

of helping ladies before gentlemen, a homage to the sex which they seem determined never to remember. It is, however, necessary for every one to have a servant to himself, as they have no notion of foraging for any but their own master, so that if you intend dining out you must merely mention the fact, and on reaching your friend's house, will find your servant there ready to attend to you. Possibly your host may not be provided with a sufficient quantity of plate, in which case his head-man will send word to yours, that certain things are required. Should you recognise your own crest, you are not supposed to make any comment thereon, as probably *your* butler may have occasion to borrow in his turn. But after such joint entertainments the kitmutgars have a very solemn division of silver and counting of spoons. Though all alike are dressed in white, a variety of livery is marked by the pattern and colour of waist-scarf and of the peculiar flat hat, which they adopt in lieu of turban.

The only exception to the rule of having to be attended by your own servants is at the table of the Governor-General, where no outsiders are admitted. The servants at Government House are altogether clothed in scarlet, having a shield worked on the breast, bearing the royal arms in gold and colours, and a very gorgeous set of attendants they are—notwithstanding their bare brown feet. It must be confessed that an ordinary English dinner-table does look dull and colourless for lack of these varied ingredients.

Among the peculiarities of supply for Indian tables are the Mutton Clubs, when four families agree to have their mutton properly fed on *gram*, and killed and quartered, each family in turn getting the head and feet. This arrangement is due to the fact that no meat will keep in the hot weather. Being the sole means of supply, it is edifying to behold joints of the same animal alternately appearing with and without mint sauce, and diversified with the titles of mutton or lamb! Gram is the grain on which cows, horses, goats, and all domestic animals are fed, as are also the natives themselves; consequently the animals are supposed sometimes to be defrauded of their allowance. When such suspicion is afloat, the creatures are brought up to the Sahib's house and made to feed in his presence. To the new comer it is somewhat startling at first to see this odd muster for meals in front of the verandah. The objection to "bazaar-fed mutton" *versus* "gram-fed," is that the former is always tough, and is supposed to have fed on all manner of rubbish. The same idea applies to the rich creamy milk of the buffalo, which certainly is an unclean feeder. It is, in fact, a mere scavenger, and will eat any offal it finds. There is certainly no

reason why it should not be fed as carefully as a cow ; however, the prejudice exists, and though the cream and butter are alike good (only very white in colour), no European will make use of them. It is one of the many proofs of the bliss of ignorance and the folly of prying into culinary antecedents !

Speaking of milk, the Indian cows have an intense antipathy to losing sight of their calves, which consequently are always brought into the maternal presence at milking hours ; the Gwaliors (cowmen) declare that the cows will hold their milk if this is not done, so, should the real calf die, they stuff the skin with straw, and allow her to lick that ; which she does with perfect satisfaction.¹

This phase of maternal tenderness did not fail to attract the notice of the early Aryan poets. One of the hymns in the Rig Veda addressed to the Maruts or Storm-gods begins by comparing two rivers rushing down from the Himalayas to the sea to two white cows longingly hastening to lick their calves.

The change from the fresh greenness of Lower Bengal, where the whole air seemed scented with the fragrant wild Babool trees, to the dried-up country round Allahabad (and indeed all the North-west Provinces) was positively startling. Thick layers of white dust, inches deep, lay everywhere. The rains had proved a delusion, and it was said that in the previous twelvemonth there had literally been only two wet days. Consequently famine was imminent, and daily prayers for rain were offered, not only in the churches, but in all the temples, and still there was no sign of its coming, though every day as we looked at the grey, almost English sky, with soft fleecy clouds, some deluded being would say, "Why ! I do believe it is going to rain !" Once or twice half a dozen drops did manage to fall, as though some angel had shaken a dewy wing above the parched city, and then the temples began to beat tomtoms and to rejoice aloud ; but they soon found out their mistake, and renewed their prayers for the blessing so long withheld. Even then famine-stricken wretches were coming in from the country seeking food, and in truth it is difficult to imagine how life could be sustained on less than the regular allowance of these poor creatures—a little rice and pulse, nothing more.

And all this time the Mahommedans were keeping their rigid fast of Ramazan and growing daily leaner and more lean. At length the fast was over and the festival of the Buckra Eed followed, when goats are killed and eaten sacramentally in remembrance of the sacrifice of

¹ Just the same thing used to be always done in Scotland, and the sham calf was called a tulchan. Hence the term Tulchan Bishops, by which the Covenanters designated those bishops who were foisted on them against their will.

Ishmael on Mount Ararat by his father Abraham, which was duly averted by a Heaven-sent goat. Then the whole Mahomedan male population arrayed itself in fair linen, with gorgeously embroidered waist-scarfs and turbans, and went forth to worship in the mosques (or Musjids as they are called in India), and thence came to visit some grand old tombs in the Kooshroo Bagh, where we were sketching : so we surveyed them at our leisure. Bagh means garden, and here four tombs, each the size of a great church, mark the resting-place of the Rajah of the Glad Face, and his wife, brother, and friend. The tombs are beautifully carved buildings, crowned with a great dome. They are still shadowed by some very fine old tamarind trees, though the finest specimens of these trees, unequalled for size and beauty, were cut down a very few years ago, by order of some tasteless and senseless magistrate. There were formerly beautiful avenues of these trees all round the town, but these likewise have disappeared before the insatiable thirst for "improvements," and sorely their want is now felt along those broad dusty roads.

Outside the Kooshroo Gardens is a large caravanserai, formerly a great halting place for caravans, and crowded with camels, elephants, and bullocks ; but the omnivorous railway has absorbed so much of the traffic that the travellers who now rest here are few and far between. But there is still a picturesque bazaar beneath the trees, with great gates on either side, and a deep, cool well, where the women come to draw water and rest awhile beneath the great Peepul tree.

The principal gateway here is thickly studded with horseshoes of every size and make. There are hundreds of them nailed all over the great gates, doubtless the offerings of many a wayfarer who has long since finished his earthly pilgrimage. We could not find out what was the exact idea connected with this custom—probably much the same notion of luck as we attach to finding a horseshoe (especially one with the old nails still in their place !) We afterwards noticed that the sacred gates of Somnath, preserved in the Fort at Agra, are similarly adorned. It reminded us of that curious old manorial right still kept up at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, where every peer of the realm is bound, the first time he enters the town, to present a horseshoe to be nailed on the old portal, which is well-nigh covered with these lordly tributes. It is said that in case any contumacious peer should refuse to pay this tax, the authorities have a right to stop his carriage and levy their black-mail by unshoeing one of the horses. To avert so serious an annoyance, the tribute-shoe is generally ready, some being of enormous size, and inscribed with the name of

the donor. Whether these eastern horseshoes were taxes or offerings I cannot tell; but it certainly is very curious to observe how widespread is the superstitious reverence attached to this particular form.

It has been suggested, and apparently with some reason, that in ancient pagan times it may have been a recognised symbol in serpent-worship, and hence may have arisen its common use as a charm against all-manner of evil. The resemblance is obvious, more especially to that species of harmless snake¹ which is rounded at both ends, so that head and tail are apparently just alike. The creature moves backwards or forwards at pleasure; hence the old belief that it actually had two heads and was indestructible, as even when cut into two parts it was supposed that the divided heads would seek one another, and re-unite. It stands to reason that in a snake-worshipping community such a creature would be held in high reverence. Even in Scotland, various ancient snake-like bracelets and ornaments have been found which seem to favour this theory; and at a very early period both snakes and horseshoes seem to have been engraven as symbols on sacred stones. We hear of the latter having been sculptured, not only on the threshold of old London houses, but even on that of ancient churches in various parts of Britain. And in the present day we all know the idea of luck connected with finding one, and how constantly they are nailed up on houses, stables, and ships, as a charm against witchcraft. In Scotland—all parts of England and Wales—and especially in Cornwall (where not only on vans and omnibuses, but sometimes even on the grim gates of the old gaols), we may find this curious trace of ancient superstition. Whatever may have been its origin, it certainly is remarkable that it should survive both in Britain and in Hindoostan.

¹ The *Amphis Bœna*, which much resembles the British blind-worm. It certainly was held in reverence in Ceylon, where it was pointed out to us by a well-educated native on a sculptured stone near one of the temples at Badulla, where living serpents were worshipped in memory of men still in the prime of life.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

OATHS, IMPRECATIONS, AND ANATHEMAS.

IN this paper I do not propose to treat of curses in the malevolent and wicked sense of the word, nor of legal and compulsory oaths exacted in courts of justice, in our own as well as in other countries. Much might be said upon this subject, especially if I began my homily with the solemn injunction of the Gospel—"Swear not at all ; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne ; nor by the earth, for it his footstool"—an injunction which, if the nations were half as Christian as they pretend to be, would have made an end to legal oaths nearly nineteen centuries ago. But this branch of the subject is alien to my purpose, and I therefore pass it over, and proceed to the consideration of the oaths that are not enjoined by the law—be they in the form of imprecations, asseverations, objurgations, choleric exclamations and anathemas, more or less earnest and virulent—which have long been current in the talk of the multitude of all countries, ancient as well as modern.

The vice of profane and thoughtless swearing was formerly much more prevalent than it is in our day, and, though not likely to become altogether extinct even among the classes that ought to know better than to indulge in it, is happily diminishing. It is now mostly, though not entirely, confined to the vulgarest and least refined classes of society, who indulge in it from sheer habit, and without thought of its meaning or its want of meaning.

Let me state, by way of exordium, that the promulgation of Puritanic ideas on the subject of oaths, as they are heard in the common intercourse of society, and in the mouths of people who mean no harm by them, is no part of my purpose. On the contrary, much may be said in their favour, more especially when they are used as mere ebullitions of excited feeling, as vents of temporary anger or displeasure, when no profanity or blasphemy is associated with them in the mind or dwells on the tongue of the utterer. Such oaths are the genuinè outbursts of natural feeling, and are difficult and often impossible to control on occasions, when, if it were not for the "word,"

a "blow" might take its place ; and when they act as a relief to an excitement that might, for lack of outlet, prove injurious to the mental health, or lead to violence or a breach of the peace.

Damn—which I shall not attempt to conceal, as lady novelists and prudish writers do, under the thin disguise of d**n—is a peculiarly English word, and, if not preceded by the name of the Deity, does not necessarily imply profanity either of thought or expression. Its too common, almost universal, use by Englishmen has led the continental folk to designate Englishmen sarcastically as "God-damns." "I sold a pair of gloves to a *God-damn* this morning," said a Parisian fair one serving in a shop in the Rue St. Honoré, without thinking there was anything wrong in the epithet. In the same way Béranger, in 1815, when the allied armies were in possession of Paris, wrote of the English and their hats, which were not to his taste—

Quoique leurs chapeaux soient bien laids,
God-damn—moi, j'aime les Anglais.

When in Paris in 1848, just before the outbreak of the Revolution of February of that year, I made the acquaintance of a venerable gentleman, the Count de Noé, peer of France, one of the ancient *noblesse*, and father of the celebrated caricaturist who published under the name of "Cham," or Shem, the son of Noah. The Count in his youth, when exiled during the Reign of Terror in the first Revolution, served in the British army, and there acquired, as his friends and his son alleged, the habit of profuse and unnecessary swearing, for which he was renowned. He could not open his mouth to utter the most commonplace sentence without a curse, wholly unprovoked, and not at all ornamental. Such rapid volleys of senseless anathemas I never before knew to proceed from the lips of a human being. "The British army in his time," he said, "always swore in that manner." He had got into the habit and did not wish to rid himself of it, as it kept up his reminiscences of the happiest period of his life, when he served as a trooper among the young sprigs of the English aristocracy. In fact, he thought that his imprecations were ornaments to his discourse rather than blemishes. Tristram Shandy records that the British army swore terribly in Flanders, but if it swore more terribly than the Count de Noé did, nine-tenths at least of its habitual talk must have been made up of imprecations. The Count had not the excuse of venting his oaths as outlets for anger or displeasure, but discharged them from his gullet like shots from a revolver, in sheer thoughtless and parrot-like repetition of unmeaning jargon. He was, in this respect, unlike the lawyer from Perth mentioned by

Dean Ramsay in his amusing "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," who was exceedingly angry with the Duke of Athole for failing to keep an appointment, and who was described by a Highlander who witnessed his wrath as having "sworn tremendously." "But, whom did he swear at?" asked a good woman standing by. "Oh! he did not swear at anybody in particular," was the reply, "but just stood in the middle of the road and *swore at large!*" "Our John swears awfully," said a Scottish lady of her brother, as recorded by the same writer, "and we try a' we can do to correct him; but nae doubt his swearin' is a great set-off to his conversation." The minister's wife, condoling with her husband, who had knocked his shins against the scraper at the door, and received a hurt which caused him to wince and make wry faces, and even to roar with pain, "counselled him to go into the garden and swear awee, but by no means to swear in the manse."

The late Patrick Park, the eminent sculptor, almost rivalled the Count de Noé in his imprecatory epithets, with this difference, that the Count used his oaths in cold blood and almost mechanically, whereas Park only employed them when he was excited. Being on board the Highland steamboat proceeding up the Caledonian Canal, through the chain of beautiful lakes to Inverness, he was accosted by another passenger, a once famous engineer, with the angry question, "Is it true, Mr. Park, that you said I was not worth a damn?" "I don't remember that I ever said so," replied Park, "but, if I did, I under-estimated you. You are worth two damns—and I damn you twice!"

Beaumarchais, in the "Marriage of Figaro," makes pointed mention of the English God-damn as the very bone and sinew of the language. "Diable!" says he, "c'est une belle langue que l'Anglais. Il en faut peu pour aller loin. Avec God-dam en Angleterre on ne manque de rien. Les Anglais à la vérité ajoutent par-ci par-là quelques autres mots en conversant; mais il est bien aisé de voir que God-dam est le fond de leur langue."

When "damn" is used as an imprecation or a malediction, as it too often is, the damnation is almost if not invariably confined to the eyes of the person against whom the curse, whatever it may amount to, is directed in the mind of the utterer. No one dreams in his fiercest wrath of hurling his imprecations against the head, the beard, the face, the mouth, the teeth, the arms, the legs, or the body of the person against whom his anger is directed. That such oaths, however, have been imagined will be evident to all readers of Rabelais, who remark the comprehensive and exuberant catalogue of all

possible oaths—in which every imaginable part of the body, outward and inward, manifest and hidden, receives its malediction—so that it becomes impossible for a swearer, however ingenious, to swear out of the wide boundary prescribed in it.

Damn has a meaning precise and well-defined ; but the unmeaning oaths in common use almost defy calculation by their number, and comment by their silliness. The Italians often swear by Bacchus—"Per Bacco." The English people of our day are still found to imprecate by "Jove," or by "Jupiter," or by "Jingo." Few know what the last word really signifies, and what is its derivation. They also swear by the Holy Poker, by My Lord Harry, by Gosh, by Jabers, by Blazes, and speak of the "Deuce" as if the word were synonymous with the Devil. "Jingo" is an old British or Keltic oath, of great force of meaning originally, and is derived from "Dian"—pronounced *jian*, vengeance, and *gaoth*—pronounced "go," or "gu," blast or breath, and really means the blast of vengeance, an oath that survives in another and less emphatic form—"Blast you!" which seems to be a particular favourite by the constant use that is made of it. The exclamation of "Oh dear!" and "Oh dear me!" are the Anglicised renderings of the Keltic *Dia mi* (Dee a me), my God ! and *oh Dia mi*, oh my God—expressions that might not perhaps be employed so often if their origin and true meaning were generally known to the fair ladies, to whom they are so familiar.

Many attempts are made by swearers to avoid taking God's name in vain—by using "od" as an abbreviation of God, as in the still current "zounds!"—"od's life," and the once popular "od's *bodikins*" and "od's *pitikins*," found in Shakespeare and his contemporaries. The two last forms of swearing are more than profane, inasmuch as they are obscene and disgusting, as all who know the meaning of the old Keltic monosyllables "bod" and "pit" will admit—meanings with which no writer of the present day would dare to sully his page. The French imitate the English in their desire not to desecrate God's name by their imprecations, and resort to grotesque evasions and clumsy subterfuges to get round the difficulty—which they scarcely admit to be insurmountable, substituting for the very profane oath, "Sacré nom de Dieu," the words first introduced and made popular by military men, "Sacré nom d'une pipe," "Sacré nom d'un chien!" and still more common "Sacré bleu!" The Germans have *saperlotte*, as a form of the same senseless imprecation. Dash is often used by the mealy-mouthed as a synonym for the more emphatic damn—as in the silly exclamations "Dash my wig" and "Dash my buttons."

The readers of Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" will remember the

comical predicament of the two old ladies, whose mule, in crossing the mountain pass, could not be prevailed upon, either by persuasion or by force, by caresses or by blows, to budge an inch, but remained obstinately fixed on the road. One old lady suggested that possibly a good round oath might answer the purpose. But neither would be guilty of the profanity of swearing, although both agreed that a curse would be effective. What was to be done? After earnest deliberation it was finally resolved that the oaths—delivered *ore rotundo*—should be launched at the brute forthwith; and that the sin of making use of them should be minimized, or even extinguished, by dividing the syllables of the anathema between the two swearers: one saying *fou-*, the other *tre*, making the horrid oath *foutre*, which it was thought no mule could resist. The experiment was tried, but only to result in failure, as Sterne narrates in his inimitable manner.

In the present day, the most common as well as the most disgusting form of oath among the English vulgar is the epithet “bloody,” which some, with more refinement than their fellows, have attempted to supersede and obliterate by the less offensive word “blooming”—that suggests the old meaning, but in a milder form. Mr. Julian Sharman, in an interesting volume recently published, entitled “A Cursory History of Swearing,”¹ to which I have been indebted for the idea of this paper, suggests that the English borrow this highly objectionable word from the German *blutig*. *Blutig* is no doubt a German word, as bloody its synonym is an English one; but in both languages the word has a natural and inoffensive meaning; as when we speak of a *bloody* battle. The Germans, unlike the English, have confined the use of the word to that innocent and inoffensive meaning, and never use it in the sense of an expletive of intensity, as in the slang of the present times the adjectives “dreadful” and “awful” are made to do duty for “very” and “exceeding.” When a coarse Englishman declares in his disgusting phraseology that he is sanguinary hot, or sanguinary cold, or sanguinary tired, or sanguinary hungry, or sanguinary thirsty, as the case may be, he only employs the word bloody as synonymous with the meek word—too meek for his sturdy nature—of “very.” Dean Swift once wrote to Laurence Sterne that it was *bloody* hot in Dublin, not intending by the use of the word to be guilty of an outrage against good manners or an assault upon the purity of the polite language of the time—but simply using a word that he found in currency among the Irish people with whom he associated. The word, offensive as it has become, is in reality the innocent relic of the old Keltic or Gaelic once spoken by all the people of these islands, ages before the formation of the actual English language out of the

¹ London: Nimmo & Bain, 1884.

Flemish and German materials, which now form its bulk and body to the almost complete exclusion of other components, except such as are derived from the French and the Latin. In that ancient tongue "bloody" loses all its offensiveness—or rather it never had any—for it simply means "rather," "partially," or "in a degree." So that when Dean Swift said that it was "bloody" hot, he only meant that it was *rather* hot.

It is possible that this authentic explanation of the real harmlessness and propriety of the word—if it ever reach the mind, or is taken to the heart of the multitude—may be instrumental in leading the millions who now indulge in it—in the erroneous idea that it is very wicked and wrong—to avoid the use of it. "What a pity it is," said a young lady, "that it is not a sin to drink champagne; it would be so much nicer if it were!" I throw this out as a hint, without the slightest idea that any good will ever come of it, as it is almost too much to hope for.

There is another English word of evil repute, which dwells in the mouth of the vulgar, and which is sometimes euphemized into beggar, by the simple change of its leading vowel from *u* to *e*. Originally there was no harm whatever in the word, and in its ancient form of *buiaghair* in the Gaelic vernacular of our remote ancestors, merely signified a shepherd or a herdsman.

"The deuce take it" is a mild form of an oath, of which the origin is not easy of explanation. By some it is thought to be a corruption of *Deus*, God; while others derive it from the Greek *Zeus*, Jupiter: but the senses in which it is usually employed—such as the "deuce take it," "the deuce is in it," "a deuced bad lot"—forbid the acceptance of either of these words as the original. The commonly received notion is that "deuce" is the devil, but there is no warrant for the supposition.

It may be mentioned that the English law imposes a fine on the use of profane oaths, which has often been enforced, but which is now and has long been obsolete, though it is well worthy of revival, if only to check the practice of profane swearing in the streets by vulgar ruffians who shock the modesty of women, and pollute the ears of the young, by their odious abuse of language. In a book published in 1611, entitled a "Sword against Swearers," it is stated that in the reign of King Henry I. the penalty imposed upon a duke for swearing was forty shillings, upon a baron twenty shillings, upon a squire ten shillings, upon a yeoman three shillings and fourpence, while a boy or page was to undergo a whipping for the offence.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER, in his "Letters on Natural Magic," thus describes this celebrated phantom: "About a quarter-past four he (Mr. Hane) went towards the inn, and looked round to see whether the atmosphere would afford him a free prospect towards the south-west, when he observed at a very great distance, towards Achtermannshohe, a human figure of a monstrous size. His hat having been almost carried away by a violent gust of wind, he suddenly raised his hand to his head to protect his hat, and the colossal figure did the same. He immediately made another movement by bending his body—an action which was repeated, the spectral figure. M. Hane was desirous of making further experiments, but the figure disappeared. He remained, however, in the same position, expecting its return, and in a few minutes it again made its appearance on the Achtermannshohe, when it mimicked his gestures as before." Then he called the landlord, and two mimicking figures were seen.

When I was a student in Edinburgh, residing in the old town near the college, one part of my physical discipline was to climb Arthur's Seat, daily, from the steep side, opposite the end of Rankeillor Street, run down the easy slope towards Holyrood, and then walk back to my lodgings. On one of these occasions I saw the spectre of the Brocken, which was doubly interesting, as Professor Jamieson, whose class in Natural History I was attending, had recently described it. I wrote an account of it and sent it to him, but he never replied, and took no notice of it. He was very old then, and rather morose; probably regarded my letter as a student's hoax.

The chief point of my letter was an original explanation of the magnified dimensions of the figure, which I still believe to be correct, though during all the years that have intervened I have not seen offered by anybody else.

The phantom appeared, as it always appears at the Brocken, when the sun was very near the horizon. The weather was very remarkable and unusual. A ground fog enveloped the whole of

Edinburgh and the country around. I should not have climbed the hills at all through such a mist, but for my resolution to take the prescribed daily exercise in all weathers. On reaching the summit I was surprised to find myself above the fog, with a perfectly clear sky overhead, and a magnificent ocean of white cloud billows stretching away below to the horizon seawards.

The surface of the mist immediately below was ragged and ill-defined, and presently a thin waif of it rose and enveloped me. A gigantic figure was instantly projected upon it, or rather in it. It vanished and reappeared several times with the fluctuations of the level of the mist.

On observing it carefully my first impression of its gigantic dimensions was greatly modified. It was only an *elongated* representation of myself; there was no lateral magnifying. The legs were greatly exaggerated, producing an absurd effect when I lifted one of them. There was no perceptible magnifying of the head. Further scrutiny revealed the contradictory fact that although the figure was absurdly elongated, it was little or no taller than myself, the head being about horizontally opposite to my own, and the feet actually touching my feet.

It was simply a shadow projected *through* the mist, thus having horizontal as well as vertical dimensions, and was magnified nearly in the same manner as though it had been thrown upon a screen inclined considerably from the vertical. I was looking through this shadow; the shadow of my legs was comparable to that which is projected on the pavement by a gas light, as I was looking *down* upon this part, and thus had a view of the length of the through projection; but when looking point-blank at the shadow of my head this through-projection was foreshortened to zero, and I only saw that part of the shadow as though it were thrown on a vertical screen.

Directly I understood this the apparent magnitude of the phantom was curiously diminished.

Some years afterwards, when again residing in Edinburgh as a teacher, a thin light fog obscured the town on a summer afternoon. I lost no time in climbing the hill, and after waiting about an hour had another view of the same phantom under exactly the same conditions, but more flickering and less distinct.

I have no doubt that it may be frequently seen from Arthur's Seat; more so than from the Brocken, as sea-fogs frequently sweep across Edinburgh, and seldom rise far above the summit of this isolated hill. The conditions demanded are an otherwise clear sky,

a little after sunrise or before sunset, and the mist reaching the summit and rising somewhat above it ; to any height from two or three hundred feet to that of the spectator. From the ragged irregularities of the surface of such a mist these conditions must be frequently fulfilled.

The reason why the spectral visitor is nevertheless unknown, is simply that visitors do not ascend in such weather, and nobody, not even a shepherd, has any business to transact on the bare rock of the summit.

COAL UNDER LONDON.

THE important practical question of whether there are or are not any coal seams under London, or near to London, still remains open. The most recent revelations connected with it are those derived from a boring made at Richmond to a depth of 1,308 feet, which reaches 150 feet lower than any other well that has hitherto been sunk in the London Basin.

The lower 60 feet of this boring passes through strata which appear to correspond with the new red sandstone, between which to the carboniferous system, including our coal measures, there is but one other step downwards in the geological ladder.

Fragments of anthracite coal were actually found in this part of the boring, and this has reawakened old hopes, especially as the anthracite, being very brittle, is not likely to have travelled from any great distance.

Though sentimentally averse to throwing cold water upon such expectations, I cannot help regarding this find of such fragments as indicating the absence, rather than the presence of coal seams below. As this inference may, at first sight, appear paradoxical, I will explain—1st. The rocks above the coal measures are, of course, of later formation than those below. 2nd. They are, of necessity, formed of the materials of their predecessors. 3rd. In order to supply such material, these predecessors must have been more or less denuded or worn away and redeposited.

The question that naturally follows these three simple propositions is : Which of their predecessors supplied the materials thus redeposited? It may have been the mountains that stood high and dry above the fjords, estuaries, or seas, in which the coal was deposited. If these supplied the material while the coal seams were still under water, the deposit in that water would have covered up the coal without disturbing it, preserving it safely for our future use.

But if the coal measures themselves were upheaved as dry land, their own denudation may have formed the deposits found beneath the ooilite of the Richmond boring, and described as "new red sandstone and marl."

The finding of these fragments of anthracite is disagreeably suggestive of this latter supposition. I have examined the materials brought up to bank in the course of sinking coal pits; have found abundant fossils therein, and miniature coal seams *in situ*, some of them as thin as cardboard, but never an isolated fragment of coal, deposited as coal. Such a fragment could not have been there but at the expense of a previously-formed and disintegrated coal seam. Neither have I met with any account of others finding such fragments above our fruitful coal seams.

The chips of anthracite found in the Richmond boring may be fragments of a mere outcrop, such as we now find presented to the surface in some places where the strata have been greatly tilted edge upwards; or they are far more probably small vestiges of a general denudation of the whole of the neighbouring coal measures, such as occurred in Ireland, the central plain of which is a floor of mountain limestone on which once rested great deposits of coal similar to those which have enriched the all-grasping Saxon. A few isolated patches of these Irish coal seams have been spared, and stand as witnesses giving evidence of this geological grievance, this earliest of the "wrongs of Ireland."

If a similar early upheaval and sweeping away of these strata occurred in the south of England, the chips of anthracite and the marly modification of the new red sandstone are sufficiently, though by no means satisfactorily, explained.

SUBMARINE SCENERY.

ONE of the interesting features presented by the magnificent panorama of the Alps when viewed from the ramparts of Milan, or other similar vantage-ground on the Plains of Lombardy, is the limiting line between the white region of perpetual snow, and the dark slopes of vegetation and bare rock below. It is visible in fine weather, stretching eastward and westward from Piedmont right across Switzerland, and into the Tyrol.

If we could stand in a corresponding position on the great plain forming the bottom of the greater depths of the ocean, a similar line would be visible, with a region of snowy whiteness standing all

above it, and dark slopes of brownish red clay everywhere below; the plain at our feet presenting a continuation of the same colour.

In this case the white upper region is due to chalk, which slowly falls in flakes that are fairly comparable in many respects to the snow-flakes of the air. They remain solid as the snow does down to a certain limit, but below this become transparent liquid, lost in the general ocean.

This apparent mystery is easily explained. Henry, long ago, proved experimentally that water, under the pressure of 96 feet depth of itself, absorbs three times as much carbonic acid as at the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere. The analyses of sea water, taken at different depths, show an actual and very considerable increase of carbonic acid with increase of depth. Carbonic acid thus absorbed by water and condensed into liquid dissolves carbonate of lime very readily.

Near the surface of the ocean are vast multitudes of foraminifera, and other minute creatures, whose jelly-like bodies are encased in a delicate frame-work of carbonate of lime (the globigerina are well-known examples). When these creatures die they slowly sink through the water, which with increasing depth contains more and more of the solvent, and thus at last their limestone frame-work is dissolved entirely, and all that remains to sink is the fleshy part of the creature, which by its final decomposition probably contributes to the supply of carbonic acid in the lower depths, especially when it serves as respiratory food for deep-sea creatures.

The depths at which this solvent action is completed is about 12,000 to 14,000 feet, varying like the height of the upper snow line. Below it, the quantity of deposition that occurs must be very small indeed, as the solid matter brought into the sea by rivers can scarcely travel so far, and the organic deposit of fleshy material decomposes and leaves but an infinitesimal contribution of permanent solid matter.

COSMIC DUST IN THE OCEAN.

FROM the above note it is evident that the upward shallowing of the greatest depths of ocean (which have been actually sounded to a maximum of nearly 30,000 feet), must proceed very slowly indeed, and that the deposit there must be very different from our limestones, our sandstones, or any other of the stratified rocks that are now high and dry, and with which geologists are acquainted.

It spite of all that has been said and written concerning up-

heavals of ocean bed and its conversion into dry land, there is no good reason to believe that any dry land now in existence was ever at the bottom of great depths of sea; it is all made up of the upper slopes of the former ocean valleys without any portion of their lower levels.

The approximate absence of mechanical deposition, or organic deposition from the water itself, and the enormous periods of time during which the present profundities of the ocean must have continued as they are, suggests a very interesting subject for further exploration—viz. a systematic search for cosmic matter, for deposits of the meteoric dust which has probably fallen upon the earth, and, if so, must (subject to the changes effected on it by the chemical action of sea water) constitute the bulk of the lower ocean pavement.

Search for such meteoric dust has been made on the snows of Greenland, and on mountain snows in other places; these having been selected on account of the comparative permanency of their surfaces, which are not washed by rains. A still better field is afforded by the sands of the desert; the materials gathered there by Mr. Cowper Ranyard and others justify further research.

But none of these land surfaces are comparable in permanency to those of deepest ocean bottom, which for hundreds of thousands of years have remained under clear water depositing very little beyond perishable organic matter, and whatever may have fallen on its surface from the air.

In some places this may partly consist of a deposit of pumice which has fallen on the surface of the sea during volcanic eruptions, has floated there, and been drifted out by ocean currents, and finally deposited after the air cavities which floated it have become filled with water.

Some very interesting papers on this subject were read at the Royal Society of Edinburgh during the session of 1876-7 by Mr. John Murray. He found in the red clay, at depths of 14,000 to 18,000 feet, minute spherules of iron, which he supposes to have been of meteoric origin.

They were attracted by the magnet and proved to be actually metallic by the formation upon them of a deposit of copper, when they were immersed in a dilute solution of cupric sulphate. No such deposit takes place on magnetic oxide.

There is an element in the evidence thus afforded, which I think Mr. Murray has not sufficiently weighed—viz. the fact that such particles, had they been merely iron, could not have resisted the

action of sea water for any great length of time. They must have been alloyed, like meteoric iron, with other less corrodible metal or metals, such as nickel or cobalt. Anybody may prove this by putting ordinary iron filings in sea water. They speedily become a mass of rust, especially in the presence of carbonic acid.

I should like to see in the British Museum or the Jermyn Street Museum some good-sized consolidated blocks of this deep-sea red clay, that they might be compared with dry-land rocks, and otherwise examined at leisure.

GAS FLAMES AND BLACKENED CEILINGS.

IN a lecture delivered at Cheltenham Gas Exhibition, on 24th March last, Mr. Thomas Fletcher, of Warrington, expounded a new and original theory of the blackening of ceilings by gaslights. He attributes it to the carbonising of dust particles in the air rather than to smoke from the gas itself. These black particles, he says, rise to the ceiling with convection currents of air produced by the gas, and there adhere, especially when the gas is newly lighted, and the aqueous product of its combustion is condensed on the cold surface of the ceiling.

This explains the efficacy of the covers of talc or mica, now so commonly used. They would only deflect the smoke formed by gas itself, and disperse it a little, but their action in preventing or greatly lessening the charring of dust particles floating between the gas flame and the ceiling is easily understood.

VEGETATION IN THE FAR NORTH.

IN a paper on "Aërial Exploration in the Arctic Regions" in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of July 1880, I pointed out some of the largely prevailing popular fallacies concerning Arctic climate.

Recent researches of Professor Schubeler are interesting in connection with this subject. He found that dwarf beans taken from Christiania to Trondhjem, about four degrees further north, and grown there, gained more than 60 per cent. in weight, and that thyme from Lyons, planted at Trondhjem, gained 71 per cent. Seed from Norway, sown in Breslau, decreased greatly in the first year, and, generally speaking, those plants which are capable of maturing at all in or near the Arctic regions, produce much heavier seed than when grown nearer to the equator.

It has long been known that the colour and aroma of flowers are

much more decided in higher latitudes. I have seen the saxifrage, to which we commonly apply the name of "London pride," growing in the northern parts of Norway on perpendicular rock walls, with flowers drooping in masses as large as ordinary grape bunches, while here they compare in size with currant bunches. The largest wild strawberries and wild raspberries I have ever gathered or seen were growing on the mountain-side, above the Etnedal, latitude 61°, and about 2,000 feet above sea-level.

The cause of this luxuriance is doubtless the continuous summer sunshine. It can only operate thus on plants that arrive quickly at maturity, as the sun soon descends, and the short summer is ended. Hops are successfully cultivated in Norway, where they grow with marvellous rapidity, and seem to be less subject to failure from bad seasons than in Kent. From what I have seen I shall not be at all surprised to hear of the importation of Norwegian hops becoming a flourishing trade.

That Siberia should be a country of great agricultural resources is a startling idea to many of us, but it is such nevertheless, and, were it easy of access, might supply us with much agricultural produce.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

CHARLES READE. OB. APRIL 11, 1884.

THE death of Charles Reade removes one of the few men of inventive genius to whom England in the present century has given birth. To speak of Reade as a novelist, and thus to associate and, possibly, to confound him with the ordinary suppliers of prose fiction, is unjust. More than any writer of the present generation Reade deserved to be called a *romancier*, to employ a French word for which romancer is not an equivalent. His fictions are all romances, and are the best of their class since the days of Scott. With the greatest of his English contemporaries, Thackeray, Dickens, Lytton, George Eliot, he had nothing in common. The one writer he recalls, both in his choice of subjects and his method of treatment, is the elder Dumas, whom he also resembles in the picturesqueness of his style and in the dramatic character of his work. "The Cloister and the Hearth" is accepted as his masterpiece. Its opening chapters are, indeed, superior to almost anything of the class in contemporary fiction. A few readers, commencing to regard themselves as veterans, recall the startling revelation of genius afforded in "Christie Johnstone" (1853), which had been preceded in 1852 by "Peg Woffington." Succeeding works have appealed to a larger public, and have obtained a wider popularity, without, however, in every case, disturbing the faith in these early efforts. It is not wise to prophesy; there is a temptation, however, to predict that Reade's work will live. It has those qualities of imagination, insight into character, truth to nature, and dramatic appropriateness, of which the world does not soon weary, and it is animated by a breath of genuine passion. Of the man himself, impetuous, generous, hot-headed, strong as adamant in his resistance to any attempt at coercion, yet gentle and almost child-like in his pleased submission to persuasion, it is not easy now to speak. In his friendships and his hatreds, in his convictions and his prejudices, and in the superb vitality of his nature, he was rather like a man of the Elizabethan epoch than an Englishman of to-day. His life consists in his friendships and his writings. It is well to place on record, however, that

he was born in 1814, took his B.A. degree, followed by a Fellowship in 1835 at Magdalen College, Oxford, was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1843, and published his first novel in 1852. The collected edition of his romances, in seventeen volumes, includes a volume of *Readiana*, which throws a bright light upon his character, and is almost autobiographical in interest.

AUTHOR-BAITING.

ONE of the favourite pursuits of a small section of the London public is author-baiting. On the production of a new play which fails to hit the taste of a first night's audience, the verdict of which though often intelligent is not necessarily final, it has now become the custom to call loudly for the author, and, on his appearance, to howl at him as though he had been guilty of some infamy. A pursuit more wantonly cruel than this I cannot easily imagine. When a man has built upon a play strong hopes of reputation and profit, when its failure means to him the loss of thousands, when he has winced and shrunk through hours of torture, hearing his jokes miss fire, and watching his most carefully designed scenes fail in their effect, to call him before the curtain for mere purpose of derision is un-English and unmanly. It is contrary to that spirit of fair play it has been the boast of Englishmen to preserve, which says, "Don't kick a man when he's down." I do not wish to interfere with the right of playgoers to express disapproval. I regard, on the contrary, the exercise of this right as indispensable to a healthy condition of the drama and the stage. To lie, however—for to this it amounts—to a man for the sake of bringing him within your reach, and then to rend him, is atrocious. Failure to attain one's ideal, or even to do good work, is not crime, and needs not subject a man to a punishment more public than a criminal often experiences. I do not think I have ever quoted here the masculine verses of Ben Jonson upon simple failure, unaccompanied by any demonstrations such as I describe. Here, at any rate, they are :—

" Oh ! this would make a learn'd and liberal soul
To rive his stain'd quill up to the back,
And damn his long-watch'd labours to the fire ;
Things which were born when none but the still night
And his dumb candle saw his pinching throes."

This is the wail of one whose idea of poetry is, perhaps, the highest ever expressed, who would have her

" Crown'd with the rich traditions of a soul
That hates to have her dignity profaned
With any relish of an earthly thought.

Oh ! then how proud a presence does she bear !
 Then is she like herself ; fit to be seen
 Of none but grave and consecrated eyes."

I think that a meditation upon these noble utterances would conduce to a termination of this form of persecution.

SOCIAL CLUBS.

THE development of club life in England forms a curious feature of modern social existence. Every year witnesses an increasing number of clubs, and adds to the delay experienced by a candidate in obtaining admission into any old-established institution. Beside the regular club, however, with which I do not propose to deal, a host of minor clubs, the purpose of which is entirely social, have sprung into existence. The social club has no home of its own, in some cases no property. It is a perpetuation, under different conditions, of the tavern life of the last century. A score or so men of kindred tastes meet together weekly or monthly, as the case may be, dine or sup together, and spend the post-prandial hours in conversation or some form of entertainment. Institutions of this kind are, of course, innumerable. Some have naturally more interest than others, and there are a few concerning which the next generation will be glad to have a few particulars. Into the inner life of an individual club I do not purpose to enter. To do so would, in this case, according to whether I belong to the club or know it as a visitor, be treachery or impertinence. There can, however, be no objection to mentioning the names and character of a few of the best known social clubs. The Noviomagians is thus a social club which has grown out of the Society of Antiquaries. Very far from being a musty or rusty club is this. Antiquaries since the days of Sir Walter Scott have always had a taste for festivities. Our Club is the name affectionately given by Thackeray, Dickens, and Jerrold to a gathering of gentlemen, most of whom are distinguished in literature and in art. Our Club still holds together, and can boast a score or more members who worthily transmit the fame and the virtues of their predecessors. The Rabelais is for the present a social club, but aims at becoming something higher. Its publication of a volume of Transactions may, perhaps, entitle it to stand in a different category. Odd Volumes is the humorous title of a club of bibliographers, a prominent member of which is Mr. Quaritch. Unexpected publicity has recently been thrust upon the proceedings of this society, which were reported in a *daily newspaper*. The singularly ferocious and wholly indecorous

name of Cannibals is, or was, borne by a number of worthy gentlemen whose studies were chiefly sociological. Two social clubs, which are now defunct, had a good reputation in their way. One was the Cemented Bricks—the Demented Bricks they were sometimes called—which was chiefly noticeable for numbering among those who attended its “nice repasts” of Attic taste with wine, more than one of the leaders of the scientific crusade against alcohol. The Lambs had a brief but brilliant existence. It was founded by the late H. J. Montague, and included in its members most of those who have come to be the most prominent actors of the day. It is now extinct, but it has given birth to a young and flourishing club in New York, which bears the same name, and extends open-handed hospitality to English visitors.

CAPTAIN BURTON'S “HISTORY OF THE SWORD.”

WORK more likely than the “History of the Sword” of Captain Richard Burton to establish itself as an authority, and to preserve to future generations the name of its writer, has not seen the light during recent years. A specialist at once and an enthusiast, uniting to a fervent zeal for his subject an amount of erudition concerning it altogether unrivalled, Captain Burton has accomplished in brilliant style the first and most arduous part of his task. He has thus traced from the first effort of the savage to furnish himself with such weapons as will enable him to struggle on equal terms with the animals by the chase of which he lives, whose skins supply him clothing, and on whose flesh he depends for food, the history of the sword to the period when the short, straight steel blade in the arms of the Roman legionary was perfected as a weapon of offence. There remains for him to paint the apotheosis of the sword as witnessed in mediæval and renaissance times, when no art was too precious to be called in to the decoration or the improvement of the weapon, and when no gem was too rich to form an appropriate ornament for its hilt. In the portion of his task already accomplished, a thoroughness not to be surpassed is exhibited, and every stage in the development of the trenchant steel blade from the rude weapon of bone or stone is traced in almost all known countries. A book to be placed upon all shelves is the history of the “White Arm,” the full merits of which will only be known to those who are at the pains, far from slight, to follow closely its erudite and fascinating pages.

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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1884.

PHILISTIA.

BY CECIL POWER.

CHAPTER XV.

EVIL TIDINGS.

ERNEST had packed his portmanteau, and ordered a hansom, meaning to take temporary refuge at Number 28 Epsilon Terrace; and he went down again for a few minutes to wait in the breakfast-room, where he saw the *Times* lying casually on the little table by the front window. He took it up, half dreamily, by way of having something to do, and was skimming the telegrams in an unconcerned manner, when his attention was suddenly arrested by the name Le Breton, printed in conspicuous type, near the bottom of the third column. He looked closer at the paragraph, and saw that it was headed "Accident to British Tourists in Switzerland." A strange tremor seized him immediately. Could anything have happened, then, to Herbert? He read the telegram through at once, and found this bald and concise summary before him of the fatal Pontresina accident:—

"As Mr. H. Oswald, F.R.S., of Oriel College, Oxford, and Mr. Le Breton, Fellow and Bursar of St. Aldate's College, along with three guides, were making the ascent of the Piz Margatsch, in the Bernina Alps, this morning, one of the party happened to slip near the great gully known as the Gouffre. Mr. Oswald and two of the guides were precipitated over the edge of the cliff and killed immediately: the breaking of the rope at a critical moment alone saved the lives of Mr. Le Breton and the remaining guide. The bodies have been recovered this evening, and brought back to Pontresina."

Ernest laid down the paper with a thrill of horror. Poor Edie! How absolutely his own small difficulties with Lord Exmoor faded

out of his memory at once in the face of that terrible, irretrievable calamity. Harry dead! The hope and mainstay of the family—the one great pride and glory of all the Oswalds, on whom their whole lives and affections centred, taken from them unexpectedly, without a chance of respite, without a moment's warning! Worst of all, they would probably learn it, as he did, for the first time by reading it accidentally in the curt language of the daily papers. Pray heaven the shock might not kill poor Edie!

There was only a minute in which to make up his mind, but in that minute Ernest had fully decided what he ought to do, and how to do it. He must go at once down to Calcombe Pomeroy, and try to lighten this great affliction for poor little Edie. Nay, lighten it he could not, but at least he could sympathise with her in it, and that, though little, was still some faint shade better than nothing at all. How fortunate that his difference with the Exmoors allowed him to go that very evening without a moment's delay! When the hansom arrived at the door, Ernest told the cabman to drive at once to Paddington Station. Almost before he had had time to realise the full meaning of the situation, he had taken a third-class ticket for Calcombe Road, and was rushing out of London by the Plymouth express, in one of the convenient and commodious little wooden horse-boxes which the Great Western Railway Company provide as a wholesome deterrent for economical people minded to save half their fare by going third instead of first or second.

Didcot, Swindon, Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Newton Abbot, all followed one after another, and by the time Ernest had reached Calcombe Road Station he had begun to frame for himself a definite plan of future action. He would stop at the Red Lion Inn that evening, send a telegram from Exeter beforehand to Edie, to say he was coming next day, and find out as much as possible about the way the family had borne the shock before he ventured actually to see them.

The Calcombe omnibus, drawn by two lean and weary horses, toiled its way slowly up the long steep incline for six miles to the Cross Foxes, and then rattled down the opposite slope, steaming and groaning, till it drew up at last with a sudden jerk and a general collapse in front of the old Red Lion Inn in the middle of the High Street. There Ernest put up for the present, having seen by the shutters at the grocer's shop on his way down that the Oswalds had already heard of Harry's accident. He had dinner by himself, with a sick heart, in the gloomy, close little coffee-room of the village inn,

and after dinner he managed to draw in the landlord in person for a glass of sherry and half an hour's conversation.

"Very sad thing, sir, this 'ere causality in Switzerland," said the red-faced landlord, coming round at once to the topic of the day at Calcombe, after a few unimportant preliminary generalities. "Young Mr. Oswald, as has been killed, he lived here, sir; leastways his parents do. He was a very promising young gentleman up at Oxford, they do tell me—not much of a judge of horses, I should say, but still, I understand, quite the gentleman for all that. Very sad thing, the causality, sir, for all his family. 'Pears he was climbing up some of these 'ere Alps they have over there in them parts, covered with snow from head to foot in the manner of speaking, and there was another gentleman from Oxford with him, a Mr. Le Breton——"

"My brother," Ernest put in, interrupting him; for he thought it best to let the landlord know at once who he was talking to.

"Oh, your brother, sir!" said the red-faced landlord, with a gleam of recognition, growing redder and hotter than ever; "well, now you mention it, sir, I find I remember your face somehow. No offence, sir, but you're the young gentleman as come down in the spring to see young Mr. Oswald, aren't you?"

Ernest nodded assent.

"Ah, well, sir," the landlord went on more freely—for of course all Calcombe had heard long since that Ernest was engaged to Edie Oswald—"you're one of the family like, in that case, if I may make bold to say so. Well, sir, this is a shocking trouble for poor old Mr. Oswald, and no mistake. The old gentleman was sort of centred on his son, you see, as the saying is: never thought of nobody else hardly, he didn't. Old Mr. Oswald, sir, was always a wonderful hand at figgers hisself, and powerful fond of measurements and such kinds of things. I've heard tell, indeed, as how he knew more mathematics, and trigonometry, and that, than the rector and the schoolmaster both put together. There's not one in fifty as knows as much mathematics as he do, I'll warrant. Well, you see, he brought up this son of his, little Harry as was—I can remember him now, running to and from the school, and figgerin' away on the slates, doin' the sums in algermer for the other boys when they went a-mitchin'—he brought him up like a gentleman, as you know very well, sir, and sent him to Oxford College, 'to develop his mathematical talents, Mr. Legge,' his father says to me here in this very parlour. What's the consequence? He develops that boy's talent sure enough, sir, till he comes to be a fellow of Oxford College, they tell

me, and even admitted into the Royal Society up in London. But this is how he did it, sir : and as you're a friend of the family, like, and want to know all about it, no doubt, I don't mind tellin' you on the strict confidential, in the manner of speakin'." Here the landlord drew his chair closer, and sipped the last drop in his glass of sherry with a mysterious air of very private and important disclosures. Ernest listened to his roundabout story with painful attention.

"Well, sir," the landlord went on after a short and pensive pause, "old Mr. Oswald's business ain't never been a prosperous one—though he was such a clever hand at figgers, he never made it remunerative ; a bare livin' for the family, I don't mind sayin' ; and he always spent more'n he ought to 'a done on Mr. Harry, and on the young lady too, sir, saving your presence. So when Mr. Harry was goin' to Oxford to college, he come to me, and he says to me, 'Mr. Legge,' says he, 'it's a very expensive thing sending my boy to the University,' says he, 'and I'm goin' to borrow money to send him with.' 'Don't you go a-doing that, Mr. Oswald,' says I ; 'your business don't justify you in doin' it, sir,' says I. For you see, I knowed all the ins and outs of that there business, and I knowed he hadn't never made more'n enough just to keep things goin' decent like, as you may say, without any money saved or put by against a emergence. 'Yes, I will, Mr. Legge,' says he ; 'I can trust confidentially in my son's abilities,' says he, 'and I feel confidential he'll be in a position to repay me before long.' So he borrowed the money on an insurance of Mr. Harry's life. Mr. Harry he always acted very honourable, sir ; he was a perfect gentleman in every way, as *you* know, sir ; and he began repayin' his father the loan as fast as he was able, and I dare say doin' a great deal for the family, and especially for the young lady, sir, out of his own pocket besides. But he still owed his father a couple of hundred pound an' more when this causality happened, while the business, I know, had been a-goin' to rack and ruin for the last three year. To-day I seen the agent of the insurance, and he says to me, 'Legge,' says he, most private like, 'this is a bad job about young Oswald, I'm afeard, worse'n they know for.' 'Why, sir?' says I. 'Well, Legge,' says he, 'they'll never get a penny of that there insurance, and the old gentleman 'll have to pay up the defissit on his own account,' says he. 'How's that, Mr. Micklethwaite?' says I. 'Because,' says he, 'there's a clause in the policy agin exceptional risks, in which is included naval and military services, furrin residences, topical voyages, and mountain climbin',' says he : 'and you mark my words,' says he, 'they'll never get a penny of it.' In which case, sir, it's my opinion

that old Mr. Oswald 'll be clean broke, for he can't never make up the defissit out of his own business, can he now?"

Ernest listened with sad forebodings to the red-faced landlord's pitiful story, and feared in his heart that it was a bad look-out for the poor Oswalds. He didn't sleep much that evening, and next day he went round early to see Edie. The telegram, he found, would be a useless precaution, for the gossip of Calcombe Pomeroy had recognised him at once, and news had reached the Oswalds almost as soon as he arrived that young Mr. Le Breton was stopping that evening at the Red Lion.

Edie opened the door for him herself, pale of face and with eyes reddened by tears, yet looking beautiful even so in her simple black morning dress—her mourning of course hadn't yet come home—and her deep white linen collar. "It's very good of you to have come so soon, Mr. Le Breton," she said, taking his hand quietly—he respected her sorrow too deeply to think of kissing her; "he will be back with us to-morrow. Your brother is bringing him back to us, to lay him in our little churchyard, and we are all so very very grateful to him for it."

Ernest was more than half surprised to hear it. It was an unusual act of kindly thoughtfulness on the part of Herbert.

Next day the body came home as Edie had said, and Ernest helped to lay it reverently to rest in Calcombe churchyard. Poor old Mr. Oswald, standing bowed and broken-hearted by the open graveside, looked as though he could never outlive that solemn burial of all his hopes and aspirations in a single narrow coffin. Yet it was wonderful to Ernest to see how much comfort he took, even in this terrible grief, from the leader which appeared in the *Times* that morning, on the subject of the Pontresina accident. It contained only a few of the stock newspaper platitudes of regret at the loss of a distinguished and rising young light of science—the ordinary glib commonplaces of obituary notices which a practised journalist knows so well how to adapt almost mechanically to the passing event of the moment: but they seemed to afford the shattered old country grocer an amount of consolation and solemn relief that no mere spoken condolences could ever possibly have carried with them. "See what a wonderful lot they thought of our boy up in London, Mr. Le Breton," he said, looking up from the paper tearfully, and wiping his big gold spectacles, dim with moisture: "See what the *Times* says about him: 'One of the ablest among our younger academical mathematicians, a man who, if his life had been spared to us, might probably have attained the highest distinction in his own department

of pure science.' That's our Harry, Mr. Le Breton ; that's what the *Times* says about our dear dead Harry ! I wish he could have lived to read it himself, Edie : 'a scholar of singularly profound attainments, whose abilities had recently secured him a place upon the historic roll of the Royal Society, and whom even the French Academy of Sciences had held worthy, out of all the competitors of the civilised world, to be adjudged the highest mathematical honours of the present season.' My poor boy ! My poor, dear, lost boy ! I wish you could have lived to hear it ! We must keep the paper, Edie : we must keep all the papers : they'll show us at least what people who are real judges of these things thought about our dear, loved, lost Harry."

Ernest dared hardly glance towards poor Edie, with the tears trickling slowly down her face ; but he felt thankful that the broken-hearted old father could derive so much incomprehensible consolation from those cold and stereotyped conventional phrases. Truly a wonderful power there is in mere printer's ink properly daubed on plain absorbent white paper. And truly the human heart, full to bursting, and just ready to break, will allow itself to be cheated and cajoled in marvellous fashions by extraordinary cordials and inexplicable little social palliatives. The concentrated hopes of that old man's life were blasted and blighted for ever ; and he found a temporary relief from that stunning shock in the artificial and insincere condolences of a stock leader-writer on a daily paper !

Walking back by himself in such sad meditations to the Red Lion, and sitting there by the open window, Ernest overheard a tremulous chattering voice mumbling out a few incoherent words at the Rector's doorway opposite. "Oh, yes," chirped out the voice, in a tone of cheerful resignation, "it's very sad, indeed, very sad and shocking, and I'm naturally very sorry for it, of course. I always knew how it would be : I warned them of it ; but they're a pig-headed, heedless, unmannerly family, and they wouldn't be guided by me. I said to him, 'Now, Oswald, this is all very wrong and foolish of you. You go and put your son to Oxford, when he ought to be stopping at home, minding the shop and learning your business. You borrow money foolishly to send him there with. He'll go to Oxford ; he'll fall in with a lot of wealthy young gentlemen—people above his own natural station—he'll take up expensive, extravagant ways, and in the end he'll completely ruin himself. He won't pay you back a penny, you may depend upon it—these boys never do, when you make fine gentlemen of them ; they think only of their cigars, and their horses, and their dog-carts and so forth, and neglect

their poor old fathers and mothers, that brought them up and scraped and saved to make fine gentlemen of them. You just take my advice, Oswald, and don't send him to college.' But Oswald was always a presumptuous, high-headed, independent sort of man, and instead of listening to me, what does he do but go and send this sharp boy of his up to Oxford. Well, now the boy's gone to Switzerland with one of the young Le Bretons—brother of the poor young man they've inveigled into what they call an engagement with Miss Edith, or Miss Jemima, or whatever the girl's name is—very well-connected people, the Le Bretons, and personal friends of the Archdeacon's—and there he's thrown himself over a precipice or something of the sort, no doubt to avoid his money-matters and debts and difficulties. At any rate, Micklethwaite tells me the poor old father'll have to pay up a couple of hundred pound to the insurance company : and how on earth he's ever to do it I don't know, for to my certain knowledge the rent of the shop is in arrears half a year already. But it's no business of mine, thank goodness ; and I only hope this exposure will serve to open that poor young Le Breton's eyes, and to warn him against having anything further to say to Miss Jemima. A designing young minx, if ever there was one ! Poor young Le Breton's come down here for the funeral, I hear, which I must say was very friendly and proper and honourable of him ; but now it's over, I hope he'll go back again, and see Miss Jemima in her true colours."

Ernest turned back into the stuffy little coffee-room with his face on fire and his ears tingling with mingled shame and indignation. "Whatever happens," he thought to himself, "I can't permit Edie to be subjected any longer to such insolence as this ! Poor, dear, guileless, sorrowing little maiden ! One would have thought her childish innocence and her terrible loss would have softened the heart even of such a cantankerous, virulent old harridan as that till a few weeks were over, at least. She spoke of the Archdeacon : it must be old Miss Luttrell ! Whoever it is, though, Edie shan't much longer be left where she can possibly come in contact with such a loathsome mass of incredible and unprovoked malice. That Edie should lose her dearly loved brother is terrible enough ; but that she should be exposed afterwards to be triumphed over in her most sacred grief by that bad old woman's querulous 'I told you so' is simply intolerable !" And he paced up and down the room with a boiling heart, unable to keep down his righteous anger.

CHAPTER XVI.

FLAT REBELLION.

FOR the next fortnight Ernest remained at the Red Lion, though painfully conscious that he was sadly wasting his little reserve of funds from his late tutorship, in order to find out exactly what the Oswalds' position would be after the loss of poor Harry. Towards the end of that time he took Edie, pale and pretty in her simple new mourning, out once more into the Bourne Close for half an hour's quiet conversation. Very delicate and sweet and refined that tiny girlish face and figure looked in the plain unostentatious black and white of her great sorrow, and Ernest felt as he walked along by her side that she seemed to lean upon him naturally now; the loss of her main support and chief adviser in life seemed to draw her closer and closer every day to her one remaining prop and future husband.

"Edie," he said to her, as they rested once more beside the old wooden bridge across the little river, "I think it's time now we should begin to talk definitely over our common plans for the future. I know you'd naturally rather wait a little longer before discussing them; I wish for both our sakes we could have deferred it; but time presses, and I'm afraid from what I hear in the village that things won't go on henceforth exactly as they used to do with your dear father and mother."

Edie coloured slightly as she answered, "Then you've heard of all that already, Ernest"—she was learning to call him "Ernest" now quite naturally. "The Calcombe tattle has got round to you so soon! I'm glad of it, though, for it saves me the pain of having to tell you. Yes, it's quite true, and I'm afraid it will be a terrible, dreadful struggle for poor darling father and mother." And the tears came up afresh, as she spoke, into her big black eyes—too familiar with them of late to make her even try to brush them away hastily from Ernest's sight with her little handkerchief.

"I'm sorry to know it's true," Ernest said, taking her hand gently; "very, very sorry. We must do what we can to lighten the trouble for them."

"Yes," Edie replied, looking at him through her tears; "I mean to try. At any rate, I won't be a burden to them myself any longer. I've written already up to an agency in London to see whether they can manage to get me a place as a nursery governess."

"You a governess, Edie!" Ernest exclaimed hastily, with a

gesture of deprecation. "You a governess! Why, my own precious darling, you would never do for it!"

"Oh yes, indeed," Edie answered quickly. "I really think I could, Ernest. Of course I don't know very much—not judged by a standard like yours or our dear Harry's. Harry used to say all a woman could ever know was to find out how ignorant she was. Dear fellow! he was so very learned himself he couldn't understand the complacency of little perky, half-educated schoolmistresses. But still, I know quite as much, I think, in my little way, as a great many girls who get good places in London as governesses. I can speak French fairly well, you know, and read German decently; and then dear Harry took such a lot of pains to make me get up books that he thought were good for me—history and so forth—and even to teach me a little, a very little, Latin. Of course I know I'm dreadfully ignorant; but not more so, I really believe, than a great many girls whom people consider quite well-educated enough to teach their daughters. After all, the daughters themselves are only women, too, you see, Ernest, and don't expect more than a smattering of book-knowledge, and a few showy fashionable accomplishments."

"My dear Edie," Ernest answered, smiling at her gently in spite of her tearful earnestness; "you quite misunderstand me. It wasn't *that* I was thinking of at all. There are very few governesses and very few women anywhere who have half the knowledge and accomplishments and literary taste and artistic culture that you have; very few who have had the advantage of associating daily with such a man as poor Harry; and if you really wanted to get a place of the sort, the mere fact that you're Harry's sister, and that he interested himself in superintending your education, ought, by itself, to insure your getting a very good one. But what I meant was rather this—I couldn't endure to think that you should be put to all the petty slights and small humiliations that a governess has always to endure in rich families. You don't know what it is, Edie; you can't imagine the endless devices for making her feel her dependence and her artificial inferiority that these great people have devised in their cleverness and their Christian condescension. You don't know what it is, Edie, and I pray heaven you may never know; but I do, for I've seen it—and, darling, I *can't* let you expose yourself to it."

To say the truth, at that moment there rose very vividly before Ernest's eyes the picture of poor shy Miss Merivale, the governess at Dunbude to little Lady Sybil, Lynmouth's younger sister. Miss Merivale was a rector's daughter—an orphan, and a very nice girl in her way; and Ernest had often thought to himself while he lived at

the Exmoors', "With just the slightest turn of Fortune's wheel that might be my own Edie." Now, for himself he had never felt any sense of social inferiority at all at Dunbude; he was an Oxford man, and by the ordinary courtesy of English society he was always treated accordingly in every way as an equal. But there were galling distinctions made in Miss Merivale's case which he could not think of even at the time without a blush of ingenuous shame, and which he did not like now even to mention to pretty, shrinking, eager little Edie. One thing alone was enough to make his cheeks burn whenever he thought of it—a little thing, and yet how unendurable! Miss Merivale lunched with the family and with her pupil in the middle of the day, but she did not dine with them in the evening. She had tea by herself instead in Lady Sybil's little school-room. Many a time when Ernest had been out walking with her on the terrace just before dinner, and the dressing gong sounded, he had felt almost too ashamed to go in at the summons and leave the poor little governess out there alone with her social disabilities. The gong seemed to raise such a hideous artificial barrier between himself and that delicately-bred, sensitive, cultivated English lady. That Edie should be subjected to such a life of affronts as that was simply unendurable. True, there are social distinctions of the sort which even Ernest Le Breton, communist as he was, could not practically get over; but then they were distinctions familiarised to the sufferers from childhood upward, and so perhaps a little less insupportable. But that Harry Oswald's sister—that Edie, his own precious delicate little Edie, a dainty English wild-flower of the tenderest, should be transplanted from her own appreciative home to such a chilly and ungenial soil as that—the very idea of it was horribly unspeakable.

"But, Ernest," Edie answered, breaking in upon his bitter meditation, "I assure you I wouldn't mind it a bit. I know it's very dreadful, but then,"—and here she blushed one of her pretty apologetic little blushes—"you know I'm used to it. People in business always are. They expect to be treated just like servants—now *that*, I know you'll say, is itself a piece of *hubris*, the expression of a horrid class prejudice. And so it is, no doubt. But they do, for all that. As dear Harry used to say, even the polypes in aristocratic useless sponges at the sea-bottom won't have anything to say to the sponges of commerce. I'm sure nobody I could meet in a governess's place could possibly be worse in that respect than poor old Miss Catherine Luttrell."

"That may be true, Edie darling," Ernest answered, not caring to let her know that he had overheard a specimen of the Calcombé

squirearchy, "but in any case I don't want you to be troubled now, either with old Miss Luttrell or any other bitter old busybodies. I want to speak seriously to you about a very different project. Just look at this advertisement."

He took a scrap of paper from his pocket and handed it to Edie. It ran thus:—

"WANTED at Pilbury Regis Grammar School, Dorset, a Third Classical Master. Must be a Graduate of Oxford or Cambridge; University Prizeman preferred. If unmarried, to take house duty. Commence September 20th. Salary, £200 a year. Apply, as above, to the Rev. J. Greatrex, D.D., Head Master."

Edie read it through slowly. "Well, Ernest?" she said, looking up from it into his face. "Do you think of taking this mastership?"

"If I can get it," Ernest answered. "You see, I'm not a University Prizeman, and that may be a difficulty in the way; but otherwise I'm not unlikely to suit the requirements. Herbert knows something of the school—he's been down there to examine; and Mrs. Greatrex had a sort of distant bowing acquaintance with my mother; so I hope their influence might help me into it."

"Well, Ernest?" Edie cried again, feeling pretty certain in her own heart what was coming next, and reddening accordingly.

"Well, Edie, in that case, would you care to marry at once, and try the experiment of beginning life with me upon two hundred a year? I know it's very little, darling, for our wants and necessities, brought up as you and I have been: but Herr Max says, you know, it's as much as any one family ought ever to spend upon its own gratifications; and at any rate I dare say you and I could manage to be very happy upon it, at least for the present. In any case it would be better than being a governess. Will you risk it, Edie?"

"To me, Ernest," Edie answered with her unaffected simplicity, "it really seems quite a magnificent income. I don't suppose any of our friends or neighbours in Calcombe spend nearly as much as two hundred a year upon their own families."

"Ah, yes, they do, darling. But that isn't the only thing. Two hundred a year is a very different matter in quiet, old-world, little Calcombe and in a fashionable modern watering-place like Pilbury Regis. We shall have to live in lodgings, Edie, and live very quietly indeed: but even so I think it will be better than for you to go out and endure the humiliation of becoming a governess. Then I may understand that if I can get this mastership, you'll consent to be married, Edie, before the end of September?"

"Oh, Ernest, that's dreadfully soon!"

"Yes, it is, darling; but you must have a very quiet wedding; and I can't bear to leave you here now any longer without Harry to cheer and protect you. Shall we look upon it as settled?"

Eddie blushed and looked down as she answered almost inaudibly, "As you think best, dear Ernest."

So that very evening Ernest sent off an application to Pilbury Regis, together with such testimonials as he had by him, mentioning at the same time his intention to marry, and his recent engagement at Lord Exmoor's. "I hope they won't make a point about the University Prize, Eddie," he said timidly; "but I rather think they don't mean to insist upon it. I'm afraid it may be put in to some extent mainly as a bait to attract parents. Advertisements are often so very dishonest. At any rate, we can only try; and if I get it, I shall be able to call you my little wife in September."

So soon after poor Harry's death he hardly liked to say much about how happy that consciousness would make him; but he sent off the letter with a beating heart, and waited anxiously for the head master's answer.

"Maria," said Dr. Greatrex to his wife next morning, turning over the pile of letters at the breakfast table, "who do you think has applied for the third mastership? Very lucky, really, isn't it?"

"Considering that there are some thirty millions of people in England, I believe, Dr. Greatrex," said his wife with dignity, "that some seventy of those have answered your advertisement, and that you haven't yet given me an opportunity even of guessing which it is of them all, I'm sure I can't say so far whether it's lucky or otherwise."

"You're pleased to be satirical, my dear," the doctor answered blandly; he was in too good a humour to pursue the opening further. "But no matter. Well, I'll tell you, then; it's young Le Breton."

"Not Lady Le Breton's son!" cried Mrs. Greatrex, forgetting her dignity in her surprise. "Well, that certainly *is* very lucky. Now, if we could only get her to come down and stay with us for a week sometimes, after he's been here a little while, what a splendid advertisement it would be for the place, to be sure, Joseph!"

"Capital!" the head master said, eyeing the letter complacently as he sipped his coffee; "a perfect jewel of a master, I should say, from every possible point of view. Just the sort of person to attract parents and pupils. 'Allow me to introduce you to our third master, Mr. Le Breton; I hope Lady Le Breton was quite well when you heard from her last, Le Breton?' and all that sort of thing. Depend upon it, Maria, there's nothing in the world that makes a middle-

—and our parents are unfortunately all middle-class—his ears like the faintest suspicion or echo of a title. ‘Very snooty,’ he goes back and says to his wife immediately; ‘we’ll get Tommy there; they have a master who’s an honourable or something of the sort; sure to give the boys a thoroughly high gentlemanly tone.’ It’s snobbery, I admit, sheer snobbery: but between ourselves, Maria, most people *are* snobs, and we have to live, professionally, by accommodating ourselves to their foolish prejudices.”

“At the same time, doctor,” said his wife severely, “I don’t think we ought to allow it too freely, at least with the door open.”

“You’re quite right, my dear,” the head master answered submissively, rising at the same time to shut the door. “But what makes this particular application all the better is that young Le Breton would come here straight from the Earl of Exmoor’s, where he has been acting as tutor to the son and heir, Viscount Lynmouth. That’s really admirable, now, isn’t it? Just consider the advantages of the situation. A doubtful parent comes to inspect the arrangements; sniffs at the dormitories, takes the gauge of the studies, snorts over the playground, condescends to approve of the fives courts. Then, after doing the usual Christian principles business and working in the high moral tone a little, we invite him to lunch, and young Le Breton to meet him. You remark casually in the most unconscious and natural fashion—I admit, my dear, that you do these little things much better than I do—‘Oh, talking of cricket, Mr. Le Breton, your old pupil, Lord Lynmouth, made a splendid score the other day at the Eton and Harrow.’ Fixes the wavering parent like a shot. ‘Third master something or other in the peerage, and has been tutor to a son of Lord Exmoor’s. Place to send your boys to if you want to make perfect gentlemen of them.’ I think we’d better close at once with this young man’s offer, Maria. He’s got a very decent degree, too; a first in Mods and Greats; really very decent.”

“But will he take a house-mastership, do you think, doctor?” asked the careful lady.

“No, he won’t; he’s married or soon going to be. We must let him off the house duty.”

“Married!” said Mrs. Greatrex, turning it over cautiously. “Who’s he going to marry, I wonder. I hope somebody presentable.”

“Why, of course,” Dr. Greatrex answered, as who should feel shocked at the bare suggestion that a young man of Ernest Le Breton’s antecedents could conceivably marry otherwise. “His wife, or rather his wife that is to be, is a sister, he tells me, of that poor

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“Why, of course,” Dr. Greatrex answered, as who should feel shocked at the bare suggestion that a young man of Ernest Le Breton’s antecedents could conceivably marry otherwise. “His wife, or rather his wife that is to be, is a sister, he tells me, of that poor

Mr. Oswald—the famous mathematician, you know, of Oriel—who got killed, you remember, by falling off the Matterhorn or somewhere, just the other day. You must have seen about it in the *Times*."

"I remember," Mrs. Greatrex answered, in placid contentment; "and I should say you can't do better than take him immediately. It'd be an excellent thing for the school, certainly. As the third mastership's worth only two hundred a year, of course he can't intend to marry upon *that*; so he must have means of his own, which is always a good thing to encourage in an under master: or if his wife has money, that comes in the end to the same thing. They'll take a house of their own, no doubt; and she'll probably entertain—very quietly, I dare say; still, a small dinner now and then gives a very excellent tone to the school in its own way. Social considerations, as I always say, Joseph, are all-important in school management; and I think we may take it for granted that Mr. Le Breton would be socially a real acquisition."

So it was shortly settled that Dr. Greatrex should write back accepting Ernest Le Breton as third master; and Mrs. Greatrex began immediately dropping stray allusions to "Lady Le Breton, our new master's mother, you know," among her various acquaintance, especially those with rising young families. The doctor and she thought a good deal of this catch they were making in the person of Ernest Le Breton. Poor souls, they little knew what sort of social qualities they were letting themselves in for! A firebrand or a bombshell would really have been a less remarkable guest to drop down straight into the prim and proper orthodox society of Pilbury Regis.

When Ernest received the letter in which Dr. Greatrex informed him that he might have the third mastership, he hardly knew how to contain his joy. He kissed Edie a dozen times over in his excitement, and sat up late making plans with her which would have been delightful but for poor Edie's lasting sorrow. In a short time it was all duly arranged, and Ernest began to think that he must go back to London for a day or two, to let Lady Le Breton hear of his change of plans, and get everything in order for their quiet wedding. He grudged the journey sadly, for he was beginning to understand now that he must take care of the pence for Edie's sake as well as for humanity's—his abstraction was individualizing itself in concrete form—but he felt so much at least was demanded of him by filial duty, and, besides, he had one or two little matters to settle at Epsilon Terrace which could not so well be managed in his absence even by his trusty deputy Ronald. So he ran up to town once more

in a hurry, and dropped in as if nothing had happened, at his mother's house. It was no unusual matter for him to pass a fortnight at Wilton Place without finding time to call round at Epsilon Terrace to see Ronald, and his mother had not heard at all as yet of his recent change of engagement.

Lady Le Breton listened with severe displeasure to Ernest's account of his quarrel with Lord Exmoor. It was quite unnecessary and wrong, she said, to prevent Lynmouth from his innocent boyish amusements. Pigeon-shooting was practised by the very best people, and she was quite sure, therefore, there could be no harm of any sort in it. She believed the sport was countenanced, not only by bishops, but even by princes. Pigeons, she supposed, had been specially created by Providence for our use and enjoyment—"their final cause being apparently the manufacture of pigeon pie," Ronald suggested parenthetically: but we couldn't use them without killing them, unfortunately; and shooting was probably as painless a form of killing as any other. Peter or somebody, she distinctly remembered, had been specially commanded to arise, kill, and eat. To object to pigeon-shooting, indeed, in Lady Le Breton's opinion, was clearly flying in the face of Providence. Of Ronald's muttered reference to five sparrows being sold for two farthings, and yet not one of them being forgotten, she would not condescend to take any notice. However, thank goodness, the fault was none of hers; she could wash her hands entirely of all responsibility in the matter. She had done her best to secure Ernest a good place in a thoroughly nice family, and if he chose to throw it up at a moment's notice for one of his own absurd communistical fads, it was happily none of her business. She was glad, at any rate, that he'd got another berth, with a conscientious, earnest, Christian man like Dr. Greatrex. "And indeed, Ernest," she said, returning once more to the pigeon-shooting question, "even your poor dear papa, who was full of such absurd religious fancies, didn't think that sport was unchristian, I'm certain; for I remember once, when we were quartered at Moozuffernugger in the North-west Provinces, he went out into a nullah near our compound one day, and with his own hand shot a man-eating tiger, which had carried off three little native children from the thanah; so that shows that he couldn't really object to sport; and I hope you don't mean to cast disrespect upon the memory of your own poor father!" All of which profound moral and religious observations Ernest, as in duty bound, received with the most respectful and acquiescent silence.

And now he had to approach the more difficult task of breaking to his mother his approaching marriage with Edie Oswald. He

began the subject as delicately as he could, dwelling strongly upon poor Harry Oswald's excellent position as an Oxford tutor, and upon Herbert's visit with him to Switzerland—he knew his mother too well to suppose that the real merits of the Oswald family would impress her in any way, as compared with their accidental social status; and then he went on to speak as gently as possible about his engagement with little Edie. At this point, to his exceeding discomfiture, Lady Le Breton adopted the unusual tactics of bursting suddenly into a flood of tears.

“Oh, Ernest,” she sobbed out inarticulately through her scented cambric handkerchief, “for heaven's sake don't tell me that you've gone and engaged yourself to that designing girl! Oh, my poor, poor misguided boy! Is there really no way to save you?”

“No way to save me!” exclaimed Ernest, astonished and disconcerted by this unexpected outburst.

“Yes, yes,” Lady Le Breton went on, almost passionately. “Can't you manage somehow to get yourself out of it? I hope you haven't utterly compromised yourself! Couldn't dear Herbert go down to What's-his-name Pomeroy, and induce the father—a grocer, if I remember right—induce him, somehow or other, to compromise the matter?”

“Compromise!” cried Ernest, uncertain whether to laugh or be angry.

“Yes, compromise it,” Lady Le Breton answered, endeavouring to calm herself. “Of course that Machiavellian girl has tried to drag you into it; and the family have aided and abetted her; and you've been weak and foolish—though not, I trust, wicked—and allowed them to get their net closed almost imperceptibly around you. But it isn't too late to withdraw even now, my poor, dear, deluded Ernest. It isn't too late to withdraw even now. Think of the disgrace and shame to the family! Think of your dear brothers and their blighted prospects! Don't allow this designing girl to draw you helplessly into such an ill-assorted marriage! Reflect upon your own future happiness! Consider what it will be to drag on years of your life with a woman, no longer perhaps externally attractive, whom you could never possibly respect or love for her own internal qualities! Don't go and wreck your own life, and your brothers' lives, for any mistaken and Quixotic notions of false honour! You mayn't like to throw her over, after you've once been inveigled into saying ‘Yes’ (and the feeling, though foolish, does your heart credit); but reflect, my dear boy, such a promise, so obtained, can hardly be considered binding upon your conscience!

I've no doubt dear Herbert, who's a capital man of business, would get them readily enough to agree to a compromise or a compensation."

"My dear mother," said Ernest, white with indignation, but speaking very quietly, as soon as he could edge in a word, "you quite misunderstand the whole question. Edie Oswald is a lady by nature, with all a lady's best feelings—I hate the word because of its false implications, but I can't use any other that will convey to you my meaning—and I love and admire and respect and worship her with all my heart and with all my soul. She hasn't inveigled me or set her cap at me, as you call it, in any way; she's the sweetest, timidest, most shrinking little thing that ever existed; on the contrary, it is I who have humbly asked her to accept me, because I know no other woman to whom I could give my whole heart so unreservedly. To tell you the truth, mother, with my ideas and opinions, I could hardly be happy with any girl of the class that you would call distinctively ladies: their class prejudices and their social predilections would jar and grate upon me at every turn. But Edie Oswald's a girl whom I could worship and love without any reserve—whom I can reverence for her beautiful character, her goodness, and her delicacy of feeling. She has honoured me by accepting me, and I'm going to marry her at the end of this month, and I want, if possible, to get your consent to the marriage before I do so. She's a wife of whom I shall be proud in every way; I wish I could think she would have equal cause to be proud of her husband."

Lady Le Breton threw herself once more into a paroxysm of tears. "Oh, Ernest," she cried, "do spare me! do spare me! This is too wicked, too unfeeling, too cruel of you altogether! I knew already you were very selfish and heartless and headstrong, but I didn't know you were quite so unmanageable and so unkind as this. I appeal to your better nature—for you *have* a better nature—I'm sure you have a better nature: you're *my* son, and you can't be utterly devoid of good impulses. I appeal confidently to your better nature to throw off this unhappy, designing, wicked girl before it is too late! She has made you forget your duty to your mother, but not, I hope, irrevocably. Oh, my poor, dear, wandering boy, won't you listen to the voice of reason? won't you return once more, like the prodigal son, to your neglected mother and your forgotten duty?"

"My dear mother," Ernest said, hardly knowing how to answer, "you *will* persist in completely misunderstanding me. I love Edie Oswald with all my heart; I have promised to marry her, because

she has done me the great and undeserved honour of accepting me as her future husband ; and even if I wanted to break off the engagement (which it would break my own heart to do), I certainly couldn't break it off now without the most disgraceful and dishonourable wickedness. That is quite fixed and certain, and I can't go back upon it in any way."

"Then you insist, you unnatural boy," said Lady Le Breton, wiping her eyes, and assuming the air of the injured parent, "you insist, against my express wish, in marrying this girl Osborne, or whatever you call her?"

"Yes, I do, mother," Ernest answered quietly.

"In that case," said Lady Le Breton, coldly, "I must beg of you that you won't bring this lady, whether as your wife or otherwise, under my roof. I haven't been accustomed to associate with the daughters of tradesmen, and I don't wish to associate with them now in any way."

"If so," Ernest said, very softly, "I can't remain under your roof myself any longer. I can go nowhere at all where my future wife will not be received on exactly the same terms that I am."

"Then you had better go," said Lady Le Breton, in her chilliest manner. "Ronald, do me the favour to ring the bell for a cab for your brother Ernest."

"I shall walk, thank you, mother," said Ernest, quietly. "Good morning, dear Ronald."

Ronald rose solemnly and opened the door for him. "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother," he said in his clear soft voice, "and shall cleave unto his wife ; and they twain shall be one flesh. Amen."

Lady Le Breton darted a withering glance at her younger son as Ernest shut the door after him, and burst once more into a sudden flood of uncontrollable tears.

CHAPTER XVII.

"COME YE OUT AND BE YE SEPARATE."

ARTHUR BERKELEY'S London lodgings were wonderfully snug and comfortable for the second floor of a second-rate house in a small retired side street near the embankment at Chelsea. He had made the most of the four modest little rooms, with his quick taste and his deft, cunning fingers :—four rooms, or rather boxes, one might

almost call them ; a bedroom each for himself and the Progenitor ; a wee sitting-room for meals and music—the two Berkeleys would doubtless as soon have gone without the one as the other ; and a tiny study where Arthur might work undisturbed at his own desk upon his new and original *magnum opus*, destined to form the great attraction of the coming season at the lately-opened Ambiguities Theatre. Things had prospered well with the former Oxford curate during the last twelvemonth. His cantata at Leeds had proved a wonderful success, and had finally induced him to remove to London, and take to composing as a regular profession. He had his qualms about it, to be sure, as one who had put his hand to the plough and then turned back ; he did not feel quite certain in his own mind how far he was justified in giving up the more spiritual for the more worldly calling ; but natures like Arthur Berkeley's move rather upon passing feeling than upon deeper sentiment ; and had he not ample ground, he asked himself, for this reconsideration of the monetary position ? He had the Progenitor's happiness to insure before thinking of the possible injury to his non-existent parishioners. If he was doing Whippingham Parva or Norton-cum-Sutton out of an eloquent and valuable potential rector, if he was depriving the Church in the next half-century of a dignified and portly prospective archdeacon, he was at least making his father's last days brighter and more comfortable than his early ones had ever been. And then, was not music, too, in its own way, a service, a liturgy, a worship ? Surely he could do higher good to men's souls—as they called them—to whatever little spark of nobler and better fire there might lurk within those dull clods of common clay he saw all around him—by writing such a work as his Leeds cantata, than by stringing together for ever those pretty centos of seventeenth-century conceits and nineteenth-century doubts or hesitations which he was accustomed to call his sermons ! Whatever came of it, he must give up the miserable pittance of a curacy, and embrace the career open to the musical talents.

So he fitted up his little Chelsea rooms in his own economically sumptuous fashion with some bits of wall paper, a few jugs and vases, and an etching or two after Meissonier ; planted the Progenitor down comfortably in a large easy chair, with a melodious fiddle before him ; and set to work himself to do what he could towards elevating the British stage and pocketing a reasonable profit on his own account from that familiar and ever-rejuvenescent process. He was quite in earnest, now, about producing a totally new effect of his own ; and believing in his work, as a good workman ought to do, he wrought at it inde-

fatigably and well in the retirement of a second-pair back, overlooking a yardful of fluttering clothes, and a fine skyline vista of bare, yellowish brick chimneys.

"What part are you working at to-day, Artie?" said the old shoemaker, looking over his son's shoulder at the blank music paper before him. "Quartette of Biological Professors, eh?"

"Yes, father," Berkeley answered with a smile. "How do you think it runs now?" And he hummed over a few lines of his own words, set with a quaint lilt to his own inimitable and irresistible music:—

"And though in unanimous chorus
We mourn that from ages before us
No single enaliosaurus
To-day should survive,
Yet joyfully may we bethink us,
With the earliest mammal to link us,
We still have the ornithorhyncus
Extant and alive!"

"How do you think the score does for that, father, eh? Catching air rather, isn't it?"

"Not a better air in the whole piece, Artie; but, my boy, who do you think will ever understand the meaning of the words? The gods themselves won't know what you're driving at."

"But I'm going to strike out a new line, Daddie dear. I'm not going to play to the gallery; I mean to play to the stalls and boxes."

"Was there ever such a born aristocrat as this young parson is!" cried the old man, lifting up both his hands with a playful gesture of mock-deprecation. "He's hopeless! He's terrible! He's incorrigible! Why, you unworthy son of a respectable Paddington shoemaker, if even the intelligent British artisans in the gallery don't understand you, how the dickens do you suppose the oiled and curled Assyrian bulls in the stalls and boxes will have a glimmering idea of what you're driving at? The supposition's an insult to the popular intelligence—in other words, to me, sir, your Progenitor."

Berkeley laughed. "I don't know about that, father," he said, holding up the page of manuscript music at arm's length admiringly before him; "but I do know one thing: this comic opera of mine is going to be a triumphant success."

"So I've thought ever since you began it, Artie. You see, my boy, there's a great many points in its favour. In the first place you can write your own libretto, or whatever you call it; and you know

I've always held that though that Wagner man was wrong in practice—a most inflated thunder-bomb, his Lohengrin—yet he was right in theory, right in theory, Artie ; every composer ought to be his own poet. Well then, again, you've got a certain peculiar vein of humour of your own, a kind of delicate semi-serious burlesque turn about you, that's quite original, both in writing and in composing ; you're a humourist in verse and a humourist in music, that's the long and the short of it. Now, you've hit upon a fresh lode of dramatic ore in this opera of yours, and if my judgment goes for anything, it'll bring the house down the first evening. I'm a bit of a critic, Artie ; by hook or by crook, you know, paper or money, I've heard every good opera, comic or serious, that's been given in London these last thirty years, and I flatter myself I know something by this time about operatic criticism."

"You're wrong about Wagner, father," said Arthur, still glancing with paternal partiality at his sheet of manuscript : "Lohengrin's a very fine work, a grand work, I assure you. I won't let you run it down. But, barring that, I think you're pretty nearly right in your main judgment. I'm not modest, and it strikes me somehow that I've invented a *genre*. That's about what it comes to."

"If you'd confine yourself to your native tongue, Mr. Parson, your ignorant old father might have some chance of agreeing or disagreeing with you ; but as he doesn't even know what the thingumbob you say you've invented may happen to be, he can't profitably continue the discussion of that subject. However, my only fear is that you may perhaps be writing above the heads of the audience. Not in the music, Artie ; they can't fail to catch that ; it rings in one's head like the song of a hedge-warbler—tirree, tirree, lu-lu-lu, la-la, tirree, tu-whit, tu-whoo, tra-la-la—but in the words and the action. I'm half afraid that'll be over their heads, even in the gallery. What do you think you'll finally call it?"

"I'm hesitating, Daddy, between 'Evolution' and 'The Primate of Fiji.' Which do you recommend—tell me?"

"The Primate, by all means," said the old man, gaily. "And you still mean to open with the debate in the Fijian Parliament on the Deceased Grandmother's Second Cousin Bill?"

"No, I don't, Daddy. I've written a new first scene this week, in which the President of the Board of Trade remonstrates with the mermaids on their remissness in sending their little ones to the Fijian Board Schools, in order to receive primary instruction in the art of swimming. I've got a capital chorus of mermaids to balance the other chorus of Biological Professors on the Challenger Expedi-

tion. I consider it's a happy cross between Ariosto and Aristophanes. If you like, I'll give you the score, and read over the words to you."

"Do," said the old man, settling himself down in comfort in his son's easy chair, and assuming the sternest air of an impartial critic.

Arthur Berkeley read on dramatically, in his own clever airy fashion, suiting accent and gesture to the subject-matter, through the whole first three acts of that exquisitely humorous opera, the *Primate of Fiji*. Sometimes he hummed the tune over to himself as he went; sometimes he played a few notes upon his flute by way of striking the key-note; sometimes he rose from his seat in his animation, and half acted the part he was reading with almost unconscious and spontaneous mimicry. He read through the famous song of the President of the Local Government Board, that everybody has since heard played by every German band at the street corners; through the marvellously catching chorus of the superannuated tide-waiters; through the culminating dialogue between the London Missionary Society's Agent and the Hereditary Grand Sacrificer to the King of Fiji. Of course the recital lacked everything of the scenery and dresses that give it so much vogue upon the stage; but it had at least the charmingly suggestive music, the wonderful linking of sound to sense, the droll and inimitable intermixture of the plausible and the impossible which everybody has admired and laughed at in the acted piece.

The old shoemaker listened in breathless silence, keeping his eye fixed steadily all the time upon the clean copy of the score. Only once he made a wry face to himself, and that was in the chorus to the debate in the Fijian Parliament on the proposal to leave off the practice of obligatory cannibalism. The Conservative party were of opinion that if you began by burying instead of eating your deceased wife, you might end by the atrocious practice of marrying your deceased wife's sister; and they opposed the revolutionary measure in that well-known refrain:—

"Of change like this we're naturally chary,
Nolumus leges Fijie mutari."

That passage evidently gave the Progenitor deep pain.

"Stick to your own language, my boy," he murmured; "stick to your own language. The Latin may be very fine, but the gallery will never understand it." However, when Arthur finished at last, he drew a long breath, and laid down the roll of manuscript with an involuntary little cry of half-stifled applause.

"Artie," he said, rising from the chair slowly, "Artie, that's not

so bad for a parson, I can tell you. I hope the Archbishop won't be tempted to cite you for displaying an amount of originality unworthy of your cloth."

"Father," said Arthur, suddenly, after a short pause, with a tinge of pensiveness in his tone that was not usual with him, in speaking at least; "Father, I often think I ought never to have become a parson at all."

"Well, my boy," said the old man, looking up at him sharply with his keen eyes, "I knew that long ago. You've never really believed in the thing, and you oughtn't to have gone in for it from the very beginning. It was the music, and the dresses, and the decorations that enticed you, Artie, and not the doctrine."

Arthur turned towards him with a pained expression. "Father," he said, half reproachfully, "Father, dear father, don't talk to me like that. Don't think I'm so shallow or so dishonest as to subscribe to opinions I don't believe in. It's a curious thing to say, a curious thing in this unbelieving age, and I'm half ashamed to say it, even to you; but do you know, father, I really do believe it: in my very heart of hearts, I fancy I believe every word of it."

The old man listened to him compassionately and tenderly, as a woman listens to the fears and troubles of a little child. To him, that plain confession of faith was, in truth, a wonder and a stumbling-block. Good, simple-hearted, easy-going, logical-minded, sceptical shoemaker that he was, with his head all stuffed full of Malthus, and John Stuart Mill, and political economy, and the hard facts of life and science, how could he hope to understand the complex labyrinth of metaphysical thinking, and childlike faith, and æsthetic attraction, and historical authority, which made a sensitive man like Arthur Berkeley, in his wayward, half-serious, emotional fashion, turn back lovingly and regretfully to the fair old creed that his father had so long deserted? How strange that Artie, a full-grown male person, with all the learning of the schools behind him, should relapse at last into these childish and exploded mediæval superstitions! How incredible that, after having been brought up from his babyhood upward on the strong meat of the agnostic philosophers, he should fall back in his manhood on the milk for babes administered to him by orthodox theology! The simple-minded old sceptic could hardly credit it, now that Arthur told him so with his own lips, though he had more than once suspected it when he heard him playing sacred music with that last touch of earnestness in his execution which only the sincerest conviction and most intimate realisation of its import can ever give. Ah well, ah well, good

sceptical old shoemaker ; there are perhaps more things in heaven and earth and in the deep soul of man than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Still, though the avowal shocked and disappointed him a little, the old man could not find it in his heart to say one word of sorrow or disapproval, far less of ridicule or banter, to his dearly loved boy. He felt instinctively, what Herbert Le Breton could not feel, that this sentimental tendency of his son's, as he thought it, lay far too deep and seemed far too sacred for mere argument or common discussion. "Perhaps," he said to himself softly, "Artie's emotional side has got the better of his intellectual. I brought him up without telling him anything of these things, except negatively, and by way of warning against superstitious tendencies ; and when he went to Oxford, and saw the doctrines tricked out in all the authority of a great hierarchy, with its cathedrals, and chapels, and choirs, and altars, and robes, and fal-lal finery, it got the better of him ; got the better of him, very naturally. Artie's a cleverer fellow than his old father—had more education, and so on ; and I'm fond of him, very fond of him ; but his logical faculty isn't quite straight, somehow : he lets his feelings have too much weight and prominence against his calmer reason ! I can easily understand how, with his tastes and leanings, the clericals should have managed to get a hold over him. The clericals are such insinuating cunning fellows. A very impressionable boy Artie was, always ; the poetical temperament and the artistic temperament always is impressionable, I suppose ; but shoemaking certainly does develop the logical faculties. Seems as though the logical faculties were situated in the fore-part of the brain, as they mark them out on the phrenological heads ; and the leaning forward that gives us the shoemaker's forehead must tend to enlarge them—give them plenty of room to expand and develop !" Saying which thing to himself musingly, the father took his son's hand gently in his, and only smoothed it quietly as he looked deep into Arthur's eyes, without uttering a single word.

As for Arthur Berkeley, he sat silent, too, half averting his face from his father's gaze, and feeling a little blush of shame upon his cheek at having been surprised unexpectedly into such an unwonted avowal. How could he ever expect his father to understand the nature of his feelings ! To him, good old man that he was, all these things were just matters of priestcraft and obscurantism—fables invented by the ecclesiastical mind as a means of getting fat livings and comfortable deaneries out of the public pocket. And, indeed, Arthur was well accustomed at Oxford to

own opinions to himself on such subjects. What sympathy or response was there for such a man as he in a so fully critical and calmly deliberative learned society? Of course, that all Oxford was wholly given over even then to the agnosticism. There were High Churchmen, and Low Churchmen, and Broad Churchmen enough, to be sure: men learned in the Fathers, and the Canons, and the Acts of the General Councils; men ready to argue on the intermediate state, or on the three witnesses, or on the heretical nature of the Old Catholic schism; men prepared with minute dogmatic opinions upon every conceivable or inconceivable point of abstract theology. There were people who could trace the Apostolic succession of the old Cornish bishops, and people who could pronounce authoritatively upon the exact distinction between justification and remission of sins. But for all these things Arthur Berkeley cared nothing. Where, then, among those learned exegetical theologians, was there room for one whose belief was a matter, not of reason and argument, but of feeling and of sympathy? He did not want to learn what the Council of Trent had said about such and such a dogma; he wanted to be conscious of an inner truth, to find the world permeated by an informing righteousness, to know himself at one with the inner essence of the entire universe. And though he could never feel sure whether it was all illusion or not, he had hungered and thirsted after believing it, till, as he told his father timidly that day, he actually did believe it somehow in his heart of hearts. Let us not seek to probe too deeply into those inner recesses, whose abysmal secrets are never perfectly clear even to the introspective eyes of the conscious self-dissector himself.

After a pause, Arthur spoke again. He spoke this time in a very low voice, as one afraid to open his soul too much, even to his father. "Dear, dear father," he said, releasing his hand softly, "you don't quite understand what I mean about it. It isn't because I don't believe, or try to believe, or hope I believe, that I think I ought never to have become a parson. In my way, as in a glass, darkly, I do strive my best to believe, though perhaps my belief is hardly more in its way than Ernest Le Breton's unbelieving. I do want to think that this great universe we see around us isn't all a mistake and an abortion. I want to find a mind and an order and a purpose in it; and, perhaps because I want it, I make myself believe that I have really found it. In that hope and belief, with the ultimate object of helping on whatever is best and truest in the world, I took orders. But I feel now that it was an error for me. I'm not the right man to

make a parson. There are men who are born for that rôle ; men who know how to conduct themselves in it decently and in seemly fashion ; men who can quietly endure all its restraints, and can fairly rise to the height of all its duties. But I can't. I was intended for something lighter and less onerous than that. If I stop in the Church, I shall do no good to myself or to it ; if I come out of it, I shall make both parties freer, and shall be able to do more good in my own generation. And so, father, for the very same reasons that made me go into it, I mean to come out again. Not in any quarrel with it, nor as turning my back upon it, but just as the simple acknowledgment of a mistaken calling. It wouldn't be seemly, for example, for a parson to write comic operas. But I feel I can do more good by writing comic operas than by talking dogmatically about things I hardly understand to people who hardly understand me. So before I get this opera acted I mean to leave off my white tie, and be known in future, henceforth and for ever, as plain Arthur Berkeley."

The old shoemaker listened in respectful silence. "It isn't for me, Artie," he said, as his son finished, "to stand between a man and his conscience. As John Stuart Mill says in his essay on Liberty, we must allow full play to every man's individuality. Wonderful man, John Stuart Mill ; I understand his grandfather was a shoemaker. Well, I won't talk with you about the matter of conviction ; but I never wanted you to be a parson, and I shall feel all the happier myself when you've ceased to be one."

"And I," said Arthur, "shall feel all the freer ; but if I had been able to remain where I was, I should have felt all the worthier, for all that."

(To be continued.)

HINDOO PILGRIMS AND LIVING WATERS.

ONE of the first points which attracts the notice of a traveller in Hindoostan (naturally on the alert to mark peculiarities of social life) is the picturesque Oriental simplicity of the water-supply. There is no laying of pipes or taps, or even pumps. In some of the large towns a small rivulet of pure sparkling water is brought to the very doors of the people, by an open channel carried along the main street. This, however, is somewhat exceptional. As a general rule the people are dependent on their wells, and around these at all hours of the day, but more especially at the outgoings of morning and evening, they assemble in groups most fascinating to the artistic eye. The more crowded the city, the more abundant are the wells, yielding an unfailing supply to the thirsty throng who come to fill their great red earthenware jars, or brightly polished brazen lotas.

Many of the finest wells are presented to the city for the use of the wayfarer and the poor, as an act of merit by some wealthy citizen—a profitable investment in the treasury of a future life. Others, with the same end in view, erect temples, to which are attached tanks for ceremonial ablutions: for every devout Hindoo, man, woman and child, must worship at least once a day before he dares break his morning fast, and he may not pray till he has washed himself and his raiment.

I was particularly struck by some very fine wells in Allahabad ("Bowlies" is the correct word), to which the people descend by a broad flight of steps into a world of cool shadow, so pleasant after the glaring sunlight that one feels tempted to linger awhile with those groups of water-carriers who are filling their buffalo skins from the deep well far below, for the use of ordinary mortals. The higher castes, however, would be defiled by water that had been drawn in a leathern bucket, which, being an animal substance, is unclean; therefore each man and woman brings his or her own brightly polished brazen lota, which, by means of a long cord, is lowered to the well. The whole scene is fresh and clean and pleasant.

The tanks and wells are, however, by no means the chief attractions of Allahabad, "the city of God," to the water-loving Hindoos; for here the clear sacred waters of the deep-blue Jumna unite themselves with the still holier Ganges, or rather flow into one channel; for the pure waters seem loth to mix themselves with the foul yellow uncleanness of that muddy stream, and the two colours flow on side by side, yet never mingling for some distance—just like the waters of the Arno and the Po. Devout Hindoos believe that a third river, the Sarawasti, here invisibly joins the other two, and this mysterious mingling of three holy waters fills these simple nature-worshippers with reverential awe. Hence this sandy shore is accounted very near to Paradise, and death here is well-nigh as desirable as at Benares itself.

So the dying are brought here to receive extreme unction according to *their* creed. Once laid beside the holy stream, they must on no account venture to rally. They have been brought there to die, and die they must. A drink of Ganges water they may have—possibly Ganges mud shortens their dying agonies—but at sunset friends may, if they please, return home, in which case the crocodiles probably dispose of their relation. Should a man thus left, obstinately survive and be rescued by any European, the poor wretch dares not return to his family, as he is considered to be wiped out of the book of the living. Instances have been known of men thus saved, continuing for years in the service of their European deliverer! But as a general rule, the poor carcase becomes the prey of beasts and foul carrion birds, and as you walk along the shore your foot may stumble on a half-gnawed skull.

Along these sands stalk the tall adjutants, seeking what fresh feast the stream has provided. Everything comes alike welcome to their voracious maw. Even tortoises have been found, shell and all, in their inside. In short, they are invaluable scavengers, and consume an incredible amount of pestilential filth. This, together with the Hindoo belief that the souls of Brahmins, of dubious holiness, pass into the adjutants, makes it a very evil act to destroy one; so they are rarely molested.

The Levites of Hindoostan show a wise forethought in thus protecting their possible asylum, for it is said that more crimes are committed by the Brahmins than by any other caste, inasmuch as they live in such comfortable certainty of ultimate safety, that they indulge in comparative recklessness as concerns this world's laws—little heeding the penalties which, after all, can but kill the body. They are a fine race notwithstanding, with their high intellectual cast of

head, and clear-cut handsome features. They possess, moreover, in a strong degree, the proud calm dignity of demeanour that we are wont to attribute to the conscious aristocracy of many generations ; and that, not of this world only, for so great is the power of the Brahmins that the gods themselves tremble at their wrath !

According to Indian mythology, even the great Indra, having been cursed by a Brahmin, was hurled from his own heaven and turned into a cat !

Of course I here speak of the Brahmins of Bengal. In southern and central India many bear the name whose lineage is unmistakably of the basest descendants of low-born aborigines, who can only have been suffered to assume this honour as a matter of expediency. But with regard to these clean-limbed stately men (who with their bare shaven heads, and a white sheet thrown round them as sole raiment, sit so calmly reading, or contemplating, by the river side ; trusting so implicitly in the mystic three-fold cord that lies across their shoulder, as being the charter of their nobility in both worlds), we cannot withhold our sympathy from these descendants of the grand old Aryans (our brethren), though they *are* striving so hard to resist the encroachments of Western light and science.

Strange, is it not, that from this dreaded Western world they should now be receiving the true interpretation of their own old faith, and learning the forgotten lore of their noble Sanscrit tongue ; battling against it certainly, but still inevitably tending to such knowledge of their own sacred writings as must compel them to retrace their steps to the old monotheistic faith, when the use of images was forbidden ; transmigration not invented ; and caste, of course, not sanctioned, as the vile native tribes had not then been conquered and enslaved ? Meanwhile, however, the Brahmins struggle more desperately than ever to keep the ignorant herd in all due subjection.

One of their grand opportunities occurs at Allahabad, in the middle of January, when the receding waters, having left a broad expanse of sand between the stream and the Fort, a vast number of Hindoos assemble from every part of the Empire, to celebrate the Magh Mela or January Fair. They come, weary and foot-sore and heavy laden, to bathe in the dirty sacred river, and (simpler than children in holding the faith they have been taught) they here seek calm of spirit, pardon, and relief, as the reward of their hard and weary pilgrimage. Some have come on foot from such far-away places that they have been months on the roads. Perhaps some who started with them have died by the way, from the hardships they have undergone. But these have reached their bourne, and one die

in that sacred flood is a sure passport to heaven. So there is great gladness among these myriads, though many faces still look sadly haggard, and anxious, and careworn.

Of course there are vast numbers present to whom the scene is merely a merry fair—the Mahommedans, for instance, to whom the whole thing would be a farce but for the excellent opportunity afforded for selling their wares. However, whether for devotion or for gain, the people assemble in thousands, and it is a scene of noisy hubbub, and colour, and motion, such as you can see nowhere but at these festivals. Along the wide expanse of sand a regular encampment is made, branching from one central main street of a mile or more in length, which is the extempore bazaar, where the Mahommedans drive a keen business, while their Hindoo brethren are intent on “making their souls,” as our friends from the Emerald Isle described it.

Everything you can possibly imagine is there displayed, both of native and Belatee (foreign) goods, and there are booths exclusively for the sale of idols. Every hideous and horrible god that ever was devised is there for sale; and to make these more attractive, the loathliest Faqueers sit with their disgusting children in groups, painted from head to foot so as to represent these interesting idol families in *tableaux vivants*. These horrible creatures lay sprawling about the sand in every direction in revolting attitudes, to excite the public to almsgiving; and it stirred up one's indignation to see the real pilgrims so ready, out of their deep poverty, to bestow their poor alms on these foul idlers, generally giving to each one handful of grain from their own meagre store. This grain is thrown into a cloth which lies beside each Faqueer, and on which all manner of dirt and dust also falls, so it is afterwards sifted.

The days of self-torture, when these Faqueers “sought to merit heaven by making earth a hell,” are gone past. They are now merely mendicant friars, owning no brotherhood, nor superior. Sometimes, indeed, they pretend to be perpetually fasting, while living on the offerings which they collect for the gods. They never work, and in general, instead of clothes, they merely paint bands and streaks of colour round the eyes, the cheeks, mouth, and nose, marking each rib with a line of white paint, and perhaps adding a few mystic signs and characters. Round the neck probably hang strings of heavy black beads, and the foully dirty, long elf locks fall over the shoulders of these horrible gaunt figures. Many of them travel from end to end of the Empire, adorned with tall peacocks' feathers and bells, carrying jars of sacred water from different holy

places, and sell a few drops at high prices to those who can afford to anoint their idols with an offering so exceedingly precious (though the profane Briton is apt to believe that the precious jars have often been filled at the nearest ditch)! The poor Hindoos, however, have such exceeding reverence for the sanctity of these men that they allow them all manner of privileges, even admission to their houses at all times and seasons. Nay, to such an extent is this carried, that, should a man on reaching his own home, find the slippers of the Faqueer lying at the door, he may on no account enter till it shall please the holy man to come forth; he must even consider himself greatly honoured in having thus, unawares, entertained such an angel.

To turn to the real pilgrims, to whom this sacred bath is a matter of such intense earnestness. None may venture into the river till he has committed himself to the care of some of the innumerable pragwallahs or priests, whose three-cornered flags flutter all along the shore. One of these men kindly receives his offerings, and escorts him to the river bank. But first he must be completely shaven from head to foot, leaving only one celestial tuft at the back of the head. He has abstained from visiting his barber for some time previously, so the sand is literally strewn with fine silky black hair, of which, at the close of the day, we saw piles five or six feet in height! This ought to be cast into the Ganges; but in these modern days, when all things are utilised, we observed men going about with sacks, collecting raw materials for chignons and frisettes!

Men, women, and children all bathe together with the utmost solemnity, at the same time washing their clothes, so that they may come forth altogether pure; and very clean and fresh they certainly appear, in spite of the filthy condition to which they have reduced the water. It certainly is curious to see the Hindoo women thus composedly bathing, in mixed company, clad only in a single fold of the very finest muslin, whereas, if you meet them on land, they will at once turn their backs and drag their cloth quite over their head. Certainly in so doing they display a great deal more than their ankles, but that is quite a trifle so long as the face is hidden!

Even among these earnest worshippers of the great goddess Gunga (the Ganges) evildoers find their gain, and a row of native police have to stand in the water all day watching for thieves, who with a long wire hook contrive to jerk off the heavy gold and silver bangles from the women's ankles, thus reaping a rich harvest and generally escaping in the crowd. These ankle-rings are fetters of exceeding

weight, often richly chased and made of metal so pure as to bend in the hand. In form they are like a Celtic brooch, the ends not meeting. Each toe is adorned with rings; each finger also; sometimes the thumb is adorned with a small circular looking-glass. Heavy bracelets or bangles are worn on the wrist and below the shoulder; sometimes the whole arm is covered. Round the neck hang chains of gold and silver, and strings of gay beads or coral. The ears are adorned with rings innumerable, the whole rim being pierced with many holes. Married women have an immense nose-ring hanging from one nostril. It is very light, but generally three or four inches in diameter, sometimes nearly six! Often a flat gem, such as a star of turquoises, is let into the side of the nose, like a patch.

You perceive that Hindoo women when got up for a festival are very magnificent indeed. But even in their own homes they rarely put off their ornaments, but pursue their household work glistening with jewels. Of course the very poor substitute baser metals. Widows are forbidden to wear any jewels, and are expected to do all the drudgery of the house. In short, though the days of Suttee are past, their position is one of sorely unenviable humiliation.

The jewels of the bathers are not the sole temptation offered to thieves. Some of the wealthy Rajahs throw in handful after handful of gold mohrs, just as an offering to the river—a sorry sight to men whose highest wages rarely exceed sixpence a day! The police have also to try and prevent suicides; so sure an entry into Paradise, offering to the sick and sad-hearted a tempting contrast with the ills of their hard lot here. So the lame and the halt, and many another 'weary of light and life,' try to slip into the river unperceived, having earthenware jars fastened to their bodies. These they fill with water, by means of a small cup, and so sink down into the broad bosom of the calm goddess, where no troubles can ever vex them more; and who in all that busy throng will ever miss them from their place?

Still fresh crowds pour in by every approach, a motley assemblage of many tribes, merging all special differences in their one great purpose: all pressing along this grand high road to heaven, rich men and poor men, riding or on foot, but all so strangely picturesque—a kaleidoscope of ever-varying vivid colours. The enduring brilliancy of the native dyes would sorely puzzle our manufacturers; for the Indian style of washing, by thumping clothes on stones in the river and drying them in the burning sun, soon makes English goods fade, whereas these native stuffs seem to grow more and more brilliant *so long* as the rags will hold together. And the invariable good taste

of the people rejoices the eye. They seem to know by intuition what shades of vivid greens and lilacs, crimson and white, scarlet and purple, blue and gold, will be both gorgeous and harmonious—and they, themselves, supply the rich browns which give tone to the whole.

And on such a gala day as this, even those whose raiment is generally of the scantiest, contrive to be well dressed. All the children, too, are decked out like dolls. The boys, whose ordinary dress consists of a string and small coin, or key, worn round the waist; and the little girls who, 'pour tout bien,' are adorned with a necklace and amulet, are to-day in holiday garb. Nor do the men despise ornaments. Through the fine muslin dress of the richer pilgrims you see gold bracelets, armlets, and necklaces. Even the poorer classes wear bracelets and amulets.

We were mounted on a tall elephant, and so obtained a good general view of the scene, and, moreover, had the advantage of being raised a little above the clouds of dust and sand which those myriads of pointed slippers were so busy stirring up; nevertheless the noise and incessant movement soon became positively bewildering. The deafening clamour for backsheish, the beating of tomtoms, the cries of conjurors and jugglers, and of itinerant merchants of all sorts—in short, the general hubbub—was overpowering, and at last we left the sands with a sense of thankful relief.

The one sound that lingered the longest on our wearied ears was the incessant howl for backsheish which rang on every side; those alms which the priestly crowd claim so proudly and so persistently as their right; while the throng of miserable, all but naked, beggars, intensify their appeal to our sympathies, and explain their ravenous hunger in language not to be mistaken, by patting their unhappy stomach, a member to which an unvarying vegetable diet lends a most undue protuberance, more especially in contrast with the emaciation of the limbs. Even the tiny children are one and all distinguished by the same exaggeration of centre of gravity, and can only be described as 'pot-bellied' to a most alarming degree.

In the midst of that noisy throng we saw one Christian teacher, with a little knot of listeners, who, however, seemed merely to pause for a moment and pass on, little heeding his message. Close by was a rival Hindoo teacher, with *his* books. An American missionary had accompanied us to the shore, but we soon lost sight of him in the crowd—a man of countenance so winsome, as might well recommend his teaching, and who has laboured in this place for many years, gathering together a small but increasing congregation of native Christians. Strange, is it not, that this should be the state of

things 1800 years after the Light has come to lighten the whole earth? Out of the vast multitude of eager worshippers who thronged the sands on this day we had good reason to believe that the Christians barely numbered half a dozen Europeans—of course no native Christian would be present at such a scene.

The establishment of this vast pilgrim camp outside the city walls is due to a recent and most wise sanatory regulation. Formerly the annual influx of pilgrims to any favourite holy place was the sure and certain signal for the outbreak of some form of horrible pestilence, bred of filth and overcrowded dwellings. Every wretched den that could possibly be converted into a lodging-house was crammed to suffocation, so that forty or fifty human beings were stowed away in houses smaller than the average labourer's cottages in England, and this, in an Indian midsummer heat. Thus, year by year, the advent of the pilgrims was looked upon as the inevitable harbinger of death and misery—a danger which is now vastly decreased by the very simple expedient of stationing police upon every road leading to the city, with orders to forbid all pilgrim bands to approach, and to point out to them the direction of the great camp on the dry sands, all trace of which will be, ere long, swept away by the cleansing flood.

If only the same simple expedient could be adopted at all other great centres of pilgrimage, much might be done to avert the awful visitations of cholera—that fearful scourge which is said to be generated exclusively in Hindoostan, thence over-spreading the whole earth. It is positively stated by those most competent to treat of such matters that in every instance where the fell disease has slain its thousands in Europe, Asia, or America, its progress has been distinctly traced backward to a starting point in India, where it invariably appears first among the wretched half-starved pilgrims. Their miserable condition is therefore a matter which European selfishness cannot afford to look upon with indifference. An able writer on this subject has pointed out how at any moment¹ 'these over-crowded dens may become the centre from which the disease radiates to the great manufacturing towns of England and France. The squalid pilgrim army of Jugannáth, with its rags, and hair, and skin, freighted with vermin and impregnated with infection, may any year slay thousands of the most talented and beautiful of our age, in Vienna, London, or Washington.'

The writer refers especially to the great Car Festival of Jugannáth held at Puri, a sea-coast town a little to the south-west of Calcutta—a festival which in numerical importance is only exceeded by the

¹ Orissa, by Dr. Hunter.

monster fair at Hurdwar. The number of pilgrims who flock to Puri varies, of course, from year to year, and is estimated at from fifty to three hundred thousand. The chief festival of the year occurs at midsummer, when the journey of perhaps a thousand or even fifteen hundred miles, mostly performed on foot, is rendered more oppressive by the intolerable heat, in spite of which, the weary pilgrim band, chiefly consisting of fragile-looking women, must push on, never falling short of their full day's march, lest they should reach the hallowed spot too late, and fail to be present at the various ceremonies which are to secure their salvation. We should notice, by the way, that this thirst for pilgrimage and the persevering zeal which carries the wayfarers through all hardships of the journey are diligently fanned by priestly emissaries, who go forth into every corner of the land preaching the necessity of thus purchasing salvation, and of carrying suitable offerings to the gods, or rather to the cruel harpies who guard the shrines.

By the time the weary foot-sore creatures reach their desired haven scarce able to crawl along on bleeding feet, the season of the rains arrives. Perhaps for a few days longer the sun may shine, and the wayfarers, refreshed by a bathe in some sacred tank, don the finery that was wrapped up in their dirty little bundles, and come forth like radiant butterflies to flutter in and out of every temple and drink of the elixir of holiness—a draught, however, which is by no means 'without money and without price,' for at every turn they are taxed by the wolfish priests, and compelled to give alms far beyond their ability. By the time they are shorn of every available coin, and have scarcely retained the sum necessary to purchase their daily meal of rice on their homeward journey, the rains set in in good earnest. Such of the multitude as have secured a right to lie down anywhere under cover are deemed fortunate, even though they be packed close as herrings in a barrel. Vast numbers have no option but to spend days and nights without shelter of any sort, exposed to the pitiless rain which pours down in sheets on the miserable multitude, who have no option but to lie still, helpless and hopeless, literally soddened—soaked to the skin, without the possibility of a change of raiment, and moreover half-starved. Meanwhile the rain is busy stirring up the foul accumulations of filth from every corner, and overflowing such substitutes for drainage as may exist, till the whole town becomes altogether abominable and pestiferous, and the lurking cholera and fever-fiends start up on every hand, and hold high revel on a stage so admirably prepared for them. Of course multitudes perish, and their unburnt and unburied bodies are left a prey to *foul birds and dogs.*

The miserable survivors struggle homeward, while the ceaseless rain still pours down in floods, swelling every river to a raging flood, and making the roads well-nigh impassable. Sometimes they have to wait for days on the river bank, ere any boat dares to ferry them across the furious torrent. They hurry on, however, for the demands of the rapacious priests have scarcely left them coin wherewith to support their wretched lives, till they can reach their own villages. So, on the strength of one meal of rice, they march from thirty to forty miles a day, and of course multitudes drop from sheer exhaustion, and are left to die where they fall, unless, indeed, they have the good luck to be within the boundaries of some British town, where Government servants are ready to carry them to hospital, and tend them with all possible care; a work of mercy which, however, the poor sufferers resist so long as they are capable of even crawling onward. It is rumoured that many of the younger women meet with a fate far more cruel than the death which they accept so calmly—for bands of ruffians haunt the roads whereby the pilgrims return, and watch their opportunity to kidnap such women as from weariness or pain cannot keep pace with the others, and so get separated from their families; the helpless creatures thus captured are carried off to recruit Mahommedan zenanas.

Year by year this appalling sacrifice of human life continues (the annual death-rate among the pilgrims attending this one festival being by the lowest computation twelve thousand, while in some years it is as high as fifty thousand), and all this is endured in the service of Vishnu the All-Preserver,—most benevolent of the gods—to whom bloodshed is abomination, and whose temple would be defiled by the sacrifice of even a goat. Yet so deeply rooted in the national faith is a belief in the efficacy of these toilsome pilgrimages, that any attempt on the part of Government to prohibit or even check them would be considered the most cruel infringement of religious privileges, and would probably lead to a universal mutiny!

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

THE SEIGNEUR DES ACCORDS.

WE are told by scholars that formerly in Greece, to avoid famine, a sacred feast was held in honour of Apollo, called Pyanepsia, from a mysterious boiling of beans which took place on that occasion. In this feast was borne about by boys a bough of an olive wreathed with wool, to which were tied samples of every fruit which fruitful autumn bears. Not unlike this branch in its manifold variety is the best book of the Seigneur des Accords, by him, for this reason, baptised "Bigarrures." Its pages teem with puns and pasquinades, rebuses and retrograde verses, epitaphs and acrostics, chronograms and anagrams, and all the sort of them—the literary triflings in which the "Spectator" was so well pleased. Its diversity of argument, its confused and miscellaneous doctrine, will remind every reader who suffers himself to compare great things with small, and sacred with profane, of the "Stromata" of Clement of Alexandria.

Etienne Tabourot, or the Seigneur des Accords, as he chose to call himself, was born at Dijon in 1547. Educated at Toulouse, he was by profession a lawyer, but, like many others of that trade, before and after Pope's clerk, foredoomed to cross his father's soul, was wont, doubtless, to pen a stanza when he should engross. He himself attributes this inconstant disposition to the natural vivacity of the French nation. In one of his poems he has handed down to posterity his opinion of pleading :

Plaidier c'est un torment,
Et le plus violent martire
Qu'à mes ennemis je désire.

His lordship of Accords is an imaginary fief founded on his family arms, consisting of a tambour, or, as it was in his time named, tabour or tabor, thus forming what the French call a *devise parlante*. To this body of a drum he or his ancestors joined the soul, or motto "A tous accords." For, inasmuch as the tabor, itself the most imperfect of musical instruments, yet accords and harmonises with all others, so Tabourot, by a praiseworthy infirmity of humour, was wont to accommodate himself, though in his own judgment a man of little intelligence, to all intelligences. Just as the drum is equally suited to peace and

war, to the battle-field and the ball-room, so is the poet. Tabourot has expressly blamed any change of surname, but his own change he excuses on account of the lightness of the matter or stuff of his book. His seignury he also explains by saying that a certain Anne Bégat, an honest and gracious damsel, having received from him a sonnet signed "A tous Accords," baptised him with the title of the Lord of all Accords, which he after that time retained as his surname. Of Tabourot's life little is known. He died in 1590 at the age of 43. His epitaph tells us that he had two sons, and was married to a certain Gabriela Monpatea, or Gabrielle Monpaste or Monpaté. On the name of this gentle damsel he made no less than forty-seven perfect anagrams. As some of them, not constituting a full period, presented no signification, he bound them together into a sort of letter to her, in which the lines, as he conceived, ran naturally without any symptom of let, artifice, or affectation. Of these anagrams few, save those accomplished young ladies who have been taught "superior French" by a professor at a finishing school, will undertake to unravel the meaning.

Par belle image donté.
 Bel parangon d'eslite.
 Bel ange la demy porté.
 Digne parole te blasme.
 Mon idé, agréable plet.

It were well, perhaps, before entering on his chief work, to give a short account of what it pleased him to call "Les Touches du Seigneur des Accords." *Touches* signifies those hits or touches which are given in fencing with a rebated foil, hits which do no more than make a white mark with their chalked points, or at the most just graze the skin.

These "Touches," light epigrams written, as he tells us, in two months, are composed of three short books, of which the first is dedicated, three centuries ago, from Verdun on the Saône, to the famous Pontus de Tyard, the Bishop of Châlon on the same river. Pontus studied Platonism, erotic verse, mathematics, and theology by turns. "Omnia Pontus erat" was the pun in his epitaph written by his friend Etienne Pasquier. He was a fellow-countryman of Tabourot, and the first to introduce into France the sixains, in which six rhymes were obligatory on the same word. He conceived a high ideal of poetry, but scarcely realised it in his poems. Yet he was the Hesper and Phosphor, the first star to rise and the last to set of that celebrated Pleiad in which Pierre de Ronsard and Joachim du Bellay shine with such resplendent lustre. The second book of the "Touches" Tabourot dedicated to his friend and the friend of Pontus, Etienne Pasquier. The salt which these verses contain, and

which shows their author to be, as one of his friends says, *un vray Bourguignon salé*, was chiefly obtained, as the *Sieur des Accords* himself confesses, from Greek, Latin, and French mines. This consideration may perhaps defend him, if any defence he required, from the charge of too great freedom of treatment, freedom which in his time was not improper, since it was not unfashionable. Ausonius and the Greek epigrammatists reappear continually. Tabourot, however, does not quote the objects of his imitation, in order to test the value of the opinion of those critics who allow nothing to be good but what is ancient.

The epigraphs in the "Touches" are commonly taken out of Publius Syrus, and are left in their original Latin. To the epigraph succeeds the object of the "Touche," and to that the *contre-touche*. Thus the object of one of the "Touches" is promenaders in churches; the epigraph is, "Orationis est domus domus Dei," an iambic which seems rather to be Tabourot's own presentation of a Biblical sentiment than any of the wares of him whom Seneca considered the most sublime of dramatic poets. The "Touche" is, "God sleeps not, so they preach. But would you know the reason? He is prevented by the voice of those talkative people who have turned His house into a promenade. Is any great lord thus disturbed? No! Then render at least the same respect to the Creator of all things." Next comes the *contre-touche*: "It is no matter of wonder to see them thus walking; they do it to warm their devotion." The *contre-touche* to "L'Oysif"—

Sçay-tu où son esprit s'applique?
C'est seulement à méditer;
Tu le verrois mettre en pratique
S'il ne craignoit de le gaster—

reminds the reader of Topham Beauclerk's reply to Boswell when he maintained the good principles of the man whom Beauclerk was attacking: "Then he does not wear them out in practice."

Another epigraph, "Sibi bene omnes malunt esse quam alteri," not easily to be found in Publius Syrus, is succeeded by a "Touche" in which one Mark speaks with more candour than is commonly found in cultivated society. Mark earnestly prays that if the end of the world shall occur in his time, Asia, Africa, and America may be the first to meet annihilation; afterwards he would willingly let go Spain, England, Germany, and every place in Europe but France. However, if France must go, let Burgundy at least be spared. If Burgundy must go too, let Mark's own village remain; if not his village, his family; if not his family, himself. Now, what a wicked man, concludes the "Touche," was Mark! Other pleasant "Touches" are those

of the judge who is loth to take money, since it is against the law, but receives with alacrity a pheasant, which he afterwards sells to the highest bidder; of the unhappy painter to whom a visitor admitted to his studio, steadily wrapt in admiration before his canvas, said, "What a delightful dog!" "It is not a dog," replied the wretched artist, "but a calf;" also of the visitor who mistook a raft for a lyre; also of the partridge that addressed the aforesaid Pontus thus: "If for any one save thee, my learned Tyard, my life had been sacrificed, I had regretted it; but on being told I was a morsel destined for thy dinner I was delighted at my decease." A seely partridge indeed, as old Chaucer would say, that had a bishop's belly for its tomb and a poet's pen to write its epitaph. A pleasant tale too is that of Thonin, who, finding himself flea-bitten, put out his candle, that he might escape the attacks of these animals in the darkness; also of Popon's nose, which, like the gnomon of a dial, showed the time of day on his teeth; also that of the three things of great damage, of which one was altogether useless—fire, water, and woman. Many of the "Touches" will be recognised at once by the classical reader, as, for instance, those on Myron's cow, of which there are three dozen in Tabourot and no few in Ausonius; those on the Venus of Praxiteles, and those on the contract between the lame and blind. The poet's lines are light and easy, corresponding to his matter. The heavy alexandrine he especially eschews. An envious man, he says in one of his quatrains addressed to the reader, may mock and laugh at the smallness of his book, but

Un petit suffit, s'il est bon ;
S'il est mauvais, il est trop long ;

and he has done his best to make it good by taking for his model the piquante grace and natural facility of Clément Marot.

But his "Bigarrures," or Varieties, is the work by which he is chiefly known to those who have heard tell of Tabourot. This name, however, is not presented to the reader on the title page, which bears only that of the Seigneur des Accords, but must be sought in the first letters of the first words of the first sixteen chapters, which being set together give "Estienne Tabourot;" the remaining six chapters of the first book give in the same manner "m'a fait." Diej, the place where it was composed, is given in an inverted acrostic in the second book, which he calls the fourth, since the whole volume would not be sufficiently varied, as he says, if he followed the fashion of ordinary writers. There is a similar affectation in Sterne, who resembles Tabourot in other trifling. It is well known that the argu-

ments of Plautus's plays give in acrostics the names of his comedies, though it seems unlikely that Plautus himself condescended to this literal wit. It is perhaps the work of Friscian, or of the Christian priest Sidonius Apollinaris, when antique simplicity had lapsed into laborious trifling. Cicero, however, speaks in his "Divination" of acrostics to be found in the Sibylline verses and those of Ennius. A delicate instance of the conceit is offered us by Ausonius. Tabourot was animated in this ingenious exercise not by the desire of concealing the authorship of his book but by that of the better preservation from oblivion of his name. He would moreover be led into it by his natural love of such subtleties, of which his work is not wanting in examples; and, for fear his name should be overlooked, he expressly tells us in the preface to the second or fourth book how it is to be found. The "Bigarrures" are certainly sufficiently varied. The first book is a *pot-pourri* compact of rebuses of Picardy, amphibologies, antistrophes, anagrams, and other examples of what Addison entitled false wit. The second or fourth book, a less lively volume, treats on education, change of surname, French verse, and sorcery. The whole work is concluded with the "Apophtegms" of Sieur Gaulard and the "Escraignes Dijonnoises."

With the *esprit prime-sautier* of Montaigne he seems to have put down things in this book as they occurred to him, without any attempt at arrangement. In the "Bigarrures" the only order is disorder; the whole discourse is a *coq à l'âne* in which he passes from one subject to another, after the mode and manner of a Matinian bee flitting over a field of flowers on a summer morning. It is a Flemish painting, in which field and forest, man and beast, river and mountain are all assembled and gathered together as in a catoptric mirror. Tabourot himself compares his work to a Turkey carpet, and says he piled up his materials pell-mell, just as they came into his mind. As so little regard to correlation of subject was observed by the author, there has been little observance paid in this paper to his order of treatment.

Master Newbury the stationer, according to Camden, devised for himself a yew tree with berries, and a great N hanging upon a snag in the midst of the tree, which could not chose but make Newbury. Of such rebuses expressing names by bodies, alike adopted by the courtier and the costermonger, and set on silken tapestry and on signboards, if only those of France were written down, they would fill enough paper, says Tabourot, to load ten large mules. Nor does he speak with any high approbation of people who affect wisdom in such frivolities; such men are only fit, in his opinion, to pass all their life

in looking for rusty pins in the street gutters. Nevertheless he presents the reader with a few instances of these hieroglyphics, which had ceased to be fashionable long before his time. One is the figure of a man on his knees holding a green I. "Un grand I vert main d'homme à genou porte," or "Un grand hyver maint dommage nous porte." So a patin, or chalice cover known as a *paix*, a green I, and a joint-stool stood for *une paix universelle*. Such rebuses were called of Picardy, with as much reason as mustard *moutarde de Dijon*, from the old motto of the town, "Mout me tarde," in which the "me," being written in a fold of the scroll below the other words, was neglected. Other rebuses are made up of letters, numbers, and musical notes, alone or intermingled.

Such devices have been at all times common enough in England, but they were especially in vogue after the plantation of colonies by Edward III. in France. Then first, says Camden, did our people bordering upon the pregnant Picardes begin to admire their fooleries in painted poesies. But the Picardes by no means lacked wit to express their conceit in language, had they so willed. He allows that the Latins were a little blasted with the same disease. When Cicero represented himself by a chick pea in a dedication to the gods, William Chandler, the Warden of New College, might well fill the windows of his hall with candles, and the motto "Fiat lux," to such an extent that it became difficult, if not impossible, for the students to see to eat their dinner. And if Cæsar distinguished himself by an elephant on his coins, the Abbot of Ramsey might surely set on his seal a ram in the sea. Few will forget the advice of Subtle the alchemist to Abel Drugger the tobacco man, to make his sign out of a bell, a man whose name is Dee in a rag gown, and a snarling dog, so that the radii of these mystic characters might strike the senses of the passers-by; or that ingenious rebus of Mr. Harrison of a hare and a rye sheaf under the sun. The senses of the reader, unless exceptionally obtuse, are indeed not only struck but profoundly impressed by some of the illustrations which Tabourot has thought it necessary to insert in this particular chapter.

Acrostics composed of the heads of chapters, such as Tabourot himself employed, are useful to prevent any literary jackdaw flaunting in alien feathers. Had that unlucky prelate Heliodorus known this secret, he might have preserved both his bishopric and his book. An ingenious game, calculated to raise the spirits according to Tabourot, was connected with acrostics, and played by the damsels of his day. In this sport every young lady was bound under a forfeit to utter a word of praise beginning with every letter of her lover's

name. Suppose the gentleman's name was Tom: she might call him temperate, orthodox, merry. Afterwards some injurious act was imagined on the part of Tom—as, for instance, looking at another woman—and his lady was bound under like penalties to abase him in the same way. This she might do by calling him tasteless, obtuse, malign. Abuse was of course far more fertile than panegyric. This game bears no distant resemblance to our own “I love my love with an A because he is amiable, with a B because he is beautiful,” and so on through all the letters of the alphabet; followed by “I hate my love with an A because he is artful, with a B because he is bald,” till he is hated with a Z for being a zany.

Tabourot thought it necessary to define an anagram, though in his time he allows anagrams were so common that every one tried his hand at them. Perhaps he supposed that in later and wiser times these transmutations would become matters of archaic interest, in which his definition might be of service. Such, however, has not been the case. Anagrams, as their kindred acrostics, concerning which it has been held impossible to determine whether the inventor of the one or the other was the bigger blockhead, flourish still. The great majority of anagrams have little or no relation to their subject. They consist of indiscriminate praise or censure, the latter more frequently, says our author, since human nature is prone to evil. Those only which bear some specific reference to their original are worth remembering, such, for instance, as the anagrams on Calvin, “Lucian” composed by his enemies, and “Alcuin” composed by himself. Tabourot busied himself in anagrams on the names of the great folk of his day, kings and dukes and princes, folk long ago forgotten, of his friends, his relations, and himself. On himself these were made, he says, by one “que j'aime uniquement,” a delicate periphrasis perhaps to preserve his incognito: “Tu stas vir Phœbo natus,” and “Tout en bonté serai.” The first is from the Latin, the second from the French version of his name. It is observable that in these the general tendency which Tabourot detected in human nature to speak evil is corrected by a modest recognition in the author of his own moral and intellectual excellence. In the case of his friend Pontus de Tyard the anagrammatist met with a disappointment. Not, doubtless, without some study he presented him with this complimentary metamorphosis: “Tu as don d'esprit.” Pontus, however, politely assured him that both Jacques Pelletier and Jean d'Aurat had already discovered the same translation, “dont je fus,” says Tabourot, “fort esmerveillé.” Of some of Tabourot's anagrams on his wife the sense is, as has been seen, not so transparent as to be discovered without

parts far more than ordinarily acute. The change of Loyse de Lorraine into Henry de Valois Roe, Tabourot thought miraculous. Roe, it must be explained, stands for Roy, according to a system of conforming orthography to orthoepy which seems ever to have infested the world at intervals, and which was supported in the beginning of the sixteenth century by one Louis Meigret, who, according to Pasquier, introduced such exceedingly subtle refinements into this branch of study that he was at last unable to understand the meaning of his own words. By a stage trick that reminds the reader of Sterne's marbled page Tabourot left a leaf or two blank in the middle of his book for manuscript additions of those who imagined they were able to make anagrams of their own, only warning them not to sit in the seat of scorners while at work, as that bitter anagrammatist who spoke of his wretchedly distorted rival as being himself without change the anagram of a man, and to imitate the Seigneur des Accords, who was not united to the company of those who, to borrow a sentence from Quintilian, "*malunt amicum quam dictum perdere.*"

The tale is tolerably well known of that ill-starred actor in "Richard III." who, having but one line for his part, by a singularly unlucky transposition of some of its letters produced a most undesired effect in the midst of a most solemn scene. This maladroit 1st gent., instead of bidding Glo'ster "Stand back and let the coffin pass," uttered what Shakespeare had set down for him thus: "My lord, stand back and let the parson cough." Of such perversions as these, which Tabourot calls by two names, of which the less expressive is *antistrophes*, he puts some amusing cases. A good companion seeing a brunette at dinner, in place of saying, "*Je voy paistre une noire,*" said, "*Je voy naistre une poire.*" Another, hearing a parasite cry continually to a rich man, "*Tendez votre verre,*" said, "He will surely cry in the end, '*Vendez votre terre.*'" A poor *antistrophe*, yet worthy to be graven on the hearts of our courtiers, is the Spanish refrain, "*Hoy favores, otro dia 'Va fueras'*" ("To-day favours, to-morrow 'Get out of doors'"). Another, less inexact than this, is that of the soldier who, in haste to communicate some important intelligence to his commanding officer, instead of saying he had seen a rock over a cave pierced by a bullet, "*un roc sur une cave percée d'un boulet,*" cried out, "*J'ay veu un coq sur une rave bercée d'un poulet,*" which has altogether a different signification.

Few of the wide fields of literature afford a more abundant harvest of sober entertainment than those occupied with the roots of words. Quintilian's noted *lucus a non lucendo* has passed into a proverb. Varro derived *ager* from *agere*. One Ælius, another

Caius Granius, men otherwise unknown to Fame, have obtained a niche in her temple by two astounding etymologies. The former derived *pituïta* from *petere vitam*, because phlegm attacks life; the latter *cœlibes* from *cœlites*, because angels and bachelors are alike exempt from a most heavy burden. Quintilian, who laughs these derivations to scorn, allows that *vulpes* may be so called from its flying feet, *quasi volipes*. Tabourot, recognising the folly of these allusions, as he terms them, treats his reader to many more, of which "mentum quasi mandibularum fundamentum" and "papilla quia palpatur a puero" are not the least remarkable. To these are added some French allusions equally extraordinary; *bonnet* from *bon* and *net*, because that ornament of the head ought to be both good and clean. *Chemise* is so called because it is set next the skin (*sur chair mise*); *chapeau* is from *eschappe-eau*, because originally only worn in the season of rain. *Velours* is from *velu ours*. *Cheminée* is from *chemin aux nuées*, a way to the clouds for the smoke. *Noise* comes from *noix*, which make a noise when cast together. *Parlement* is so called because *on y parle et ment*. *Sergent* is one who *serre argent* or *serre gens*. *Eschevin* is so named quasi *lesche vin*. The chapter containing these etymologies concludes with an explanation, the well-known one, of the term assassin, and the derivations which have been assigned to those difficult words Salic and Huguenot. Of the former Tabourot gives Gallic; *si aliquis et si aliqua*, the common commencement of the chapters of the French law; Salicus, the surname of Pharamond; and the Salian priests. Of the latter, which is probably the German *Eidgenoss*, or confederate, he gives as roots Gnostics; Hugh Capet; the door of Hugon at Tours, through which they went out to preach; and lastly that which he prefers himself and thinks the true one: Coming to speak before the Chancellor, one of them began, "Huc nos venimus," and was stopped by a cough; the second repeated the phrase, and the French courtiers supposed therefore *Huc nos* to be their name, which in course of time became Huguenots.

The old well-known lines in Lemprière, in which the triune unctions of Diana are described—

Terret lustrat agit Proserpina Luna Diana
Ima suprema feras sceptro fulgore sagitta—

form as good an example as any given by Tabourot of what he calls *vers rapportés*, verses, that is, composed of like parts, in which the words bear reference not to those which are next them, but to others occupying corresponding positions in the other symmetrical parts

of the poem. The verses quoted may, for instance, be divided into four parts, each consisting of three words. Of these parts all the first words are to be taken together, and then all the second, and then all the third. In the following distich written by Jodelle on the death of Clément Marot there is a similar symmetrical construction :—

Quercy, la cour, le Piedmont, l'Univers,
Me fit, me tint, m'enterra, me cogneut.

And in other of Jodelle's compositions we have an instance of French elegiacs.

Phébus, Amour, Cypris veut sauver, nourrir et orner
Ton vers, cœur et chef d'ombres de flammes de fleurs.

Du Bellay amused himself with *vers rapportez*, and was, according to Pasquier, the first to introduce them into France. Those of our author's own composition are not worth quoting. But this is an ingenious piece of work which he says he met with in manuscript in an old Bible, thus postilled in the margin of the passage in which Jacob's regret for the supposed death of Joseph is related :—

Lumen lingua manus fletu clamoribus hamo
Ora locum crines abluit implet arat.

Why the patriarch should have ploughed his hair with a hook is not indeed easy to understand, but some little license must be allowed by him who reflects on the difficulties and temptations of the poet in this style of verse. Already old and well known in Tabourot's time, it had become, he says, so common as to be more wearisome than amusing. The conceit, like many others, was soon spoiled by falling into too ambitious hands. Rival affectations pushed it beyond the bounds of intelligibility. So much ingenuity was employed on it that, save for the author, it became destitute of meaning. The gentle invention, as Tabourot terms it, degenerated into a kind of conundrum, of which nobody cared one peppercorn to find the key.

An accident, truly wonderful, is alone responsible for a verse—" Il m'est échappé inadvertemment," writes Tabourot—wherein all the letters of the French alphabet are contained—

Qui flamboiant guidoit Zéphyre sur ces eaux.

Tzetzes, a Greek grammarian of the twelfth century, made himself remarkable by several of these literal conceits. Of the lipogrammatists, who prided themselves on leaving out one particular letter from their lines, the most distinguished is the Egyptian

Tryphiodorus, who wrote an "Odyssey" in which the first book contained no word including the letter *a*, the second none including the letter *b*, and so on to the last book of the poem and the last letter of the alphabet. Of this particular puerility of an epoch of decadence Tabourot has given us no example writ by himself. It is remarkable as being perhaps the only kind of elaborate trifling which he has not countenanced and supported by some of his own work. Why he has not done so is likely to remain as much a mystery to posterity as the "eventuation," to borrow an American term, of Dr. Johnson's pieces of orange peel. Certainly he was not a man to be deterred by the difficulties of any such enterprise which required rather time than talent, and in which a happy issue was more the result of industry than of intelligence.

In a chapter which the Seigneur des Accords calls "Notes" he speaks of various cryptograms, of the apothecaries' signs, and of the signs of the zodiac, in which he says Ω represents the tail of the lion, and thus by a kind of synecdoche stands for that constellation. ζ shows the preference of the Crab for lateral motion, and at the same time a power of direction of that motion either to be to the east or the west. m stands for the Virgin, by representing the folds of a woman's dress. Tabourot had evidently adopted pre-Raphaelite ideas of art. Curious interpretations of the Roman S.P.Q.R. have been frequently suggested. Tabourot tells a tale of one admitted to the chamber of a newly appointed Pope who could think of none other meaning for these letters, which he saw everywhere printed or embroidered on the furniture of the room, than "Sancte Pater, quare rides," to which his Holiness readily responded by a retrograde "Rideo quia Papa sum." The priest who piously explained I.N.R.I. on the cross by "Je n'y retournerai jamais" was rather void of acquired than native intelligence, and the same apology may be offered for the husband of that jealous lady who, on seeing "Finis" at the end of one of his books, insisted on an explanation, and was informed that the expression was a cabalistic note for "Femme jalouse n'aura jamais santé." The chapter on "Notes" includes a number of ciphers, the fashionable monograms of our present time.

The representation of the external forms of certain objects by a symmetrical disposition of language, that fantastic sort of poetry which bears the name of figured verse, and which caused Addison to fear the filling of the town with poetical tippets, fans, snuff-boxes, and the like female ornaments, made an early appearance in the world of letters. Simmias of Rhodes, who could scarcely have lived later than the fourth century before Christ, pleased himself,

doubtless, if not others, with a poetical account of love in the shape of a pair of wings, and with the story of the consecration of a certain battle axe to Minerva, writ after the model of that instrument. Dosiadas bequeathed to posterity two altars, built in language, which has been censured, in the "Lexiphanes" of Lucian. The authorship of the Dorian Swallow's Egg, in twenty-two verses, is as uncertain as the reason of its name. So far as its outward and visible shape is concerned, it might as well be that of an ostrich or a barn-door fowl. The Syrinx, or Pandean pipes, another instance of this ingenuity, is ascribed to Theocritus. Some, however, have done him the honour to dispute, with considerable warmth, his title to these pipes. Each pipe is composed of two verses; the verses decrease gradually, after the mode of the musical instrument they represent. All these figured verses are obscure. Whether they merit the thick darkness wherein they are involved is a subject for the consideration of those only who have been bold enough to study them. In the verses which bear a structural affinity to the egg and the battle axe were some things hard to be understood as any of those which distracted Peter in the Epistles of our beloved brother Paul, until it was discovered that the lines were to be read after a particular fashion—the first then the last, then the second then the last but one, and so on, leaving the two middle lines for the conclusion. Tabourot has obliged us with a cup, a saucepan, and a tomb. The cup and saucepan are missing, but the tomb remains. It is composed in accordance with the Procrustean exigencies of a somewhat elaborate sepulchral architecture. Pillars and architrave, frieze and cornice are all properly represented in profile. The subject is expressed in Latin verses, to be read, fortunately, in the usual fashion. It is an epitaph, composed with that modest sincerity of expression which always distinguishes monumental inscriptions, on the poet's own father. The vitality of these figured verses, even among good poets, is shown by the Easter wings and altar of George Herbert. That they were also despised is evident from Dryden's satire of Shadwell in "Mac-Flecknoe," where he advises him to seek some peaceful province in acrostic land.

There thou mayst wings display and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.

Under the heading of "Numeral Letters and Verses," in which words were produced out of letters standing for numbers, and *vice versa*, Tabourot introduces Maurus Terentianus, a Latin grammarian in the time of Trajan who alludes to an idea among the Greeks that in a fight

between two the palm would be his who had the greater number signified by the letters of his name, while the less quantity was full of forebodings of death. So the prowess of swift-footed Achilles had little to do with his victory over Hector of the quickly-moving helm; nor would that hero, save for his name's numerical strength, have succeeded in putting to death Patroclus. Any one who cares to make the calculation will find that the Greek letters composing the name of Achilles represent after their system of notation 1276, those of Hector 1225, and those of Patroclus 871. The rule is, however, as might be imagined, subject to no few exceptions. The number of the beast, which is the number of a man, the famous 666, is interpreted in "Les Bigarrures" of Martin Luther, the last name having undergone a slight but necessary modification into Lauter. Unfortunately it is not the Greek but the Latin name of the beast that contains this number. In this respect, therefore, the interpretation of one who gave the name of the beast in Greek letters, with the Greek value attached to them, has more to support it. This gentleman, in whom the Seigneur des Accords seems to have taken no delight, calling him contemptuously an old botcher, *un vieil ravaudeur*, gave to the world for the result of his labour *ἐκκλησία ἰταλικὰ*, a summation distinguished by Tabourot as verily inept for two preemptory reasons, which, as they have but little force, it is unnecessary to declare. It is certainly equally valuable with the *Λάτεινος* of Irenæus, who, as the Jesuit Bellarmine objected, availed himself of a diphthong, contrary to the practice probably of every Greek writer who has made use of the word. Perhaps the most satisfactory explanation of the beast, from a Protestant point of view, is *Ἡ Λατίνη βασιλεία*. On the Catholic side the Jesuit Tirinus in his Commentaries manifests no less politeness than piety and good sense when he says that, as this mystic number is susceptible of so many significations, the prudent reader will easily understand that it would be temerarious to offer any certain name to the Antichrist, more especially when the object of the Holy Spirit evidently was to conceal it.

The first notice of retrograde verses seems to be in Sidonius Apollinaris, Bishop of Clermont in the fifth century. In one of his letters he calls them recurrent, and explains them as those which may be read from right to left or from left to right with the same result. He gives the well-worn instance, "Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor." He also gives a distich of his own, in which not the letters but the words only are recurrent. It was on the occasion of his fording a river swollen above its banks by winter rain.

Præcipiti modo quod decurrit tramite flumen
Tempore consumptum jam cito deficiet.

These verbal recurrences, preserving both sense and metre, are simple enough, and occasionally arise by chance, as in Virgil's

Musa mihi causas memora quo numine læso,

which will stand, not equally well indeed, and present the same meaning, when the order of the words is inverted. Leo of Thessalonica, the eminent Byzantine philosopher and ecclesiastic of the ninth century, composed several sentences which he called *καρκῖνοι*, or crabs, distinguished by literal recurrence. Some of them, however, are imperfect, and none are metrical. Perhaps the best of them are *νίψον ἀνομήματα, μὴ μόνον ὄψιν*, and a sentence hardly so seemly as this in the mouth of a Christian—

σοφὸς ἔγωγε ἤδη ἂν ἄνω, χαρὰ τῶν ἄνω, γελῶ τὰ
κάτω, λέγων· Ἄνω παραχῶν ἂν ᾶ, ἤδη ἔγωγε σοφός.

Tabourot quotes the old "Roma tibi," &c., with another line prefixed—

Signa te signa, temere me tangis et angis :
Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor—

as his first instance of retrograde verses, and gives us the additional information that the distich was composed by the devil one day when he carried a certain Saint Antible on his shoulders to Rome. Thus continually does our able author vary amusement with knowledge and add instruction to delight. Both Du Bellay and Belleau tried their hands at this style of composition, but seem to have met with indifferent success. The French language no doubt presents an almost insurmountable obstacle to the noble ardour of those who would excel in it. Even Tabourot himself could only produce two samples in what he is pleased to call Latin—

Ut sero memores oro sero memores tu,

and

Sacco tu suberis sanas si rebus ut occas,

of which the sense is more than Sibylline.

Tabourot's "vers lettrisez," or paranæmes, as he calls them, a word which, like Coleridge's "esemplastic" or Cicero's "mulierositas," does not seem to have pleased posterity as much as it pleased himself, are nothing but tautograms or alliterations. Our own "Peter Piper pecked," &c., and the French "Le riz tenta le rat, le rat tenté tâta le riz" are familiar examples of this. Two Germans have distinguished themselves in this particular toil. One composed over three hundred hexameter Latin lines on the Pugnacity of Pigs, with every word beginning with the letter P. Another, incited by so remark-

able an exploit, wrote in rivalry over a thousand Latin hexameters, in which every word began with a C, on Christ's Crucifixion. In such a task a somewhat bizarre connection in the first line may be easily condoned.

Currite, Castalides, Christo comitante, Camœnæ.

Whether, as Erasmus supposes, such works would be a remedy for stuttering is a matter for physicians to decide ; but we may well agree with Tabourot that, before completing half a dozen lines, it was as natural for the author *de boire un coup* as for Chaucer's Pardoner to insist on a draught of moist and corny ale before telling his story.

The learned etymologist Trench experiences a difficulty about the derivation of "leonine." Our ancestors have called verses *leonine* for the last four centuries, says Tabourot, because they are the monarchs of verses, as the lion is king of beasts. Some, nevertheless, have been so devoid of taste as to deem them cacophonous. The verse which Voltaire says Cicero never wrote, but which Juvenal or some other tacked to him in a fit of envy, that celebrated line—

O fortunatam natam me consule Romam—

is a very bad specimen of leonine verse, the result probably of accident rather than intention. A sample selected out of many less decorous in their subject is represented in the epitaph of Pope Benedict XII., who entered the Papacy, says our author, like a fox, lived in it like a lion, and died like a dog.

Hic situs est Nero, laicis mors, vipera clero,
Deivus a vero, cupa repleta mero.

And let not any reader, as Tabourot tells all who open his book—let not any reader, discontented with this sample of the monarchs of verses, behave himself unseemly, going about and boasting thus : "O ! j'en sçay bien de meilleurs ! Il n'a pas toutmis ; il a oublié cestuy-cy, cestuy-là." "For," says Tabourot, "maybe I did it advisedly, seeing I have enough matter to make out of every chapter a big book."

"What moves most women when we them address ?" "A dress." Such is the wise and most decent response of Echo to the Shepherd in Swift's "Gentle Echo on Woman written in the Doric manner." Less disinclined to loquacity is the Echo in Webster's "Duchess of Malfi," which warns Antonio thus : "Be mindful of thy safety." Such an echo of seven syllables is comparatively rare. Lucretius allows that one syllable may be re-echoed seven times, but even to Pliny such an echo as that which warned the Duchess's steward was unknown. Such

an Echo can only be worsted by the famous one which answered the doleful wailings of Orsin, the bearward, in Butler's "Hudibras"—

"For who would grutch to spend his blood in
His honour's cause?" Quoth she, "*A Puddin*"—

where Echo departs from the usual fashion. Well might Tabourot's *commère retatinée*, his wrinkled gossip, say that echoes were surely spirits suffering penance in this world, if they gave such replies as these. Most of the echoes quoted by Tabourot are ingenious and comparatively void of extravagance. Pasquier and Marot and Du Bellay disdained not to compose them. Here are a few of those of the last author:—

Qui est l'auteur de ces maux advenus? Venus.
Qu'estois-je avant qu'entrer en ce passage? Sage.
Qu'est-ce qu'aïmer et s'en pl'aïndre souvent? Vent.
Sent-elle point la douleur qui me poind? Point.

Each of these lines has, of course, another to rhyme with it; but the echoes in the lines omitted are less sharp and lively. Addison could not away with an echo that talked sensibly and gave rational answers, and finds fault with Erasmus for making his echo respond in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. But surely the same echo may use many tongues to him who understands them, as the same sea speaks in different languages to those who occupy different situations on its shores.

The *commère retatinée*, who had her own opinion about echoes, is far from being the only person to whom Tabourot confesses himself indebted for information. There is a noble, virtuous, and lovely young lady named Charlotte, a *bon frelaud d'Avignon*, a lusty younker of Valencia, *un Anglois escoué*, or a curtailed Englishman, to each and all of whom he allows his obligations. He collected his materials from all quarters, not even disdaining to read that *charta di matto* the walls of a wayside inn.

It was the opinion of Chrysippus that every word was by nature ambiguous, containing at least two diverse significations. Diodorus Cronus, on the other hand, who died from excessive sorrow at not being able to solve the questions of Stilpo, held that no word was ambiguous, but only obscure. Really their opinion seems to have been one, but the former had in view only the hearer, the latter only the speaker. In his oration for Cæcina, Cicero, replying to some captious difficulty of his antagonist respecting the interpretation of the word "force," a word which has occasioned some little controversy in our own law reports, says that in no language can things be ex-

pressed by certain and proper names. No law, no edict, no treaty, no covenant, no will, no bargain, no bond is there but could be invalidated if the words were only considered apart from the intention of those who wrote them. Even our familiar and daily talk will have no coherence "si verba inter nos aucupabimur," if we are continually word-catching, or, as Tabourot says, in "ce ne sera jamais fait qui voudra chiquoter tous les mots." If our servants are to obey the letter and not the spirit of our commands, what will be the result? When Xanthus told Æsop, saying, "Take these cates to my friend," meaning his wife, that astute slave presented them to his master's bitch, and after excused himself with the plea that Xanthus's real friend was not the woman who was ever at odds with him and threatening a divorce, but the little dog which bore all blows, and after being beaten licked his feet. When the modern brand-new Irish butler was commanded to put a bottle of wine into cold water one hot summer day, and therewith at once decanted it into half a pailful, he acted according to his lights and the letter of his master's order. Of equivocal expressions, sentences of double meaning, amphibologies—*entend-trois*, as they were mysteriously called in the times before Tabourot—there is, of course, no lack of examples in the "Bigarrures." Among them is the logical fallacy of

Gemmæ (gems) are precious stones,

Gemmæ (buds) are in vines :

Ergo precious stones are in vines,

which indeed is very near the truth, for does not their juice bedeck the nose with *balas rubies*? Divine oracles have dealt in this kind of deceit from the beginning. Every one remembers the instances of Croesus and Æacidas. It is a vulgar error, says Tabourot in opposition to Erasmus, that John ate locusts; his meat was rather the tops of the twigs of trees, a kind of salad probably. The two elders who watched the fair Susanna walking in her garden had as little of the sere and yellow leaf about them as the old man of the mountains. Many of our author's stories in this chapter bear familiar faces, as that story of the peasant to whom the physician gave his prescription, saying, "Take this in a glass of water in the morning before breakfast," which the peasant did, not without difficulty, and was nothing bettered. Many more would shock the modern reader as much as the first rule of Jean Despautère, which sufficiently explained itself, shocked the Countess d'Escarbagnas. The majority of Tabourot's tales, like those of Rabelais, whose many-jointed words, as *messerifique*, *mirelifique*, adorn his pages, or of Swift, whom he so much resembles in his naïve cynicism and piquant impudence,

are *un peu trop violents* for our present morality. He is apt to speak *à la franche marguerite*, worrying himself not a whit for sour faces and eaters of furmety. He called, as Philip's Macedonians did, according to Plutarch, a spade a spade. The lips which like lettuces of the sort which grow in the gardens of Apuleius and Boccace, of La Fontaine and Mat Prior, may meet with plenty of them in the "Bigarrures." His *Contes drolatiques* that must here be passed over lightly and slightly are composed with no little oil and art—a commendation which it were rather an injustice to deny than a flattery to confer.

Speaking of the efforts of Pope in representative harmony, Dr. Johnson, apparently not without truth, declares them to be often productive of beauties which are but imaginary. That the ideas, for instance, of swiftness and tardiness are represented not by the external form, but by the inward sense of the words conveying such ideas, he has sufficiently demonstrated by an examination of a couple of lines too well known to need quotation. Such lines are called by Tabourot *vers pathétiques*, passionate verses; an example of them he takes out of "La Franciade" of Ronsard—

L'eau sous la poupe aboyant fait un bruit—

and persuades himself that the line represents to the ear the bubbling of the water beneath the ship's stern. But not only is the rush of the wild sea waves represented to Tabourot by fitly selected words; his sensitive ear finds in them the sounds of fire and storm, the early song of the lark, and the thud of the flail of the labourer that thrashes out the corn. And if ever man wrote a representative metre it was surely Jacques Peletier, the poet-astronomer of Mans, in one of the verses of his song to the lark, which may well bear comparison with the celebrated ode of Shelley.

Elle guindée de Zefire,
Sublime en l'er vire e revire,
E i declique un joli cri
Qui rit, guerit, e tire l'ire
Des espritz mieus que je n'ecri.

Mixed among the many trifles of literature which Tabourot has collected, the silly devices, as a polite Protestant has called them, of the ill-directed toil of lazy monks, who, as some think in the words of Seneca, "operose nihil agunt," the antiquated but still surviving children of judgment married by folly, and imagination wedded to caprice, is, as might be expected, a chapter devoted to Epitaphs. Two of these at least deserve attention—one which was made for an atheist:—

J'ay vescu sans ennuy, je suis mort sans regret,
Je ne suis plaint d'aucun, n'ayant pleuré personne ;
De sçavoir où je vais, c'est un autre secret :
J'en laisse le discours aux docteurs de Sorbonne ;

another, evidently the work of a man of some moroseness of temper, and inscribed on a tombstone *ad Gades ultimas*, in Latin :—

After a wretched life I, a fool, lie buried here,
In the sure and certain hope
That some bigger fool (whom may God confound !)
Will come thus far to read my epitaph.

Sir Walter Scott, in his edition of Swift, after telling us that the satirist did not “partake of the usual amusements of the world for recreation,” adds that he was fond of a “new species of composition.” Scott refers to a curious selection of Latin words, out of which by sufficient diligence might be made decent, or more frequently indecent, English. Samples may be found in “The Consultation of the Four Physicians over a Dying Lord,” and in the epigram of which the first line is—

Dic, heris agro at an da quarto fine ale.

Some little time, however, before Swift and Sheridan corresponded in this tongue Tabourot collected instances of the same kind of composition, which he entitles “Equivoques Latins-François,” in which French was made not only out of Latin words, but Latin words which gave in their combination a good sense. Thus “Nature a dit : ‘Verse !’ au godet” was neatly turned out of “Natura diverso gaudet.” But here though the Latin abounds in sense the French is somewhat deficient in it. In another example this position is reversed. “Quia mala pisa quina,” that is to say, forasmuch as five naughty peas apiece—is not even a period, but the French “Qui a, mal a ; pis a, qui n'a,” is not only full of meaning but of moral philosophy. Rarely indeed is good sense presented in both languages alike.

’Twould be never day, to adopt an expression of our author, were we to gather together but one sample of all the old literary fashions, often conceived to be recent products of our own invention. Such are the *vers couppez*, which will rhyme and retain a meaning after they have been bisected, but a meaning contrary to that which they possessed before their division, reminding us of some of the lines of the Arabic poet Al Hariri. Such are the verses of which the significant letters are printed in rubric, or in capitals, in the form most frequently of a St. Andrew’s cross, all the other words which the verses contain being of as little consequence to any one, save for the sake of

appearance, as the padding which supports a current novel in a popular magazine. Such are the *vers entrelardez* or *farcis*, half Latin, half French, of which some lines in the epitaph of a certain à Cornibus or Ceratinus afford a good example.

Hélas ! hélas ! Pater à Cornibus,
 Priez pour Dieu Deum et angelos,
 Que pour son sang, clavis, vulneribus,
 Nous face tous in fine beatos.

What little seriousness the Seigneur des Accords possessed he seems to have reserved for his second or fourth, or last book of the "Bigarures." His "Useful Hints for the Education of Children" remind the reader of Milton's tractate addressed to Mr. Samuel Hartlib, and much instruction may be gained from his observations "Sur les Vers Français," "Les Faux Sorciers," and "Le Changement du Surnom." But, lest these works should prove too wearisome, he has taken care to add to them the lively "Apophtegms" of the Sieur Gaulard and the still more lively "Escraignes Dijonnoises."

The "Apophtegms" of the Sieur Gaulard, divided into two "pauses," as the Seigneur des Accords calls them, is a commonplace book of various conceits gathered from the Italians Doni and Poggio, the German Bebelius, the French Henry Estienne, and many others, as Tabourot himself confesses, thinking, in the words of Pliny to Vespasian, "benignum esse et plenum ingenui pudoris fateri per quos profeceris." Many old friends indeed we meet among the *casades*, or flouts, suspended like the pasquinades on the statue at Rome, on this lay figure of Sieur Gaulard. The name is a common term in Burgundy, of which country the gentleman is supposed to be, for a good fellow who is continually desiring to moisten his *gueule*. This man born to make other men laugh is described of middle height, big-bellied, a little bent, his head shaped like a sugar-loaf, with very prominent eyes and a large flat nose. He is of a good pot wit—*d'un bel esprit envaïsselé*—but without a classical education. His father would not have him taught Latin, for fear of his attempting to correct the "Magnificat." Written in the time of the plague, Tabourot commends his "Apophtegms" to the public, trusting they will make it spend more money in wine than in medicines. Some of the jokes are carelessly repeated, and of others no lexicographer can be found to offer an elucidation. "Je ne suis pas las, bien est vray que j'ay les pieds tallez" is a somewhat difficult observation for him who puts his trust in dictionaries. Neither Littré, nor Landais, nor the French Academy, nor Cotgrave notices the true sense of the unlucky *tallez*. When Gaulard, after asking his secretary the meaning of "&c.,"

at the end of a letter, and being told that it signifies a humble and loving recommendation to the person to whom the letter is addressed, and a prayer to God to give him a most happy and contented life, immediately orders that official to put at least half a dozen &c.'s for the future in every letter he writes, to show Gaulard's good breeding, he does but anticipate the exquisite courtesy of the treble &c. of our own day. He reminds us of the Scholasticus of the "Facetiæ" attributed to Hierocles when he looks in the glass to see how his gloves fit him; when he bids his servant take a candle to see if the day has dawned, and to find out the hour on the sun-dial; when he sits for his family picture on the ground that standing for so many generations as he hopes the portrait will last might fatigue him; when he wishes the warmth of the July sun to thaw the frosts of December, and the frosts of December to cool the wine of July; and when in his sickness he would be quite willing to live on sop had it only the taste of sack. He would never attend divine service, from bearing in mind the rule of the Salernitan school, "Somnum fuge meridianum." Yet he held it better to sleep than to be idle, for he was a man who wished to be always busy about something.

In the "Escraignes Dijonnoises," Tabourot tells us, there is more profit than in David's Psalms. They are called "Escraignes" because comprising a collection of fifty stories told in the *escraignes*, or little conical mud hovels, of Burgundy, built every winter in the shape of a steel cap or a swallow's nest, a style of architecture not to be found in Vitruvius, and so described at some length by the Seigneur des Accords. Here the prettiest of the vine-dressers' daughters, with their *voueurs*, or wooers, used to assemble and tell tales from supper time to midnight. Here they enjoyed in common the light of one little lamp and the heat of one small pan of coal, domestic expenses which were defrayed by each member of the society in turn. Here the men prepared their rude tools for the coming summer, while the women turned their distaffs and watched the chestnuts in the glowing embers.

Tabourot entered these *escraignes* surreptitiously under the cloak of a vine-dresser, and brought away with him such anecdotes as from their extreme vivacity he had perhaps done better to have left behind.

Neither Claudine the coquette, nor Aunt Fanny, nor black Joan, nor mad Kate, nor sugary Margaret, whose voice was as delicate as a fuller's thistle, tell tales to be tolerated at the present day. His saving clause, "sauf l'honneur de chrestienté," will not redeem them in modern ears. They are, indeed, of strange experiences unmeet for

ladies, and too much in the style of Rabelais, from whom more than one of them is undoubtedly borrowed.

The laughing Democritus, who thus addresses all professed Catos with pursed-up lips and scowling, puckered brows :

Il faut se retirer, il y a tems de rire,
Il y a tems aussi de gravement escrire :
La nature se plaist en la variété,

chose for one of his subjects of serious writing what it was unsafe at his time to regard with ridicule, however worthy of it, the subject of Sorcerers and Demonology. "Les Faux Sorciers" is inscribed to Pontus de Tyard, but without any set dedication, a form which, whether conveying flattery or intimidation, he considered equally vain and absurd. Great men, he says, care less for reading than for revenue ; riches are rather their object than erudition. None but an atheist, according to Tabourot, would deny that devils have power to circumvent us, but much is attributed to devils by designing men, much in which they have no concern. Some people, nourished on old nurses' tales, which wise parents would willingly, if they were able, in accordance with Tabourot's advice, banish from their nursery, imagine the least noise of a cat or a mouse, the faintest crack of a couple of planks of green wood closed by rain and opened by dry weather, to be the work and warning of a demon. To prevent any knavish imposition on these simple folk, to unfetter their fascinated understanding, and to offer an antidote to the poison they have drunk, is the object of Tabourot's treatise. No magic words, he assures them, will enable a man to wash his hands in molten lead without inconvenience, to handle a venomous serpent safely, or to cure a raging tooth. No verse in all the holy Psalms of David will drive May bugs out of their orchards or pigs out of their hay-lofts. Their safe journey over a bridge does not depend on the position of the planet Jupiter. Nay, even the miracles of the Church are not always genuine. But over this dangerous ground Tabourot passes very cautiously, only giving one example of a monk who thought to acquire a reputation for superior sanctity by a supernatural fast. For seven days and nights this holy person partook of nothing, and might have gone on another seven had it not been discovered by an accidental fracture that the candles with which he insisted on being well supplied to read his canonical prayers withal were made of mince meat of beef and chicken, carefully coated over with an envelope of wax.

In Lucian's "Cock" the cobbler Micyllus tells a story of a fellow-tradesman, Simo, who, becoming rich by the death of a cousin, went abroad in purple and fine linen, and being saluted by Micyllus,

"Hail, Simo!" said indignantly, "Tell that beggar not to belittle my name, which is Simonides, not Simo." Some such *noblereau*, as Tabourot calls the *novus homo*, was probably the occasion of his treatise on the "Change of Surname," in which, as a strong conservative, he supports the cause of the old nobility and inveighs in good set terms against those who, by altering their name or prefixing to it *l'article gentilhommeque, de, de la, du, &c.*, hope to hide the lowliness of their origin. He is for allowing no man to cast a slur upon his ancestors by changing his surname, unless it be indecent or difficult to pronounce, and then only by letters patent, to be sold at a high price. He concludes by advising his *noblereaux* to learn and inwardly digest the epigram of Ausonius on Agathocles, the Syracusan king, who was wont among his vessels of jewels and gold to set cups of the commonest earthenware, to keep ever in his remembrance the fact that his father was a potter.

Tabourot's particular observations on French verse are chiefly concerned with the intricacies of the old rhymes of Ronsard and Du Bellay and *le doucereux* Belleau. He takes occasion to show the superiority of measured to unmeasured lines, or lines without any regular intervention of feminine rhymes, in the construction of songs and sonnets. Numerous illustrations are given of his own composition. There are some dozen sonnets on the portrait of the lady he always, he says, faithfully loved under the name of Angélique, and a couple of *vauldeilles*, one of which is concerned with this same Angélique and the other with a little village girl whom he calls his Gadrouillette, a word which Cotgrave unkindly interprets minx. It is to the verses contained in this treatise that such fame as Tabourot may possess as a poet is principally due. Most of his other rhymes, such as the "Defense et Louange du Pou ensemble celle du Ciron" (of which a word or two presently), have fallen one by one into the jaws of rapacious time, there to rest without hope of recovery. One of his stanzas, complimenting his Gadrouillette on her easy-fitting jacket, must make our modern dames deplore his want of taste.

J'ayme mieux voir sa belle taille
 Soubs la biaude qui luy baille
 Cent fois mieux façonné son corps,
 Qu'en une robe si reserrée
 Qui par sa contraincte forcée
 Faict jecter l'espaule dehors.

His "Laudation of a Louse together with that of a Flesh Worm" recalls, in the dignity of its subject, the efforts of Homer, Virgil, and Lucian in regard to a frog, a gnat, and a fly. Tabourot's selection

of a topic was, however, not so delicate as that of Ronsard, who sent to Belleau a poem on an ant, or of Belleau, who presented Ronsard in return with some rhymes on a butterfly; but his mode of treatment might have been, if not more ingenious, at least more interesting. Both ant and butterfly were translated by him into Latin elegiacs of no considerable excellence. The concluding stanza, however, of his translation of Ronsard's poem, in which he begs the ant, should her house be situate under the beech-tree beneath which Belleau made love to his mistress, not to bite that lady's soft skin, is superior in liveliness of colour to his original.

Little remains to be said of the Seigneur des Accords. What is known of his life is taken from his book, and from that the reader may form his own estimate, if it pleases him, of his morality. The chief charges against him are those of buffoonery and indecency. To look for seriousness in the Seigneur des Accords is indeed to look for five legs in a cat, to seek pears on an elm; but it is a little hard to blame him for an absence of sobriety in a book which he never meant to be sober. *Dulce est desipere in loco.* There is room for some light frivolity in literature, as for puff pastry on the dinner table. Man was not intended to live on bread and meat alone, eschewing utterly salads and strawberries; nor is the mind any less than the body benefited by an occasional repast on lighter diet. There is a judicious apophthegm touching the effect of all work and no play on Jack. And if Tabourot is fond of trifles he has, on the other hand, no fear of telling the truth. If amusing he is also instructive; and if he causes laughter to himself and others, it is at least that laughter of which learning is not ashamed.

The charge of indecency is built on a surer foundation. Little regard for decency, social, moral, or religious, had this Burgundian Rabelais. Such indeed is the natural corruption of the heart of man that, like other writers of his genre, he seems to excel, to shine with more abundant grace in a *conte gras*. However it may become the pious poet himself to be chaste, there is no need, he concludes with Catullus, for his pretty poems to be chaste also. On more than one occasion indeed it strikes him that his tales are "un petit tantillon bien sales, un peu naturalistes; mais si passeront-ils, ils sont tels qu'ils sont, et n'ya rien à remordre," and against the attacks of any *marmiteux* he defends himself thus: "J'ai été lascif seulement pour estre ingénieux," but "tanti non erat esse te disertum," as Martial, who was so obviously ruled by this principle in all he wrote, advised Sabellus. However, having once laid down this moral maxim, he hesitates not to make use of such words as raise the warm blushes

to the cheek of our ingenuous youth in their readings of Horace and Aristophanes—nay, even of their Shakespeare. Thus doing continually he doubtless supports the cause of morality, disgusting such reprobate appetites as lust after the forbidden flesh-pots by abundance, and causing them a surfeit by repletion. Such Fescennine licence as is to be found in his book, fully compensated for, of course, in his own opinion by the fertile ingenuity of his wit, may act as a mithridate to the men of this generation. For the men of his own time, most of them were fairly inured to poison. Only here and there a man was roused to indignation, as Pasquier, who opined that Despériers, the author of the “*Cymbalum Mundi*,” that Lucianic travesty, ought to be burned with his book. Our ancestors tolerated much impurity that we should avoid with feline solicitude. As Molière said in the Critique to “*L’Ecole des Femmes*,” we are chaste—at all events in our ears. If modesty has left our hearts, it remains at least upon our lips. It is well known that our imagination is not equally injured by honest and gross expressions of evil. How grateful ought we therefore to be for that civilization which has for ever divided us from all delight in the bold, outspoken obscenities of ancient paganism!

JAMES MEW.

BODY AND MIND.

PERHAPS no fact of scientific advance is fraught with deeper meaning than that which demonstrates to us the large amount of knowledge which recent research has been the means of throwing upon the functions of the brain. The domain of mind, it is true, must ever remain in many of its aspects a veritable arcanum, whose mysteries may never fall within the grasp of erudition and research. But the modern investigator has, at the same time, passed beyond the old boundaries which were wont to deter his predecessors from inquiring into the manner in which mind and brain co-operated in the regulation of the body, and has advanced materially our understanding of many facts of brain function, which, but a few years ago, represented the fastnesses and inaccessible regions of knowledge. Nor are these gains of science unimportant, when viewed from the purely social side of things. Rescued from the domain of the unknown, such facts as those to which we refer repel those beliefs in the mysterious and occult which lie at the root of so much that is ignorant and of a vast deal that is superstitious even in these matter-of-fact days. When, for instance, "mesmerism," the "electrobiology" (high-sounding title!), and the phrenologies of the modern Cagliostros, with their "hocus-pocus science," as Macklin would have termed it, are resolved into so many abnormal actions of brain, and into so much pseudo-scientific jugglery, the world at large is unquestionably the gainer in respect of the new and rational light which has been thrown upon phases of mind. Or, when the hallucinations of the ghost-seer are proved to be subjects of physiological study, and when the production of his inverted mental images is capable of being duly explained on known principles of life-science, we may congratulate ourselves on having snatched another mystery from the charlatanism of ignorance, and on having expelled so much superstition from the world. Thus, judging even the most recondite study of mind from a rigidly utilitarian point of view, we may discover that its effects must leave their wholesome mark on the social life of our day, and on that of succeeding generations as well. The gains of knowledge are in fact amongst the saving

clauses which are now and then added to the large and complex roll of the constitution of man.

It may be well to preface such a simple study of mind and body as that on which we purpose now to enter by a glance at some of those general relations between the material frame and its immaterial emotions which serve to demonstrate the tacit harmony exhibited by the powers which rule and the subject that obeys. No facts of physiology stand out in bolder relief than those which deal with the common and united action of brain and body, in the ordinary affairs of every-day existence. So perfectly adjusted is this co-operation between body and mind we speak of, that in the vast majority of instances we ourselves—the very subjects of its action—may be utterly ignorant of the existence of any such league. Like the system of secret espionage which in its most perfect phases moves and lives with us and beside us all unsuspected and unknown, the operations which issue from the head-centre of our corporeal government may be absolutely hidden from us whilst continually we live and act under their behests. We literally take no thought for the morrow of our existence, because we are accustomed to have so much of that existence regulated independently of consciousness, and certainly without the exercise of will. The food upon which we subsist is inspected, so to speak, on its presentation to the senses; but its preparation, and its elaboration to form blood, are matters which are adjusted by that perfect system of control which the nerve-centre exercises over the commissariat department. Even before that food has become ours, we may experience unconscious or automatic action of the bodily processes, when, at the sight of the dainty, the salivary glands are stimulated to the manufacture of their fluid, and the “mouth waters”—the digestive act in question being but the natural, though somewhat ill-advised, prelude to the actual reception by the mouth of the desired morsel. The circulation through our body of the vital fluid, and the ceaseless thud of the central engine of the blood-flow, similarly remind us of active processes on the exact continuance of which our life depends, and which nevertheless are regulated apart from the will, and in greater part outside the bounds of waking knowledge. The consideration of this practically uncontrolled continuance of these actions becomes, in one view at least, of highly gratifying nature—since it is within the bounds of probability that, were the control of such important processes a matter of unremitting attention, the exigencies of human life, by withdrawing our attention from their due regulation, might conduce to the premature ending of life itself, whilst sleep itself in such an event

would be an impossible condition. In many other ways and fashions does the brief chronicle of the bodily rule bring forcibly before us the independence of our attention and consciousness in so far as the government of every-day existence is concerned. The morning walk to business through the crowded thoroughfares, when we are wrapt in the mantle of deepest thought—with “eyes in the mind,” although ostensibly bent on outward things—and when we find our steps guided harmoniously towards our appointed end, illustrates but another phase of the unconscious ruling of our lives. And the phenomena of the sleep-vigil, when, wrapt in the mantle of fancies and acted thoughts, we may walk fearlessly on the house-tops, show us in another fashion the action of active brain and body upon unconscious mind.

Thus it seems perfectly clear that in many of our daily actions we pass automatically through existence, dreaming no more than does the wound-up watch of the mechanism in virtue of which we execute our common movements, but regulated at the same time by an internal power which now and then asserts its sway over the vital machinery, as if to remind us that we possess the higher attributes of reason and will. If it be true, as we have shown, that over the bodily processes brain asserts an autocratic sway, it is equally noteworthy that under the influence of what, for want of a clearer term, we may call conscious mind, the automatic rigour and regularity of life may be suspended and overruled. Take as a fitting and as an interesting example the difference between the ordinary unconstrained action of the heart and its behaviour under the influence of mental emotion. If, as Cowper figuratively puts it,

“The heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,”

it is no less true physiologically that the head may occasionally give anything but a salutary lesson to the heart. It was Molière and Swift who, in their day, justly ridiculed, as physiology proves, the idea that the heart's regular action depended upon some mysterious “pulsific virtue.” Within the heart's own substance—and it must be borne in mind the centre of the circulation is simply a hollow muscle—lie minute nerves and nerve masses which govern its ordinary movements, and are responsible for its unconstrained working. The regular motions of the heart thus present little difficulty in the way of theoretically understanding their origin and continuance. As other muscles—such as those of the eyelids or of the breathing apparatus—possess a regular action, and are stimulated at more or less definite intervals, so the heart itself simply acts in obedience to the defined

nervous stimulation it undergoes. But it so happens, that other two sets of nerves are concerned more or less intimately in the affairs of the heart. There exist, for example, the "sympathetic nerves" as they are called, which form part of a peculiar system of nerves regarded as distinct from that main system (consisting of brain and spinal cord with their nerves) which we are accustomed to speak of as "*the* nervous system" of the body. From the sympathetic nerves, then, branches pass into the heart's substance. But the system of nerves which owns the brain as its head, also possesses a share in the heart's regulation. Nerves are supplied to the organ from a very remarkable branch, which, with more respect for scientific terminology, perhaps, than for the reader's feelings, we shall name the "pneumogastric" nerve. This latter nerve originates from the upper portion of the spinal cord, esteemed, and justly so, as the most sensitive and important of the brain centres. So much for an elementary lesson in the nervous supply of the heart; the outcome of such a study being, that the heart much resembles a conjoint railway station, in which three companies possess an interest, and whose lines enter the structure. The chief proprietors of the station are represented by the small nerves and nerve-centres which belong to the heart's own substance, whilst the fibres of the sympathetic nerve, and those of the pneumogastric nerve, represent the other lines that traverse the common territory, and affect the traffic carried on within its bounds.

Now, in the relations borne by these various nerves to the work and functions of the heart, we may find a very typical example of the dominance occasionally assumed by the mind over a function of the body which, under ordinary circumstances, is carried on without the control of the head-centre of the frame—just, indeed, as the head of a department may sometimes interfere with the placid way of life by means of which his efficient subordinates may discharge the duties they owe to the country at large. For, what has experimental physiology to say regarding the explanation of the effects of joy or sorrow, fear and anguish, and the general play of the passions on the heart? Under the influence of the emotions, the organ of the circulation is literally swayed beneath varying stimulation, just as in metaphor we describe it as responding to the conflicting thoughts, which, whilst they primarily affect the brain, yet in a secondary fashion rule the heart and other parts of the body. The trains of thought in fact despatch to the heart, along either or both of the nerve-lines already mentioned, portions of their influence, with varying and different effects. Take for instance the effects of fear upon the heart-throbs.

Who has not experienced the stilling of the heart's action which a sudden shock induces? or that chilling sensation, accompanied by the sudden slowing of the pulses, which every poet has depicted as the first and most typical sign of the startled mind? Such a familiar result of strong emotion illustrates the effect of mind upon body in a fashion of all others most clear and intelligible. Here an "inhibitory" action has taken place, through the medium of the "pneumogastric" nerves. By irritating or stimulating these nerves, we may slow the heart's action, or may cause that action to cease. It is from some such source also, that the influence of fear, or of that emotion which holds us rapt "with bated breath," or which keeps us "breathless with adoration," proceeds. Like the action of the heart, the process of breathing responds to the will and sway of that mental counsellor who may sometimes not over-wisely strain his authority, and abuse the prerogative with which he is invested. Similarly, "the sacred source of sympathetic tears" rests in the mental emotion and its effect upon the tear-glands of the eyes; and such unwonted stimulation of these latter organs has come to be associated with certain emotions as the most stable expression of their existence. In such a study we may well discover how the physical and material basis whereon the expression of the emotions rests, is in reality constituted by the action and inter-action of like processes to these we have been considering. An inhibition conveyed from brain to heart, and its visible effects on the body, together form the outcome of emotion, or expression, which, by long repetition in the history of our race, has come to be recognised as a sure sign and symptom of the thoughts and ways of mind.

This inhibition of the heart and its action, however, is not the only influence which is brought to bear on the normal work of that organ. If it is slowed by fear, it is stimulated by joy; if it is chilled by anguish, it is quickened by hope; and if the pallid countenance be an index of the one set of emotions, no less is the flushed visage and mantling colour the true expression of the other. By what means are the trains of thought laden with the hopes and joys of life made to affect the heart? To what do

"Sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood and felt along the heart,"

owe their propagation and conveyance? The answer is found in a study of the sympathetic system of nerves and its influence on the circulation. Experiment and analogy clearly prove, that through these latter nerves, the pulses of joy affect the thro's of the heart, and quicken

its pulsations. The sympathetic nerves are thus the antagonists of the inhibitory fibres before-mentioned, which slow the heart's action, and chill the pulses of life. True, they are not of such powerful kind, and their action is not of such marked character as that of the fibres which retard the throbs of the heart. Still, the influence of the lines along which the impulses which quicken its action run, is marked and distinct enough; and it may be logically enough conceived, that in the subject of the beaming eye, in whose breast hope ever renews her "flattering tale," the sympathetic impulses have acquired a power unknown to the mind harassed by continual fears. And in a manner similar to that in which the cheering influences of life pass to quicken the action of the heart, are there more visible expressions of the emotions produced, in the tell-tale blush and in the mantling colour. Donne gives vent to no mere poetic phantasy, but declares a veritable fact of physiology, when he declares, in his *Funeral Elegy* "On the Death of Mistress Drury," that

"We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
That we might almost say her body thought."

The natural blush is thus the offspring of the mind. Its physiological explanation is simple enough. A larger quantity of blood than usual is sent into the minute blood vessels of the skin, these vessels being in a state of temporary relaxation, and having had withdrawn the natural stimulus to moderate contraction, which is part of their ordinary duty. In what way has the head of the department interfered with the ordinary routine of the body? The answer is supplied by the knowledge we have already gained respecting the control of the forces which provide for the due circulation of the vital fluid, and also by experimentation upon the rabbit's ear. When the sympathetic nerves are affected, the heart's action, as we have noted, is quickened, and a greater amount of blood is sent through the vessels. When we divide the sympathetic nerve which supplies the blood vessels of the ear, these vessels become dilated, and the rabbit's ear exhibits the same phenomena seen in the blushing countenance of the human subject. On the sympathetic system, then, we must lay the burden of any complaints we have to make respecting the "damask cheek" of everyday life. And conversely, to the same lines of nerve which speed the heart's action we must give the credit of causing the pallid countenance of fear or despair. When the cut end of the sympathetic nerve in the rabbit's ear is irritated, we

perceive the ear to become pale, and its temperature to decrease. This result arises from our conveying to the nerves of the blood vessels some stimulus resembling that we have deprived them of, so that they contract overmuch, and thus expel the blood from the surface over which they are distributed. But the slowing of the heart in the ordinary course of life is probably a matter with which the inhibitory nerves have to do, and thus upon the pneumogastric fibres we may rest the pale cast of the human face divine. Not to be passed over without remark, are the consequences to our health and physical well-being which flow from such overriding by the nervous system of the ordinary processes and acts of life. When an influenza, or some still more serious internal disturbance of our healthy equilibrium, occurs, we may trace the affection in question to the influence of cold on the skin (as in a chill) acting upon nerves which regulate the blood vessels and their contraction. Thus, to descend from philosophy to broad utilitarianism, it is not the least important effect of studies dealing with the mechanism of body and mind, that they may explain to us with equal facility the *rationale* of the emotions or the reason why we "catch a cold."

The ordinary relations between body and mind may thus be demonstrated by the study of some of the simplest actions of bodily mechanism. On the other hand, this relationship may be equally apparent, and may be even more forcibly shown in some of its less understood phases, by a reference to states which as a rule are known to the physiologist or physician alone. In proof of this fact let us note the effect of some strong mental impressions upon the physical constitution. Here we may meet with illustrations in themselves of literally wondrous nature, and which reveal a power of affecting the body through the mind such as would scarcely be deemed possible under wellnigh any circumstances. Some curious instances of the effects of ill-governed rage, of violent temper, and of fear, upon the frame may be first glanced at. Sir Astley Cooper long ago drew attention to the high importance of the mother preserving a quiet mind and demeanour during the care and nurture of her child. This authority illustrates his advice by several instances in which some remarkable and unknown effects appear to have been produced in the maternal frame by passion and by fright. An instance in point is given by Dr. Andrew Combe. A soldier was billeted in the house of a carpenter, and having quarrelled with the latter, drew his sword to attack his host. The wife of the carpenter interposed, and, in an excited state, wrenched the sword from the soldier and broke it in pieces, the combatants being thereafter separated by the interference of the

neighbours. Labouring under the strong excitement, the woman took up her infant from the cradle where it lay playing in perfect health, and gave it the breast. "In a few minutes," says the narrator, "the infant became restless, panted, and sank dead upon its mother's bosom. The physician who was instantly called in, found the child lying in the cradle, as if asleep, and with its features undisturbed; but all his resources were fruitless. It was irrecoverably gone."

In lower life also, it would seem that fear and rage possess a similar influence on the bodily secretions in inducing a deleterious or even deadly effect. A puppy has been known to die in convulsions on sucking its mother after she had been engaged in a fierce dispute with another dog. The effects of fear in modifying bodily processes have been exemplified in the case of the heart's action; but they receive an equally interesting illustration in the disturbing influence of fear upon the secretion of the saliva. As the mouth "waters" when the dainty morsel is perceived or even thought of, so the opposite effect may be induced under the influence of a nervous dread and fear. No better illustration of this last assertion is to be found than in the case of the Indian method of discovering a thief. The priest who presides at the ordeal in question necessarily, by his mere presence, induces in the mind a superstitious horror of discovery. The servants in the household being seated and duly warned of the infallibility of the procedure, are furnished each with a mouthful of rice, which they are requested to retain in the mouth for a given time. At the expiry of the period the rice is examined, when it is generally found that in the case of the guilty person the morsel is as dry as when he received it, the rice of his fellows being duly moistened. The suspension of secretion under the influence of fear may not be of universal occurrence. It is conceivable and probable that a person of strong will, even although labouring under the conviction of conscious guilt, might successfully pass through the ordeal; but the essential hold of the operator is in the influence of fear and the terror of detection by a process which the guilty person equally with his innocent neighbours believes to be all-powerful for the designed end. The feeling of conscious innocence would tend to promote the flow of saliva, whilst that of guilt would produce the opposite effect. Thus the common complaint of feeling "out of sorts" under the influence of worry and vexation, is but an illustration, drawn from every-day existence, of the effects of mental irritation upon the ordinary functions of the body, and an impaired digestion may thus appear as the true product of a mental worry. John Hunter's words, that "there is not a natural action in the body,

whether involuntary or voluntary, that may not be influenced by the peculiar state of the mind at the time," may be viewed in the light of a simple truism. And sagely Burton delivers himself in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," when he remarks, that "Imagination is the *medium defens* of passions, by whose means they work and produce many times prodigious effects; and as the phantastic is more or less intended or remitted and their humours disposed, so do perturbations move more or less, and make deeper impression."

Most persons have heard of the idea which attributes the occurrence of jaundice to some strong disgust experienced by the subject of the affection, which, as is well known, simply consists in suppression of the bile or secretion of the liver—although by physicians jaundice is viewed rather as a symptom of other affections than as constituting of itself a primary disease. The bile was accounted in the early days of physiological research one of the humours, wherein was stored black care, or that "green and yellow melancholy" of which Shakespeare speaks. The same ideas which referred the passions to the various organs of the body—and which still figuratively survive when we speak of "a fit of the spleen," of the "meditative spleen" of Wordsworth, or of the "heart" as base, wicked, grateful, or glad—assigned to the bile no very auspicious office as the generator of melancholy and brooding care. "Achilles hath no gall within his breast" is an Homeric expression, indicative of a belief in the absence of melancholy or fear in the hero; and Juvenal asks:—

"Quid referam quanta siccum jecur ardeat ira?"

referring anger to the liver as its seat. Even Solomon makes misguided passion to be typified by the "dart," which strikes through the liver of the unguarded subject; and Jeremiah similarly conveys the idea of intense grief in the metaphor, "my liver is poured upon the earth." These ideas have long since been exploded; but there remains with us the equally curious notion that the influence of the mind upon the body may extend so far as to produce the serious disturbance of function which results in jaundice. Is it not probable that upon some such notion respecting the causation of jaundice, the ancient belief regarding the connection between the bile and mental states depended? On some such belief hang Shakespeare's words:—

"Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish?"

Unquestionably we may find very direct evidence of the near con-

nection between mental states and suppressed secretions when we turn to medical records. An eminent authority in the practice of physic writes : "Certainly the *pathemata mentis* play their assigned parts ; fits of anger, and of fear, and of alarm have been presently followed by jaundice. . . . A young medical friend of mine had a severe attack of intense jaundice, which could be traced to nothing else than his great and needless anxiety about an approaching examination before the Censors' Board at the College of Physicians. There are scores of instances on record to the same effect." It seems thus in the highest degree probable that there exist between mental states and the functions of the liver, relations of the most intimate kind. It is, however, equally important to avoid the fallacy *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. As Dr. Carpenter remarks, "It is a prevalent, and perhaps not an ill-founded opinion, that melancholy and jealousy have a tendency to increase the quantity, and to vitiate the quality, of the biliary fluid ; and amongst the causes of jaundice are usually set down the indulgence of the depressing emotions, or an access of sudden and violent passion. There can be no doubt, however, that a disordered state of the biliary secretion is frequently rather the cause than the consequence of a melancholic state of mind, the blood being sufficiently vitiated by a deficient elimination of bile, to have its due relations with the nervous system seriously disturbed, before any obvious indications of that deficiency make their appearance in the jaundiced aspect of the cutaneous surface."

Amongst the most remarkable effects of mental emotion in producing curious and wellnigh inexplicable changes in the bodily organisation, are those witnessed in the changes which the skin or hair may undergo under the influence of care and fear especially. Take firstly the case of the effects of wrinkled care. If "care will kill a cat," as George Wither has it, despite the innumerable lives with which the feline nature is usually credited, it is also certain that the "ravell'd sleeve of care" unquestionably affects the bodily processes more plainly and lastingly than any of the other emotions. What text has more frequently been made the subject of poetic comment than the lean body and worn visage encompassing the harassed soul? John Hunter has noted that even in the hen, the care attending the upbringing of her numerous progeny keeps her body lean and meagre. "A hen shall hatch her chickens," says the observant founder of modern physiology, "at which time she is very lean ; if these chickens are taken from her she will soon get fat, but if they are allowed to stay with her, she will continue lean the whole time she is rearing them, although she is as well fed and eats as much as

she would have done if she had had no chickens." Substitute the worries of business or the cares and exigencies of life for the chickens, and place mankind in the place of the bird, and the picture of the physiologist would read equally true.

The influences of fear or care upon the skin and hair are equally notable. The "Prisoner of Chillon's" is no fanciful case, but one which medicine may show is of tolerably common occurrence. Bichât, the physiologist, notes such a case. After a severe illness, often after mental worry or temporary insanity, the hair may change its hue in a gradual fashion towards the whiteness of age. And that "sudden fears" may

"Time outgo,
And blanch at once the hair,"

is also a plain experience of the physician. In times of peril, such as on the threat and expectation of an invasion, numerous cases of a sudden change of the colour of hair have been recorded. The late Professor Laycock mentions a singular case, in which a lady, after a severe attack of neuralgia occurring in the night, found in the morning that the inner portion of one eyebrow, and the eyelashes attached to the part in question, had become of a white colour. There seems every reason to believe in the correctness of Dr. Laycock's assertion, that the natural greyness of old age is connected with certain changes in nerve centres and in the nerves which are connected with the hair-bulbs. If this view be correct, it certainly shows how extensive and widespread are the influences which emanate from the brain and nerve-centres as the head-quarters of mind. On the converse side of things, we must not fail to note that occasionally, in a perfectly natural fashion, and without any undue mental stimulus, the hair of the aged may exhibit all the luxuriance and characteristics of youth. An old gentleman, aged 75, says Dr. Tuke, whose bones even "were so impregnated with a thorough disgust of the Government of George the Fourth that he threw up a lucrative situation in one of the Royal yards," induced his youngest son to go and do likewise. This thoroughgoing Radical insisted, moreover, that his wife, aged 70, "toothless for years, and her hair as white as the snow on Mont Blanc, should accompany them to the land where God's creatures were permitted to inhale the pure, old, invigorating atmosphere of freedom. About six or seven years after their departure, a friend living in New York gave an excellent account of their proceedings. Not only could the old man puff away in glorious style, and the son do well as a portrait painter, but old Mrs — had cut a new set

of teeth, and *her poll was covered with a full crop of dark brown hair!*"

Some of the most remarkable results of an unusual mental stimulus upon the body, are witnessed in cases wherein specific diseases have not merely been simulated, but have actually been induced, by the lucid description of them in the hearing of the persons who became thus mysteriously affected. Lecturers on the practice of medicine in our universities and medical schools rarely, if ever, deliver a statutory course to their students without exemplifying the truth of the foregoing observation. The writer well remembers an instance in point, occurring in a class-fellow of his own who attended the practice of physic class with him. During and after the description of skin diseases, this student suffered extremely from skin irritation, induced by his too vivid realization of the symptoms described by the lecturer. These uncomfortable morbid feelings culminated one day when the lecturer described the symptoms of a certain disease supposed to possess a special sphere of distribution in the northern parts of Great Britain. For days afterwards, the student was tormented by an uncomfortable and persistent itching between the fingers, which no treatment seemed to alleviate; but which passed away when an eruption of a simple type appeared on his hands, the latter induced by no known cause, but apparently as the result of the morbid mental influences to which he was subject. Not a session passes in our medical schools but the lecturer on physic has occasion to quiet the nervous fears of nervous students, who simulate in themselves the symptoms of heart disease, and require the gravest assurances that their fears are ungrounded, and that they have simply been studying with a morbid interest the lecturer's remarks on heart affections. In his work entitled "*De l'Imagination*," Demaugeon tells us that Nebelius, lecturing one day upon intermittent fever, and lucidly describing ague, noticed one of his pupils to become pale, to shiver, and to exhibit at last all the symptoms of ague. This lad was laid up for a considerable period with a true attack of the fever in question, and recovered under the usual treatment for the disease. If, however, it is found that the influence of the mind, and the vain imaginings of a morbid fancy, may induce disease, it is no less certain that a like action of the mind may occasionally cure an otherwise stubborn malady. No better illustrations of such cases can be cited than those in which a severe fright relieves a condition which may have resisted every effort of treatment. An attack of toothache not unfrequently disappears when we seat ourselves in the dentist's chair. A severe attack of the gout has been cured by the

alarm raised consequent upon the house of the patient being set on fire ; whilst more than one case of severe pain has been cured by the patient ignorantly swallowing the paper on which the surgeon's prescription was written instead of the prescription itself.

There can be little doubt that certain phases of the imagination possess a singular and at the same time valuable effect in inducing the removal of diseased conditions. It is not certainly a satisfactory use, when viewed from the moral side, of such knowledge, when we find that a vast number of the cures said to have been effected by the nostrums of quacks, are wrought in virtue of this influence of mind over body. The "faith-healing" Bethshans, and allied establishments for the cure of all diseases, grave or simple, by faith in the power of prayer, present in the light of this remark a study of physiological interest. Says Dr. Tuke, in the preface to his interesting and classical work on the "Influence of the Mind upon the Body," the medical reader should "copy nature in those interesting instances, occasionally occurring, of sudden recovery from the spontaneous action of some powerful moral cause, by employing the same force designedly, instead of leaving it to mere chance. The force is there," continues this author, "acting irregularly and capriciously. The question is whether it cannot be applied and guided with skill and wisdom by the physician. Again and again we exclaim, when some new nostrum, powerless in itself, effects a cure, 'It's only the imagination !' We attribute to this remarkable mental influence a power which ordinary medicines have failed to exert, and yet are content with a shrug of the shoulders to dismiss the circumstance from our minds without further thought. I want medical men who are in active practice to utilise this force—to yoke it to the car of the Son of Apollo, and, rescuing it from the eccentric orbits of quackery, force it to tread, with measured step, the orderly paths of legitimate medicine. 'Remember,' said Dr. Rush, in addressing medical students, 'how many of our most useful remedies have been discovered by quacks. . . . Medicine has its Pharisees as well as religion ; but the spirit of this sect is as unfriendly to the advancement of medicine as it is to Christian charity.'"

These words are full of practical wisdom and sound common sense, and serve to explain the *modus operandi* of the nostrums which flood the advertising columns of our newspapers, and appeal to our varied senses at well-nigh every turn of modern life. A patient, suffering from some intractable complaint, in which a hopelessness of cure forms no inconsiderable obstacle to the physician's efforts, procures some new nostrum. The very sight

of the invariable string of testimonials inspires confidence. There are certain to be included in the list of cures similar cases to his own. He reads and believes; and the nostrum, possibly harmless as the bread pills prescribed by the physician for the hypochondriac, receives another tribute of grateful praise. The analogous case of Liebig, who, when a young man, had neglected to prepare for his master's visitors the nitrous oxide, or "laughing gas" of the modern dentist, but filled the inhalers with atmospheric air instead, illustrates once again the power of faith. The common air produced all the symptoms of mild gaseous intoxication which the laughing gas was expected to induce. Venturing within the region of household medicine and popular surgery, perhaps the charming away of warts presents us with another instance of the literally remarkable influence of the mind in modifying not merely physical states but bodily structures. Every "wise-woman" in the remote districts of the country, to which the spread of educational sweetness and light has mostly confined such homely oracles, possesses a "charm" for driving away the excrescences in question. Even in the time of Lucian such female practitioners of a mild species of occult art were celebrated for their successful treatment of warts. Dr. Tuke gives a case in point, in which, through the effects of the imagination, even in a cultured person, the growths in question were made to disappear. A surgeon's daughter had about a dozen warts on her hands, the usual modes of treatment having availed nothing in their removal. For eighteen months, the warts remained intractable, until a gentleman, noticing the disfigurement, asked her to count them. Carefully and solemnly noting down their number, he then said, "You will not be troubled with your warts after next Sunday." At the time named, the warts had disappeared, and did not return. Here, the connection between the imaginative impression of some occult or mysterious power, and the cure, was too close to leave a doubt that, as in other cases of bodily ailment, the mind, which so frequently affects the body to its hurt, had in turn favourably influenced the physical organisation.

No less a personage than Lord Bacon himself had a similar cure performed upon his hands by the English Ambassador's lady at Paris, "who," he adds, "was a woman far from superstition." The lady's procedure certainly betokened a belief in some occult effects or influences, for Bacon tells us that, taking a piece of lard with the skin on, "she rubbed the warts all over with the fat side," and amongst the growths so treated was one he had had from childhood. "Then," continues the narrative, "she nailed the piece of lard, with the fat

towards the sun, upon a post of her chamber window, which was to the south. The success was that in five weeks' space all the warts went quite away, and that wart which I had so long endured for company. But at the rest I did little marvel," says Bacon, "because they came in a short time, and might go away in a short time again ; but the going away of that which had stayed so long doth yet stick with me." The miscellaneous character of the substances used in wart charms and in incantations of like nature, at once reveals the fact of the real cure lying in some direction other than that of the nostrum. Beneath the material substance unconsciously used as a mere bait for the imagination, work the forces of mind acting through the medium of the nervous system. "The *confident expectation of a cure*," to use Dr. Carpenter's expression, is the most potent means of bringing it about ; and, as another writer remarks, "Any system of treatment, however absurd, that can be 'puffed' into public notoriety for efficacy—any individual who, by accident or design, obtains a reputation for the possession of a special gift of healing—is certain to attract a multitude of sufferers, among whom will be several who are capable of being *really* benefited by a strong assurance of relief, whilst others for a time *believe* themselves to have experienced it. And there is, for the same reason," adds this author, "no religion that has attained a powerful hold on the minds of its votaries, which cannot boast its 'miracles' of this order."

The same spirit of popular belief and credulity which long ago asserted that vaccination produced a growth of "horns" on the heads of the vaccinated subjects, from their being inoculated with the matter obtained from the cow, was displayed in another but equally unreasoning fashion in the assertion that the touch of a Royal hand could cure scrofula—a disease which to this day retains the popular name of "king's evil." Macaulay relates that when William III. refused to lend his hand and countenance to the cure of scrofula, evidence of overwhelming nature as to the multitude of cures which had been wrought by the Royal touch, was collected and submitted. The clergy testified to the reality of the effects induced, as in earlier years they had frequently been the chief propagators of superstitious myths concerning healing powers of occult nature, whilst the medical profession testified that the rapidity of the apparent cures placed them beyond the sphere of natural causation, and brought them within the domain of faith—a lack of which virtue resulted in failure to effect a cure. In the reign of Charles II. nearly one hundred thousand persons were "touched ;" and King James, in Chester Cathedral, performed a *similar service* to eight hundred persons. On William the conse-

quences of refusing to favour a popular delusion fell fast and heavy. Jacobites and Whigs alike criticised his determination unfavourably ; but in the era we speak of began the decline of the sovereign virtue of the Royal touch—a virtue which is scarcely spoken of, much less demanded, in these latter days, which, however, countenance and support delusions of equally absurd kind. Dr. Tuke quotes a passage from Aubray to the effect that “The curing of the King’s Evil, by the touch of the King, does much puzzle our philosophers, for whether our kings were of the house of York or Lancaster, it did the cure for the most part. In other words,” adds Dr. Tuke, “the imagination belongs to no party, guild, or creed.”

Within the domain of theology itself, the physiologist occasionally finds it his duty to intrude ; since therefrom not a few illustrations of very remarkable kind respecting the influence of mind upon body, have been drawn. The more important do these instances become, because, from a moral point of view, their influence tends often to propagate as the “miracle” of the credulous, a condition or effect readily explicable upon scientific grounds. In convents, not merely have delusions resulting from diseased imagination been frequently represented, but such delusions have affected in various remarkable ways the bodies of the subjects in question. and have in turn extended their influence to others. Thus, for instance, a tendency to mew like a cat, seen in one inmate, has passed through an entire convent. One of the best known instances of a disordered imagination tending to propagate a delusion, is that given by Boerhaave, who was consulted with reference to an epidemic occurring in a convent, and which was characterised by a succession of severe fits. On the principle *similia similibus curantur* Boerhaave determined to repress the disordered and, for the time, “dominant idea,” by another of practical kind, and accordingly announced his intention to use grave medical measures in the shape of a red-hot iron on the first patient who presented herself. Needless to remark, the dominant idea of the physician replaced that arising from the abnormal action of mind, and the peace of the convent was duly restored by this simple expedient.

One of the most familiar cases which occurred within recent times was that of Louise Lateau, a young Belgian peasant, whose mental aberrations, aided by some very singular bodily defects, gained for her the reputation of sanctity of a high order and uncommon origin. To begin with, Louise Lateau suffered from a protracted illness from which she recovered after receiving the Sacrament. Naturally enough, this circumstance alone affected

her mind, and stamped her recovery as a somewhat supernatural, or at any rate as a highly extraordinary, occurrence. Soon thereafter blood began to flow from a particular spot on her side every Friday. A few months later, bleeding points, or *stigmata*, began to appear on the palm and back of each hand. The upper surface of the feet also exhibited similar bleeding points, and on her brow a circle of spots also appeared, the markings thus coming to imitate closely the injuries familiar to all in connection with the Crucifixion. Every Friday these points bled anew, the health of the subject of these strange phenomena being visibly affected; whilst the mere nature of the condition was sufficient to stamp her case as peculiar in the highest degree. At the period when the *stigmata* began to be developed, Louise Lateau also commenced to exhibit that condition of mind universally known under the term "ecstasy." In this state, which might be described as that of abstraction *plus* rapture, the mind is removed from its surroundings, as in somnambulism or the mesmeric state. Louise Lateau, however, could, as in many cases of the mesmeric trance, describe after her return to consciousness the sensations she had experienced. She described minutely her experiences as consisting of the sensation of being plunged into an atmosphere of bright light from which various forms began to appear. The scenes of the Passion were then enacted before her, and every detail of the Crucifixion was related by her, down to a minute description of the spectators around the cross. The successive pictures which were being represented to her mind could be traced in her actions. Each emotion was accompanied by a corresponding movement, and at 3 P.M. she extended her limbs in the shape of a cross. After the ecstasy had passed away, extreme prostration followed; the pulse was feeble, breathing slow, and the surface of the body bedewed with a cold perspiration. In about ten minutes thereafter, she returned to her normal state.

Such is a brief recital of a case by no means unique in the history of physiology, but which demonstrates in a singular fashion how mind may act upon body in ways literally undreamt of. There is little wonder that Louise Lateau should have been regarded as a person around whom a special halo of sanctity had been miraculously thrown; whilst the peculiar fashion in which her body seemed to follow the dreams or visions of her ecstasy in the production of seeming duplicates of the injuries to the crucified body, served but to raise the occurrence to a higher level of the miraculous. Such ecstatic states, however, are well known in the history of science. Maury points out that supernatural revelations were not the exclusive

property of the good, but appeared to the sinful likewise. Visions of demoniacal scenes were once as frequent as dreams of heaven, and hence it became necessary, as the last-named author points out, to classify these occurrences as "holy" and "demoniacal." St. Francis d'Assisi was the parent of these "stigmatic" visitations; and M. Maury relates that saints' days and Fridays were the occasions on which the "stigmata" almost universally appeared—a fact illustrated by such cases as those of Ursula Aguir (1592), and Sister Emmerich (1824). Here, again, we have to face simply the oft-repeated problem of the potent influence of mind over a special region or part of the body, resulting from the extreme concentration of the attention upon special features or objects of adoration or worship. Emotional excitement produces cases allied to those of the "stigmatics" of religion, under circumstances which suggest a common causation for both. In the case of a sailor related by Paulini, large drops of perspiration of a bright red colour appeared on the face, neck, and breast, after a severe fright. The man was speechless from mental excitement, but as the bleeding points disappeared the man recovered his speech. This case presents us with the phenomena of Louise Lateau, the stigmatic, separated from the halo of inspiration by which she was surrounded, but induced by a like cause—the abnormal, concentrated, and unconscious action of the imagination upon the circulation. No less interesting is the occurrence of a similar phenomenon in lower life, in the august person of a hippopotamus, which in a fit of rage was noted by the late Mr. Frank Buckland to perspire profusely a fluid containing blood. This latter fact serves to demonstrate not merely the community of these phenomena in man and animals, but also divests the occurrence of that miraculous or occult nature which human credulity or superstition, under certain circumstances, would assuredly attribute to it.

ANDREW WILSON.

BALZAC'S CANE.

“The nice conduct of a clouded cane.”—POPE.

THERE have been persons highly gifted in the art of weaving fiction, who have been able to put aside their writing-desks and their fantasies at the same moment, and in vacant hours to devote an interested attention to the commonplace duties of daily life.

But with the great French romance writer—Balzac—this was pre-eminently not the case. He romanced for the world—he romanced for himself; his dreams mingled so closely with the real events of his existence that he could not himself have disentangled the two.

His future was as vivid to his own eye as the past is to the eyes of others, and he often startled people by speaking of that as a completed occurrence which was only a plan in his brain.

He was so far unlike Alnaschar that he did not kick over the basket of glass bottles; but as for getting from the hundred drachms to the hundred thousand, marrying the grand vizier's daughter, and scorning even her in his excessive magnificence—and all in the reverie of a quarter of an hour—he could have done it easily.

It is of great importance to keep these characteristics in mind in judging of Balzac's conduct; because their existence explains much that must seem eccentric, and might seem unworthy. His grand imagination was his principal gift; for though a close and interested observer, one who described with a remarkable and minute realism, he was in truth by no means what has since been called a realist, except in the photographic accuracy of his backgrounds and accessories. He was essentially an idealist in his characterisation; conceiving his men and women, forming them, finishing them with the true poetic treatment. It was the consciousness of these great idealistic powers which nerved him to reject prudential openings in life; to ascend into a garret, and deliberately sit down to conquer the celebrity which he, from the very first, predicted for himself. Many great writers have gone through serious discouragements in the beginning of their careers, but Balzac suffered from a peculiarly grievous disadvantage—the inability to compose. Almost all the bright spirits of that day commenced their literary labours with a

burst of poetry—sometimes good, sometimes bad—but still an attempted expression of themselves through the medium of verse. But Balzac never could write a line indicative even of a knowledge of what metre is. The solitary fragment of his epic on the Peruvian Conquest—

“O Inca, ô roi infortuné et malheureux,”

remains to show how absolute his incapacity was in this direction. He might, indeed, have braved the swords of Antony, if he had written all with similar infelicity ; but his deficiencies lay deeper than those of Cicero ; for it was not only verse, but any form of composition, which seemed for a time impossible to him. “Balzac,” writes Théophile Gautier, “cet immense cerveau, ce physiologiste si pénétrant, cet observateur si profond, cet esprit si intuitif, ne possédait pas le don littéraire ; chez lui s’ouvrait un abîme entre la pensée et la forme.”

This difficulty in getting at the treasures of his mind, and presenting them to the world in intelligible and attractive shape, caused a considerable delay in his appreciation both by publishers and by the public. He issued, under a variety of pseudonyms, a number of romances and other works, of which a selection still appears in editions of his writings with the title of “*Œuvres de Jeunesse.*” These are of unequal value, but all interesting as exhibiting stages in their author’s development. The one called “Jane la Pâle” originally appeared as “Wannchlore,” and excited much interest amongst the Romantic school, who were disposed to hail Balzac as one of themselves. But he never did really and legitimately belong to the sect of which Victor Hugo was the prophet. These observations are not irrelevant to our specific subject, because the celebrated Cane formed part of a short outburst of extravagance ; and that extravagance was connected both with the slow recognition of Balzac’s merits, and with his irrepressible belief in his final triumph. It is unfortunate that this brief period of apparently frivolous outlay fell within the time of his connection with a certain publisher of the name of Werdet. Notwithstanding the European celebrity the French novelist has obtained, and although his name, of course, is well known in England, and his works read by all who profess to be French scholars, yet, from the fact that very little he has written lends itself to translation, and from the further fact that a good deal runs counter to English taste, his works are still, in a measure, sealed books to the general public in this country, and that interest in his

character is not felt which a familiar and popular author would naturally command.

The result has been that notwithstanding the publication in English dress of the interesting volumes of Correspondence, the ordinarily informed person, we fear, gathers his notions of the man, Balzac, from Mr. Wilkie Collins's sketch entitled "Portrait of an Author painted by his Publisher."¹ This is, of course, founded on the book which appeared in 1858 from the pen of Edmond Werdet, professing to be a *portrait intime* of the novelist, but which in truth is a rather ill-tempered and inaccurate production.

The facts concerning Werdet are simply these. Struck with an extraordinary admiration for the gifts of Balzac, which did him great credit, and persuaded that in time France would mete out to so powerful a writer full justice, he aspired to become his sole publisher. For this position he had two most serious disqualifications: he had no money, and no firmness of character. When he first disclosed to Balzac that he possessed the enormous capital of £120, the novelist was highly amused, and inquired, with some significance, how he proposed making the constant advances which he, Balzac, required. Let it be stated, once for all, that Balzac was a person who held the opinion that all the money produced by books was due to their author, after a reasonable remuneration to the publisher for the trouble of his subordinate labours. This view is not prevalent in England, and need not, in this place at least, be further discussed.

Notwithstanding all warnings, and the obvious hazard of the undertaking, Werdet commenced his task of bringing out the new works, and acquiring an interest in the old ones, of his favourite romance writer. The scheme broke down. Balzac faithfully kept his promise of continually asking for money, and Werdet, utterly unable to say no, supplied it with an alacrity which proved fatal. In November 1835 Balzac wrote to Werdet, "Nous sommes maintenant, vous et moi, l'un à l'autre, à la vie, à la mort; car vous êtes

¹ Reprinted in "My Miscellanies." 1875. Mr. Collins' literary estimate of Balzac is very fair and appreciative. Werdet has, however, misled him as to facts. He writes thus of Madame de Balzac:—"The lady who had invited him (Balzac) to Vienna, and whom he called Carissima, was the wife of a wealthy Russian nobleman. On the death of her husband, she practically asserted her admiration of her favourite author by offering him her hand and fortune. Balzac accepted both, and returned to Paris a married man." All this is erroneous. Balzac was engaged to the widowed countess in 1846. But difficulties arising in Russia, about the transmission of her property, the union, though repeatedly urged by her admirer, could not take place. The lady at last made over the bulk of her wealth to her daughter, and the marriage was celebrated in 1850. Werdet's true character comes out in his second book—"Souvenirs de ma Vie Littéraire. 1870."

mon Archibald Constable : vous avez toute sa probité et tout son dévouement." In May 1838 the bubble had burst, and in a letter to Madame Hanska, Balzac speaks of his publisher as "cette pauvre bête de Werdet." The unfortunate victim of his own weak ambition found, after a very few years' experience, that a commercial speculation cannot be carried on without capital, and having originally been what we call a "bagman," he very sensibly resumed his profession. To speak of him as having been ruined by the extravagance of Balzac is surely a misuse of words. If Balzac insisted upon advances which Werdet could not really afford, it was thoughtless and unkind of him. But the way in which the money was spent does not affect the question of whether it should or should not have been demanded. It is, however, perfectly true that for a period—which may be roughly specified as the year 1836—Balzac did indulge in what to him was very unwonted display and expense. It must be remembered that he had not only served a long, obscure, and painful apprenticeship, but that he had all along been fully convinced that his turn would come, and that he should realise a large fortune; and yet, though at this period his reputation was pretty well established, still, by reason of his social seclusion, his individuality was hardly known at all. It is therefore believed by his friends that he deliberately determined to advertise himself. Whether this was a dignified proceeding may be doubted; but extravagance thus yielded to differs totally from an outbreak of self-indulgence dictated by the senses or by vanity.

This display was much talked about (as Balzac desired), and was much exaggerated (which, doubtless, he did not mind).

It seems to have consisted in a daintily furnished house at Chaillot—a carriage and horses, and two or more servants in livery. Conceiving himself, as a De Balzac, connected with the noble family of D'Entragues, he assumed their armorial bearings, a circumstance which appears to have been much resented by M. Werdet—himself the son of a respectable writing master. But the extravagances which have been most dwelt upon, were the solid gold buttons on the double-breasted blue coat, and the jewelled Cane. It was part of Balzac's plan at the time to extend his notoriety, and so the buttons and Cane were freely exhibited at the Bouffes and the opera, and in society also, which he now largely frequented. Attention may at once be asked to one little point: namely, that gold and jewels were more an investment of money than a waste of it; they could be sold at any time.

And now, about the Cane; what was it like? It is by no means easy to say. And a curious instance seems thereby afforded of how

difficult accuracy is in such small matters, for those who differ in their accounts all profess to have been eye-witnesses. One thing is certain, that the Cane was a very large one. Gautier calls it "la massue," and it seems to have struck people as resembling the kind carried by drum-majors. As to its ornamentation, Werdet says that it had a gold knob ; that the knob inside contained the lock of a lady's hair ; and that outside, it was covered with precious stones ;—some purchased by the novelist, others presented to him by admirers. Gautier simply states that the handle had turquoises on it, and Madame de Girardin also alludes to the turquoises, but mentions conspicuous gold and beautiful carving and chasing.

But the Bibliophile Jacob (M. Paul Lacroix) gives a widely differing description, or at least mentions one striking particularity which it is difficult to understand how the others could have omitted. "Balzac's Cane," he writes, "is a beautiful palm, surmounted by carving delicately-fashioned, after a design by Laurent-Jan, representing three apes' heads, in which may be recognised the features of Balzac himself, of Émile de Girardin, and of Loutour Mezeray." And in 1882 M. Lacroix states himself to be then the actual owner of this Cane.

We shall presently ask the question whether the Cane possessed by M. Lacroix might by any possibility be a second cane, prepared indeed by Balzac, but not for himself. However, the redoubtable Cane of 1835-36 was always carried about with him by the novelist, —displayed in his box at the theatre, and held in his hand at evening parties. The implement was so much discussed that Madame de Girardin (Delphine Gay), in writing an amusing story, humorously entitled it "La Canne de M. de Balzac." On this circumstance Mr. Collins remarks, "Madame de Girardin wrote a sparkling little book all about the wonderful walking stick." This, however, is not so. The hero of the tale borrows the Cane from Balzac because it is supposed to have the power of rendering the person who holds it invisible. It becomes, of course, the means of amusing adventures ; but is only incidentally introduced, and is a mere accessory in the picture of life presented. The lady, however, took the opportunity of paying the neatest of compliments to her friend, the novelist, by saying it had often been wondered how Balzac could so completely throw himself into his characters. The truth was, he had watched them in their secret moments when he himself was unseen.

This is how she introduces the Cane : "It was at the opera : the management on this occasion gave 'Robert le Diable.' Tanced [the hero of the story] was to occupy an orchestra stall, but scarcely had he seated himself, when a strange object attracted his attention. On

the front of a stage box a Cane was beheld, actually strutting! Could it be a Cane? What an enormous Cane! What giant could possibly possess such a Cane? It must doubtless be a colossal Cane, intended for a colossal statue of M. de Voltaire. But then, who had been bold enough to claim the right to wield it? Tancred took up his opera-glass, and set himself to study the monster Cane. The expression is allowed: we have had a monster-concert, a monster-trial, a monster-budget. Our hero then perceived at the top of this sort of Hercules' club, turquoises, gold, and wonderful carvings; and behind all this splendour, a pair of great black eyes, sparkling like precious stones themselves. The curtain rose,—the second act began, and the man attached to the Cane moved to the front to watch the stage.

“Excuse me, sir,” said Tancred to his neighbour, “but might I ask the name of that gentleman with such very long hair?”

“It is M. de Balzac.”

“What—the author of the “*Physiologie du Mariage*”?”

“The author of the “*Peau de Chagrin*,” of “*Eugénie Grandet*,” and of the “*Père Goriot*.””

“A thousand thanks to you, sir.”

But we are enabled to follow the Cane also into society. M. Paul Lacroix, in some interesting papers he published in the *Livre* in 1882, describes a party in the house of Madame de Girardin, in the year 1836. When the Bibliophile entered, there was a large assembly of literary men and clever women present; and in the midst Balzac was seated, with the redoubtable Cane in his hand. A discussion was proceeding, set on foot by the hostess, as to which of Balzac's works was the most brilliant and delightful. The author, under the microscope, sat very quietly, without apparent embarrassment; but gently moving his cane from right to left, from left to right. The new arrival's appearance was the signal for exclamations. “M. Jacob shall decide, he is fully capable of doing so.”

Lacroix was naturally unwilling to undertake so delicate a task; but being much pressed, he tried an evasion by saying that it was a judgment which could not be pronounced impromptu; that he should have to turn his tongue in his mouth as many times as M. de Balzac had changed the position of his Cane,—which indeed he might well do, since the argument was one he could scarcely wish to take place in his own presence. Balzac, on this, seemed disposed to leave, but Madame de Girardin would not let Lacroix off, and insisted on his pronouncing a decision of some sort. Driven into a corner, he exclaimed, “M. de Balzac has already produced masterpieces, amongst which I will not invidiously distinguish: but I take the liberty of prophesying that he will bring out his greatest work in ten

years hence." Great applause followed this verdict, but Balzac himself made the following remarkable observation to the hostess: "This diable of a bibliophile is a wizard. On my word, he is right. According to my calculations, my best book will appear in ten years. It is already written. [This was Balzac all over.] I can show you a chronological list of my writings up to 1850." We have noted that this assembly was in 1836. In 1846 "*Cousine Bette*" appeared, and in 1850 Balzac died.

But now a few words must be said about a second Cane. Madame Hanska by her first husband had a daughter, who was married to the Count Georges Mnischez. Madame, her daughter, and the Count were all three enthusiasts for every species of bric-à-brac and valuable and rare curiosities. It was after Balzac's engagement to Madame Hanska, in 1846, that he commenced the collection of pictures which Werdet would seem to refer to what may be termed the display period. Now in 1845, or earlier, this Count Georges Mnischez became very desirous of possessing a splendid Cane,—fired, perhaps, by the reputation of *the* Cane of 1836. Balzac undertook to have it made, and in May 1845 Balzac wrote to the celebrated goldchaser, Froment Meurice, "Mon cher *aurifaber*, je vous remercie de votre canne aux singes, dont le dessin est d'une perfection inouïe et digne de vous." We translate "aux singes" with the *apes' heads*, taking the hint from M. Lacroix's description of *his* Cane. Later on Balzac writes to Madame Hanska, "Je pars pour aller voir chez Froment Meurice la canne de Georges. . . Chère comtesse ! la canne est magnifique, et vous en serez tous archisatisfait." M. Lacroix states that Laurent-Jan gave the idea of the *apes' heads*. We incidentally know that Laurent-Jan was much with Balzac this year. In September he writes, "Laurent-Jan est venu ; il m'a distraité, il m'a amusé, mais il m'a volé trois heures." It is well known that in 1882 the extravagance of Madame de Balzac (or Gigoux) and the Countess Mnischez produced bankruptcy, and that many of their collections and curiosities were brought to the hammer. M. Paul Lacroix had all along been himself an antiquary, and had also certainly seen the notorious Cane of 1836 in the hand of the great novelist, and therefore it is at least improbable that he should have made any mistake. On the other hand, Madame de Girardin was equally acquainted with the original Cane, and it seems strange that in describing it, she should have omitted so marked a feature as the *apes' heads*: unless, indeed, the fact that one of them was believed to represent her husband, sealed her lips. But similar reasons could not have swayed Werdet and Gautier,—and yet they, too, make no mention of the quaint effigies.

Then, again, there certainly *was* a second Cane, and it was specified as being "aux singes." And we know that the effects of the owner of the Cane "aux singes" were sold by auction. Here we must leave the question in the doubt which surrounds it. Both Canes were prepared by Balzac, but the earlier one is especially connected with his individuality, as it formed a sort of inseparable personal equipment, like the nightcap of Cowper or the wig of Dr. Parr. Which of the Canes has survived must be left to future Teutonic investigation, when the feud between Frenchman and German has died out. The subject will commend itself to Herr Professor; it has the cachet of unimportance, and is capable of being discussed with becoming acrimony.

The whole episode of Balzac's display, about the year 1836 is not, however, of similar insignificance. We should not seek to exempt men of genius from the obligations of uprightness and self-respect. But, on the other hand, ought we not to be slow in imputing paltry and unworthy motives to a writer whose works, in many places, breathe great elevation of soul? It was kindly of Mr. Collins to extend his sympathy to Werdet; and the would-be publisher is so far entitled to esteem, in that he was early able to discern the merits of the man he aspired to monopolise. But we can be sorry for Werdet's disappointment, without attributing any grave misconduct to Balzac. He was notoriously an abstinent and self-denying man; he believed, indeed, that any indulgence of the senses was injurious to mental effort. His apparent continence was such that Théophile Gautier was disturbed by it, and suspected duplicity and concealment. And we feel less disposed to attribute Balzac's outbreak of extravagance to insatiable vanity than to the belief that personal notoriety and public curiosity would aid the sale of his books. Can we suppose that such a notion was absent from the mind of Walter Scott when he encouraged the mystery surrounding the Wizard of the North; or from the mind of Carlyle when he deliberately adopted the crazy jargon of Jean Paul? Balzac was unsuccessful in early life in business speculations, and there was a certain "déficit Kessner" concerning which he indulged in much mystification; but whatever the amount really was, he never dreamed of repudiating it. And he passed away—only in the prime of middle age—entirely out of debt.

If we can smile over the unpaid obligations of the dead Goldsmith, and ask was ever poet so trusted—surely remembering that Balzac fought his way at the last to independence (aided, if you will, by fortune), we may regard the Cane and Buttons period, if with regret, at least without asperity.

J. W. SHERER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A CURIOUS BANQUET.

IN one of my notes in this Magazine of March 1881, I described the discovery or demonstration of the antiseptic properties of boric acid by my friend Mr. Arthur Robottom, as displayed by the perfect preservation of a dead horse on the dry salt surface of the Great Borax Lake of Southern California, after seven months' exposure to the glaring sun, where, in the shade, the thermometer rises to 119 deg. Other examples of the germ-killing and preservative powers of this substance are given in that note.

On the 2nd of April I joined a luncheon party assembled to test a practical demonstration of the possibilities of applying these properties of boric acid to the all-important business of increasing our food supplies.

Over and above the economical interest of this, there is a peculiar chemical interest involved in the powerful antiseptic energies of a substance which in its ordinary chemical relations is so mild that although technically an acid it does not redden litmus paper.

On the 8th of February a sheep was stunned and rendered insensible without stopping the action of the heart, a tube was then inserted in the jugular vein, and through this some blood was allowed to flow. Then a solution of the boric acid raised to blood-heat was made to flow into the vein from a vessel suitably placed above its level. This solution, as I was told, contained only $3\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of the acid, the sheep weighing above 70 lbs. It was then allowed to flow with the blood for a few minutes, simply projected by the ordinary action of the heart. Then the larger vessels of the neck were divided in the usual manner, and the blood allowed to escape, carrying with it what remained of the solution.

The sheep thus killed was skinned and prepared in the usual manner, then placed in one of the cellars of the Society of Arts Rooms, in the Adelphi, in proper custody for verification sake.

I saw it there about a month after its death. It was perfectly free from any odour of putrefaction, though here and there on the surface were a few spots of mildew.

On the 2nd of April it was cut up in the usual joints, which were variously cooked—roasted, boiled, stewed, and served both hot and cold at the Adelphi Hotel, opposite the Society's rooms, where a party of about 25 gentlemen assembled to test it practically in the way of luncheon. There was a joint of ordinary vulgar beef for those who might hesitate to complete a meal on the injected mutton.

I plead guilty of some timidity at first, and of seating myself within reach of the beef; but after a cautious beginning, and finding no flavour beyond that of pure mutton in the first dish, I made a complete circuit of both hot and cold. The others appeared to have begun with similar feelings, but, strange to say, the beef remained uncut, while there was considerable havoc among the mutton joints.

I used my palate very critically, but failed to detect any flavour beyond that of pure and very tender mutton in the hot roast, the cold roast, or the stew; but was just able to detect a slight softness of flavour like that of distilled water in the boiled leg. Mr. Barff (son of Professor Barff), who has been working for some time past upon his boroglyceride (see note, May 1882), and is familiar with the taste of boracic compounds, told me that he detected a slight boracic flavour in the boiled mutton, but none in the roasted.

This, I think, is explained by the fact that boric acid and most of its compounds are volatile, and readily carried away with the vapour of water. Our supplies from the fumerolles of Tuscany depend on this property. Jets of steam issue from fissures in the rock; and these jets are conveyed into artificial pools of water. The steam is loaded with boracic vapour, which is condensed in the pools until the water is saturated, and then by boiling away the water the crystals are obtained. I infer that if the boric acid can be thus ejected from its deep-seated sources in the earth, it may be similarly ejected by the same agency from the interstices of beef or mutton when roasting or baking, or even in the course of long stewing, though simple boiling may not do it so effectually.

There can be no doubt about the success of this method of preserving meat, though we have yet to learn the effect of daily partaking of small quantities of boric acid on the system. Mr. Barff spoke very positively of its perfect harmlessness, basing his assertions on rather severe experiments, the particulars of which I have not space to detail. His testimony is the more valuable, as this process is rather a rival to that of the boroglyceride, in which he is commercially interested.

I made inquiries concerning the quantity of boric acid remaining in the blood finally drawn from the sheep, which would indicate how

much the flesh had appropriated, but the necessary analyses had not then been made.

The marvellous element of the success of this method of meat-preserving is the very small quantity of the antiseptic that acts so effectually. I confess myself much puzzled thereby, especially after the further experiment described in my next note.

THE SELECTIVE ANTISEPTIC ACTION OF BORIC ACID.

BESIDES the cooked joints at the Adelphi Hotel there was a large dish of uncooked chops offered for home testing. I secured two of these for further study of the mildew patches above described which had excited my curiosity, as they presented what appeared to be a curious contradiction.

A detestably damp outhouse where boots and shoes and everything else speedily become covered with green mildew was conveniently available. I placed the chops there, and at the end of six days (*i.e.* on the 8th of April, or just two months after the slaughter of the sheep) they were completely coated with a thick deposit of the rich green fungus; they were apparently putrid and unfit for food, but gave out no particular odour beyond that of the mildew itself. The fungus was washed off and the chops cooked. They were excellent, very tender, and not perceptibly "high" or "gamey."

This is the greatest puzzle of all. The modern theory of putrefaction is that it is due to the action of fungus or fungoid or microzoic germs of some sort, which, abounding in the air, are deposited on the animal substance, feed on it, grow, and by their excreta produce the putrescence.

Here we have a case in which fungus germs are freely deposited and flourish luxuriantly on the cut surfaces of meat seven weeks old, and yet they fail to taint it with any degree of the ordinary putrescence of flesh.

Can it be that boric acid is a selective antiseptic? Is it a substance that destroys germs of bacteria, bacilli, micrococci, &c., &c., but does not affect the purely vegetable germs of mildew fungus?

Supposing this to be the case, then we must conclude that the mildews are not concerned in putrefaction, and that the efficacy of Lister's beneficent invention (*see* note, March 1881) is exclusively due to the destruction of the bacteria and their near relations, and that mere fungus is surgically harmless.

The subject is well worthy of further investigation. If Dr. W. B. Richardson takes it up I have no doubt that his new magazine,

The Asclepiad, will be enriched with a record of some very interesting results.

If boric acid is thus selective, it will not arrest vinous fermentation as salicylic acid is said to do.

CHOLERA GERMS AND BORIC ACID.

DR. KOCH appears to have at last discovered the specific germs of cholera. He describes them as comma-like bacilli, always found connected with this disease, but nowhere else. One of their very serious properties is an aptitude to develop in a moist soil, and therefore they are not necessarily destroyed by burial.

As a set-off to this he finds that they only survive and multiply in fluids that are alkaline or basic. The presence of free acid destroys them. This fact has an important bearing on the question raised in my previous note concerning the effect of boric acid when taken into the human system.

Will this acid destroy these germs and others of a like nature? Having only seen an abstract of Dr. Koch's report, I am uncertain whether he has or has not tried the action of this very mild acid on the comma-like bacteria, and determined the degree of dilution that it will bear without losing its power over them.

It may be that in eating such meat as the mutton I described, we are rendering ourselves antiseptic, like the mutton. I am told that boric acid is an effectual specific against diarrhœa, and if so, its action probably depends upon its destruction of the bacilli or bacteria, which produce the disturbance.

As it is not generally known, I may inform my London readers that most of them are daily consumers of boric acid; the practice of adding "glacialine," or some such boracic compound, to milk intended for the London market, is becoming almost universal.

According to Besana, glacialine consists of eighteen parts of boric acid, nine parts of borax, nine parts of sugar, and six parts of glycerol. He also states that another antiseptic, called *Glacialin-salt*, is entirely boric acid. Mr. Barff tells me that the glacialine commonly sold is of very variable composition.

My attention was first directed towards this use of glacialine by an instructive incident. I was seeking for a missing parcel at a railway station, and observed a stray can of milk waiting for identification. I asked a porter how long it had been there. "Above a week," he replied. When I spoke of the probable condition of its contents, he told me that they had had milk standing thus for about a fortnight, and none the worse. I believe this to be quite true, and that *glacialine* is the preservative agent generally used.

ARSENIC AND MALARIA FEVER.

TWO of my notes in 1881 (February and April) were devoted to the subject of arsenic and its effects on man and the lower animals when taken internally in very small quantities. I there endeavoured to controvert the widely spread notions on the subject, and even went so far as to recommend "that fever hospitals should be supplied with regulated quantities of arsenical vapours," and to assert that "if I lived in New Orleans, or other focus of fever horrors, I would envelope myself, to a certain extent, in arsenical fumes, by covering my walls with highly charged arsenical papers, furnishing my rooms with arsenical upholstery, and carrying arseniuretted pocket handkerchiefs."

This appeared like very wild heresy at the time, but experiments I made long ago on the destructiveness of minute quantities of arsenic on microsoa, and the other facts stated in the notes, justified the apparent extravagance.

I have just come upon a letter of Dr. Tyndall's on "Methods and Hopes of Experimental Physiology" in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of October 30, 1883, in which he describes the researches of Crudeli and Krieb on the deadly malaria of the Campagna, which he found to be of parasitic origin.

Crudeli (evidently following the same line of reasoning as I did) "incorporates this substance (arsenic) in gelatine, formed into little squares, each square containing two milligrammes of arsenic; and he begins by a single square per day. The dose he gradually augmented till it reaches eight milligrammes daily. The result thus far is that out of 455 individuals treated in this way, 338 were either cured of the fever or preserved from attack; while the negative and doubtful results were, in part, to be accounted for by the want of confidence on the part of the employés, and their consequent neglect of the means intended for their protection."

These employés were men engaged upon railways, traversing intensely malarial districts where exposure for a single night in the summer time is usually followed by a dangerous attack. Dr. Tyndall adds that, "in other places similar experiments have been made with satisfactory results."

This supplies a complete justification of my anticipations and heretical suggestions. While Crudeli's method of administering the antidote is doubtless well suited for the men exposed in railway making, I think my method is still better for in-door workers in malarious districts, or those compelled to sleep there in the course of travelling. My reason for this is simply that an apartment furnished

and decorated as I suggested would contain an atmosphere sufficiently charged with arsenical vapours to destroy the parasitic sources of infection, while the inhabitant of the room would be taking a minimum amount of arsenic by inhalation, *i.e.* applying it directly to the lungs where the primary infection appears to operate.

The advantages of this must be the more decided if Crudeli has found that complete immunity demands the larger doses, which cannot be safely taken at first, only by progressive increase of quantity.

Therefore I maintain that the hotels in the vicinity of the Campagna, the Pontine Marshes, the Maremma, and other malarious regions of Italy, should be papered throughout with brilliant green arsenical wall papers, and painted with "Scheele's green" or other similar arsenical pigment. New Orleans and all other such places the same, for the special benefit of non-acclimatized visitors.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE ASPIRATE.

AMONG the social phenomena that amuse the modern disciples of Diogenes, one of the most ridiculous is the high social status recently attained by the aspirate.

No amount of scientific, literary, or artistic attainments, no profundity of intellectual insight or practical wisdom, no elevation of moral dignity, can save the reputation of the man or woman who drops an H or conventionally misplaces it. The empty-pated social parvenues of Paris estimate gentility by the use of the genders of nouns, those of London by that of the aspirate.

I have studied this subject inductively, *i.e.* have observed the phenomena of misplacement of the aspirate with the object of ascertaining whether it is merely accidental or reducible to a fixed natural law, and if the latter, to determine the nature of the law. My researches have been eminently successful.

I find that men and women in a state of nature, or as near to that condition as English usages permit, have more regard for the force of the language they use than for its elegance, and that whenever they desire to give emphasis to a word or syllable commencing with a vowel they use the aspirate.

This is well illustrated in the well known *Punch* dialogue between the nervous old gentleman and the hairdresser. "They say, sir, that there is a good deal of cholera in the hair." "Is there, then I hope you are very particular about your brushes." "Oh, sir, I don't mean the air of the ed, but the hair of the hatmosphere."

Now let us rise above mere conventional frivolity and consider

the subject philosophically. What is the aspirate ; is it a consonant ; is it a vowel ; is it a letter at all properly so called ? I maintain that it is not, that the letter H when used simply to express the aspirate has no independent existence as a letter or vocal representative, that the phonetic difference between air and hair, between Arry and Harry, is merely due to a difference in the amount of force with which the vowel sound is projected from the mouth, and therefore the aspirate, or rather the degree of aspiration of the initial vowel, should be graduated according to force of expression demanded ; that genteel people are all wrong and vulgar people generally are rationally and classically right. When I say classically, I refer to the original basis of the English language. If space permitted, I could show by the history of English orthography that the prefixing of the letter H is purely arbitrary, as indicated by the survival of such spelling as that of hour, herb, honour, &c., and that the existing vulgar practice of aspirating every vowel which requires a "hemphasis" was the original practice, while the modern usage is a feeble perversion of energetic English, and fit for nothing stronger than drawing-room vapidities.

THE IGUANODON.

AMONG the monsters displayed in the lower grounds of the Crystal Palace is the Iguanodon as restored by the combined scientific and artistic efforts of Waterhouse Hawkins. It was discovered in 1822 by Dr. Mantell, and has since enjoyed high reputation as a lizard-like hippopotamus or an "herbivorous dinosaur of the Wealden," and was named iguanodon or iguana toothed from the resemblance of its teeth to the existing herbivorous, which however, is from 4 to 6 feet long against the 30 feet length of the extinct animal. Dr. Mantell supplied it with a nasal integumental horn, like that of the rhinoceros, and Waterhouse Hawkins covers it with scales.

These restorations were based on a very limited supply of bones, and have been materially corrected by recent discoveries in Belgium, where, with much labour in collecting, a whole skeleton has been built up by M. L. F. Depauw, and is to be seen in the Brussels Royal Museum of Natural History.

The creature thus displayed appears like a gigantic duck with an extravagant crocodilean tail and short fore arms that were evidently used for prehensile purposes only, or as paddles, but not in walking on land ; the footprints of the animal only show the three

toes of the long hind feet, not the five claws of the fore arms. The rest of the structure accords with this upright kangaroo-like posture but the footmarks show no indications of jumping after the manner of kangaroos.

The height of the skeleton as mounted in what appears to be the natural position of the animal, is 14 feet 2 inches, and its length from snout to end of tail nearly 30 feet. About half of this length is massive tail, that was probably used as a swimming organ. The horny spur found by Dr. Mantell and supposed to be a nose horn is the first finger or thumb.

It is only fair to state that the ideal restoration by Waterhouse Hawkins comes nearer to correspondence with the actual skeleton now completed than the drawings of other geologists, especially that in the foreground of his well-known educational diagram where the animal is represented sitting with the forefoot or hand grasping a fern. The Belgian bones are found associated with abundance of ferns, and it is supposed that these were the chief food of the animal. They were probably gathered by the hands, or held while being torn by the mouth.

The most interesting result of the completion of the skeleton is that it supplies another of the missing links between the reptiles and the non-flying birds, such as the moa, ostrich, auk, &c.

PREHISTORIC TUMULI.

IN Hardwicke's Science Gossip of the current month (April) is an interesting account of a very rich find by Professor P. W. Norris, Assistant United States Ethnologist (mark the title! Who is the British ethnologist, and where is his assistant?) of a prehistoric city near Charlestown containing not only the usual remains of paleolithic or neolithic implements or vestiges of the beginning of the use of metals, but these and the skeletons of the men who used them.

One of these skeletons belonged to an actual giant, a chieftain of seven feet six inches, who, like Hrolf Gangr, the ancestor of William the Conqueror, must have been a compulsory pedestrian or "gangr," as no ordinary horse could carry him. The other skeletons, their arrangement, the ornaments and weapons found with them, render this discovery of comparable value to that of the Viking ship at Sandefjord a few years ago under the mound long known as "The King's Hill." The Charlestown remains were under similar mounds.

So far we have discovered no traces of the "missing link," though some of the paleolithic discoveries seem to bring us within measurable distance of the creature.

There can be little doubt that man, like his poor relations, the monkeys, was originally a tropical or sub-tropical animal. He still remains a shivering muffled-up creature in the temperate zones; to find him enjoying his primæval nakedness we must go further south, and we must also look there for his beginnings. When the Congo becomes a commercial highway, and its tributary valleys opened by railway cuttings and riddled with mining explorations, we may expect to discover still more interesting prehistoric human remains than even those of Charlestown.

VITRIOLIC ADULTERATIONS.

SOME rather shallow paragraphs have been "going the round" concerning the use of sulphuric acid for the purification of the fats used in the manufacture of butterine. I have given some attention to the subject, and doubt whether this acid has ever been used at all for the purpose; my reason for this doubt being that any fat sufficiently foul to demand such treatment could not be *profitably* made into any eatable form of butter substitute. It would cost about two shillings per pound, wholesale, on account of the difficulty of removing its original foul flavour.

In the purification of the dirtiest kinds of refuse fat, in the manufacture of soap and candles, in the refining of shale oils, petroleum, &c., this acid is largely used, but nevertheless there is none of the acid in the product. The success of the purification even for candles or cart grease demands its complete removal.

"Vitriol" sounds very alarming when associated in a newspaper paragraph with butterine, but the easily frightened British public need not fear that they will find any in the coarsest and cheapest of "bosch" or butter substitutes, whether made in this country or in America. The kind of grease in the purification of which it is the most freely applied is that used for lubrication, and if the smallest quantity were left behind in this, our engineers would detect it immediately by the corrosion of the most sensitive working parts of their machinery.

Those who would start a vitriol panic should look to dry sherry and other dry wines, especially to those which are sold at fancy prices as the product of famous vintages. A solution of barium chloride added to such wines will tell the tale at once by the heavy precipitate it instantly throws down. The natural acid of the grape—tartaric acid—throws down a precipitate with this re-agent, but it does so gradually, and on a much smaller scale than the "plastered" wines, so largely supplied to the English market, and which, as I am told by wine merchants, Englishmen persist in selecting.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

AN INDIGNANT PROTEST.

FROM a correspondent who elects to be anonymous, and who writes with much heat, I have received what, by the employment of a euphemism, may be called a protest against the views recently put forward in Table Talk on the "Literary Ring." With emphasis and "certainty," the writer declares that "the vast majority of magazines and books at the present hour are in the hands of an utterly unprincipled literary ring, like that in the French play of *La Camaraderie*." This bold statement is supported by singular evidence. In one case the writer, who claims to be the author of more than one historical or quasi-historical work, after answering an advertisement for magazine contributions, received from "one of the most flourishing publishing firms in London" an application for two guineas, for which sum the advertisers would probably insert any article sent them, and would certainly supply an opinion as to its merits. Reviewers, I am told, are, as a rule, in the same boat with publishers, "all bent on making literature a mere trade." With the personal experiences of my correspondent I cannot deal. To one, however, who, like myself, has been actively concerned in journalism for a quarter of a century, the statements appear as startling and incredible as if he were asked to believe that the chief London physicians earned their income by extorting black mail from those who confided to them their secrets. With an experience as large as that of most journalists, I never met with nor heard of cases approximating to those advanced. In the serials with which I am connected the authorship of reviews is an almost impenetrable secret, and the suppositions of famed authors whose vanity has been wounded as to the personality of their reviewers are almost invariably wrong. I repeat, in short, that the talk of a literary ring is idle and futile, and that the gates of letters are wider open now than ever they have been to all comers.

A GENERAL INDEX FOR THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE."

THE work meditated by the Index Society of supplying a complete index to the *Gentleman's Magazine* is worthy of all possible encouragement. To those engaged in any form of historical.

antiquarian, and biographical research the *Gentleman's Magazine* is indispensable. Owing to the exceedingly slovenly manner in which the previous indexes are compiled the task of reference is as arduous as it can be. Take it, for instance, that the reader wishes to inquire concerning a certain writer, say Thomas Ramsay, of whose date he is uncertain. In the existing indexes, in which the Christian name is not given, he will have to turn through all the Ramsays, probably one to two hundred in number, who ever dissolved partnership, became bankrupt, or in any fashion whatever brought themselves within the scope of the work. As the society depends for the completion of its task upon the number of subscriptions it receives, I am glad to recommend to my readers an undertaking which promises beneficial results to scholarship.

SALE OF LANDSEER'S "MONARCH OF THE GLEN."

THE sale at Messrs. Christie and Manson's of Landseer's great picture, "The Monarch of the Glen," is calculated to beget some rather unsatisfactory reflections. It was painted for the refreshment-room of the House of Lords, and was offered in 1851 to the Fine Arts Commission for three hundred pounds. The offer was rejected with what seems like studied insult, and the picture, with the reserved right of engraving, which was purchased by Mr. Graves for five hundred guineas, was sold to Lord Londesborough for eight hundred guineas. Cases of similar obstinacy, stupidity, and ignorance on the part of those claiming the guidance of our national taste or the administration of our national funds are as familiar as they can be. In the latest instance to come to light the public was deprived of a treasure now practically unattainable. Can no punishment be devised for the perverse gentlemen who when a gift is offered them always suspect a job, and when a job is set before them always regard it as a chance not to be neglected?

CAPTAIN BURTON ON THE SANSKRITISTS, AND ON THE GREEK, ROMAN, FRENCH, AND ENGLISH INFANTRY.

TWO things become abundantly evident in the perusal of "The Book of the Sword": The first, is the contempt of Captain Burton for the views of the modern Sanskritists, by which the general study of Orientalism in England is prejudiced. The peculiar mixture of "philology in its specialist form with the science of religion and the tenebræ of metaphysics," while it has delighted the half-educated, has done serious harm. The second, is the dislike he

entertains for the modern worship of whatever is Greek. Compared with the early Roman, the Hellene to Captain Burton is a trifle. His *gymnasia* and *palæstræ* are mere schools for calisthenics, which the sturdy Italian held in contempt. He had no gladiatorial show, the finest *salle d'armes* in the world. To the sword practice by which the Roman legionary was fortified, the Greek preferred the less arduous struggle of the pentathlon, the pancration, and military dancing, anticipating thereby a couple of thousand years the accusation directed by Byron against his successors.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?

The Greek of old, like the Frenchman, and the Irishman of to-day, was too clever by half, gaining victories by the gallantry of attack, but failing to distinguish himself in a losing game. In this, Captain Burton observes, England excels, and hence springs the declaration of Marshal Bugeaud, "England has the best infantry in the world : happily they are not many."

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE.

AMONG theatrical institutions which have dropped out of knowledge, not the least important are the Prologue and Epilogue. The signification of the former is now changed, and its name in connection with a new play conveys simply the information that an act more than the public bargains for, or an author cares to announce, has been provided. The epilogue meantime has disappeared, and the most that the modern playwright dares offer in its place is a rhymed tag. Strange to say, however, most of the information we possess with regard to the stage in the seventeenth century is derived from these now exploded forms of composition. Here we learn when first a woman ventured timidly to appear on a stage on which feminine characters had previously been played by boys ; here we see the gallants taking their seats on "sixpenny stools" on the stage, and challenging each other to take tobacco ; here again we learn of impatient spectators throwing tiles at the curtain with the hope of hitting a head, as an Irishman at a fair is supposed to bring down his shillelagh with a whack on any prominence in a tent that hints of human occupancy. Here, lastly, since the task of enumeration would be almost interminable, we hear that a Shakespearean tragedy could be played and was played in two hours, and watch the gradually later time of day at which theatrical perform-

ances were given. Besides information of this kind, we see in the prologue and epilogue one or two writers at their best. In the former bluff Ben Jonson lets out his magnificent if impotent indignation, and Dryden cajoles and menaces the public and the critic in the most epigrammatic and neatly-rhymed of his couplets. I mention these things inasmuch as a really good book on the Prologue and Epilogue has just seen the light.¹ For whom stand the initials "G. S. B." affixed to the volume I know not. The theatre deserves, however, to be studied by those interested in the drama and the stage. Without saying the last word on the subject, it is a book of importance, and a valuable contribution to literature.

A ROMANCE IN LONDON IN THE 13TH CENTURY.

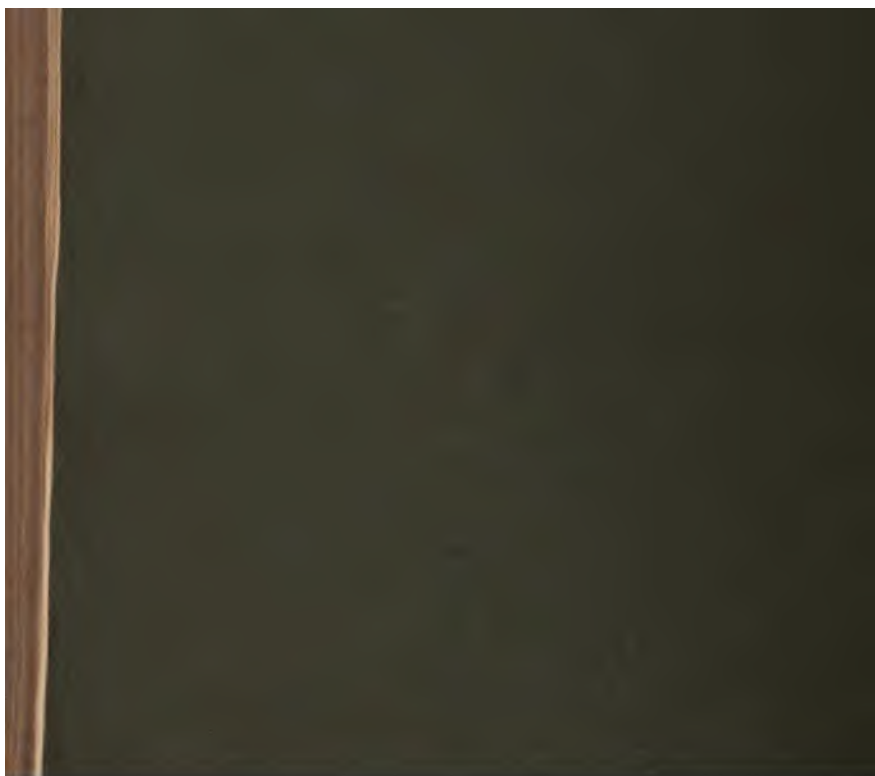
IN Aungier's edition of the French Chronicle cited in Mr. Loftie's History of London,² is a marvellously dramatic story how in 1284 a certain Laurence Duket, having in course of a quarrel concerning Alice atte Bowe wounded one Ralph Crepyn, a clerk, and then taken refuge in the tower of the great church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Alice, whose relations with the wounded man were the tenderest, hired a gang of ruffians who, disregarding the sanctity of the spot, seized upon Laurence Duket, strangled him, and tied the cord to the mulion of one of the windows. The deed was witnessed by a youth who had sheltered in the church, the final result being that Alice atte Bow was burned to death in the market-place, and seven of her agents were hanged. The picture of the terrified boy hiding from view to contemplate this deed is as dramatic as anything in fiction. In another portion of the same history Mr. Loftie, quoting from Mr. Green, tells how, after the death of Harry, the traders and merchants in London could witness "the pillage of their wains" as they wound along the banks of the Thames.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

¹ Kegan Paul & Co.

² London : E. Stanford.

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